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THE

WORKS

OF

TIM BOBBIN, ESQ.

IN PROSE AND VERSE:

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY JOHN CORRY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A RENDERING INTO SIMPLE ENGLISH OF

THE DIALOGUE OF TUMMUS AND MEARY,

WITH THE IDIOMS AND SIMILES RETAINED, AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES, ETC.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

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1862

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Memoirs

OF

MR. JOHN COLLIER.

"A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
And in the course of one revolving moon
Was teacher, piper, patriot and buffoon;
Then all for painting, quipping, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

When a man emerges from obscurity to a degree of eminence, the curiosity of the public is naturally excited, and every circumstance respecting his progress, acquires an adventitious importance from the celebrity of the individual. Wit and genius are confined to no climate; like the productions of nature they often arise, as it were, spontaneously; and when they thus appear in the rustic walks of life, they resemble those aromatic plants and flowers which embellish and perfume the wild. Such in some measure may be said to have been the talents of the subject of this biography; but as the most precious treasures and the richest cordials are frequently misapplied and abused, so the eccentricities of genius mislead the votaries of gaiety into the dangerous labyrinth of vanity or vice.

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John Collier, as appears by a memorandum written by himself in his family Bible, was born December 16th, 1708, at a house called Richard o' Jones's, in Urmston, near Manchester. His father, John Collier, was a minister of the established church, and in addition to the income derived from a curacy, he kept a school, by which he was enabled to maintain a wife and several children decently. He was the instructor of his own children, among whom John appears to have been considered by him as a boy of superior abilities, and he accordingly educated him with a view of his being brought up to the church. That young Collier profited by the instructions of an affectionate and judicious father cannot be doubted, and to this early initiation in the rudiments of learning may be attributed that propensity to teaching others. which he manifested even in his youth, and which was so profitable to him during life.

His father's intention of educating him for the church was unhappily frustrated by the deprivation of sight, an event which happened to him in the forty-sixth year of his age, and by which he and his family were exposed to subsequent distress. John was then in the fourteenth year of his age; he had been distinguished from his infancy for superior quickness of intellect; but the idea of his advancement by learning was now relinquished, and it was thought expedient by his parents, that he should be instructed in some handicraft art.

Of his aversion to engaging in manual labour we have the following memorial in his own hand writing; it is curious

as a specimen of that peculiar humour for which he was remarkable in every situation whether adverse or prosperous. "Went 'prentice in May, 1722, to one Johnson, a dutch-loom weaver, on Newton Moor, in the parish of Mottram: but hating slavery in all shapes, I by Divine Providence (vailing my old scull-hat to the Mitres) on November 19th, 1729, commenced schoolmaster of Milnrow." In this comprehensive sentence Mr. Collier includes a period of seven years and a half, but the intermediate time between May, 1722, and November, 1729, was not employed by him in weaving, for according to authentic documents he lived as an apprentice with Johnson little more than a year, when he persuaded his master to cancel the indentures. It is probable that little rhetoric was sufficient on this occasion, for his master was as much dissatisfied with his whimsical, and idle apprentice, as he could possibly be with that art which preserved the chastity of Penelope.

It is a curious fact, that among the peculiarities of men of genius in a low station they almost universally evince an aversion to "learn one earthly thing of use." Whether this idleness proceeds from the natural indolence of the human mind, or the innate pride of an aspiring and self-conceited individual must be left to the decision of some Caledonian metaphysician: but the fact is incontrovertible; and there are numerous proofs on record, that several of our indigent poets, painters, and players testified their determination not "to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." Even in the present age, Thelwall, indignantly fled from the tailor's *shop-*

board, and Holcroft from the shoemaker's *seat*, and towering on the wings of self-exaltation soared like Icarus towards the sun; while Southey and Scott scorning the business of a scrivener, produced their numerous volumes, to amuse their admirers.

Young Collier being left free to choose an employment, in the sixteenth year of his age, engaged in the unprofitable though not unamusing avocation of an itinerant schoolmaster, a pursuit admirably adapted to his volatile disposition, and passion for variety. Thus, he spent upwards of five years of his most precious time, during which he instructed a number of pupils in reading, writing, and arithmetic. His sphere of action was extensive, for he occasionally taught in Bury, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, and the adjacent villages; and appears to have been sufficiently assiduous in the improvement of himself and others.

When he had nearly attained the age of twenty-one, he was engaged as usher at the time before-mentioned, by Mr. Pearson, curate and schoolmaster at Milnrow, near Rochdale. The salary given by Mr. Townley, of Belfield, to the master of this free-school, was twenty pounds a year, which he shared with Mr. John Collier; and this moiety with the profits derived from a night-school, was considered by our author as a competency, which shews that he was not very desirous of gain. Indeed the love of money was never among the vices of John Collier, who at no time of his life was an œconomist. His vivacious disposition, and entertaining converse, soon gained him the esteem of congenial minds in his neighbourhood.

In a few years Mr. Pearson died, and Mr. Collier was nominated his successor as master of the free-school of Milnrow. Being thus entitled to the full salary of twenty pounds a year, which a century ago was thought a considerable sum, Mr. Collier was considered a young man of some consequence in the village. At leisure hours he amused himself by lessons in the art of drawing, and in playing upon the hautboy and English flute, and soon became such a proficient as to be qualified to instruct others in these amusing and ornamental arts. He understood the rules of perspective, and drew landscapes in good taste, but did not excel in portrait painting, though his skill as a caricaturist is well known.

Hitherto he had written little poetry, except a few anonymous satires, in ridicule of some absurd or eccentric characters; and as no other person in Rochdale or its neighbourhood was considered capable of producing such pieces, he was always sure to be the reputed author.

Mr. Collier was now quite a country buck, and was looked up to by many of the neighbouring farmer's sons as a model for imitation in dress and manners. This the following anecdote will illustrate. One fine Sunday morning in summer, he went with several other young bucks to a chapel where a great number of singers from other chapels were expected. They arrived before the time of divine service, and several young women also came to the place, who were treated by the rustic beaux with such refreshments as could be procured in an adjacent public-house. It was then fashionable for the young women to wear large necklaces of white paste in imita-

tion of pearl; and some of them happening accidentally to come off, Mr. Collier gallantly put them round his neck. The bell soon afterwards summoned the people to prayers, and the company hastily entered the chapel, where the odd appearance of our hero, with his feminine ornaments, excited some risibility. He soon discovered why he was laughed at, but resolving to put a good face on the matter, he wore his necklaces during divine service, and afterwards strutted about with them in the inn to the no small gratification of the village youth. From the circumstance of Mr. Collier's wearing the necklaces, several young fellows in the neighbourhood supposed that it had become the fashion for men to wear such ornaments; and three or four of them actually appeared at the same chapel a few weeks afterwards, with similar decorations suspended from their necks.

In the year 1740, he published "The Blackbird," a satire; which as Mr. Townley justly observed, "contained some spirited ridicule upon a Lancashire justice, more renowned for political zeal, and ill-timed loyalty, than good sense and discretion." As a poetical composition, however, "The Blackbird," is mere doggrel. There is indeed some humour in the piece, but as for ryhme the following extracts will be quite sufficient to prove the want of harmony.

"His beaver cock'd plain dealing-wise, he *pull'd*
So low, his forehead in it seem'd *involv'd*."

* * * * * *

"But know, my angry muse reflects not *on*
This tinkling cymbal for its jarring *tone:*
But for affecting those celestial *airs*
By which the organ charms the list'ning *ears*."

It is diverting to hear such poets talk of their *Muse*.

But with such a versatility of genius as Mr. Collier possessed, excellence in any particular art could not be expected. His acquirements were both various, and valuable to himself and others. As a penman he excelled, and being gifted with more good sense than usually falls to the share of an humourist, he was well qualified to instruct his pupils in those arts which he professed. From the ease and humour of some of his letters to his friends, it is evident that he must have been a very entertaining and social companion. Yet however he might enjoy the delights of the festive hour, it does not appear that at this period of his life he had fallen into that habit of drinking, which was afterwards so injurious to himself and his family. Indeed the ten years that he lived as a batchelor at Milnrow, may be considered the happiest period of his life, if the consciousness of that independence which he so highly prized, and acquirements which he realized are taken into the account. But his happiness, like that of his master Adam, was imperfect without the society of woman.

" * * * The garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sighed till woman smil'd.

The felicitous being then, who was to give a new zest to Mr. Collier's enjoyments at Milnrow, was to be sought; she was soon found, and on the first of April, 1744, he married at Helmsley, Mary Clay, of Flockton, in the parish of Thornhill, and West Riding of Yorkshire. She was the daughter of Mr. Clay, of Flockton, near Huddersfield, where she was born, and brought up at Sedgham, the residence of Lady Betty

Hastings. Miss Clay's aunt, Mrs. Pitt, was a woman of property, and married to Mr. Pitt, an officer in the Tower. Miss Clay resided in London some years, and then came down on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Butterworth, of Milnrow, where Mr. Collier first saw her, and as she was young and handsome, with all the additional graces of a polished London lady, he soon became enamoured, and was a successful lover. That there was some humour mingled with his courtship, the following anecdote frequently related by himself will evince. As Mr. Collier was walking arm in arm with his mistress in the neighbourhood of Milnrow, they met a pig-driver with two pigs. The lady said they were very pretty clean pigs. "Well," said he, "if you buy the one, I will buy the other, and whoever draws back from our promise of marriage shall forfeit the pig." This was agreed upon; the pigs were fattened by Mrs. Butterworth for the wedding dinner; and Mr. Collier often said he believed she would never have married him, had she not valued her pig more highly than she did him. The bride's aunt, Mrs. Pitt, with whom she had ever been a favourite, gave her a fortune of three hundred pounds, with several silk gowns, and other elegant articles of female dress.

But Mr. Collier seems to have been literally *intoxicated* with his good fortune, for he devoted so much of his wife's fortune to "*large potations*," that it was soon dissipated, and he then became sober and led a more regular life; which made Mrs. Collier aver, that she was glad when the money was all gone. In August 1746, during an inundation of the river Beal, at Milnrow, the water rose in Mr. Collier's parlour to the height

of four feet, and spoiled all the silk gowns belonging to his wife.

As Mrs. Collier proved a fruitful vine, her husband was obliged to set his ingenuity to work to provide for a rising family. "The hautboy, flute, and amusing pencil were discarded, and the brush and pallet taken up seriously."

His productions in oil colours were altar pieces for some country churches and chapels of ease; and as they were seldom scrutinized by connoisseurs, they passed for fine pictures with his employers. Whether he attempted the grotesque style of delineation in these ornaments is now unknown, as they have long since perished. He was also occasionally employed by inn-keepers to paint signs, in which he was allowed to excel; a pursuit more congenial to his taste than the decoration of churches.

But such fortuitous or precarious means of raising his funds, proved insufficient to supply the demand for house-expences; and Mr. Collier in a moment of whim, happily conceived the idea of painting representations of human beings in caricatura, an art then little known in England, and only successfully practised by Hogarth. Yes, by Hogarth, ye cognoscenti! ye pretenders to superior discrimination in pictorial science, what are the most popular productions of that celebrated exhibitor of folly and vice, on canvas, but strong caricatures?

Mr. Collier's *attempts* to amuse the good people of Rochdale and its populous vicinity, by ludicrous imagery, were successful beyond his highest expectations. The genuine strokes of humour with which he pourtrayed the sensualist, the drunkard,

the bully, the coxcomb, and the clown, in all the varieties of excess and extravagance compelled the beholders to laugh wherever his paintings were exhibited; and as he delighted to depict the deformities of visage, or feature, which chance presented to his observation, the majority of his admirers, in many instances applied the resemblance to some of their neighbours. Hence those ludicrous paintings soon became popular; their characteristic excellence became a general topic of conversation; they charmed by their novelty, gratified human malice by their satirical traits, and were eagerly purchased by opulent individuals as decorations to the parlour, nay, even the closet! So universal is the aptitude to ridicule, and such the self-complacency of the bulk of mankind, that while wrapt up in the panoply of vanity, which they conceive to be impenetrable by the shafts of satire, they are eager and loud in their derision of the foibles, and even of the natural imperfections of those around them.

"One fool derides another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

Success in a first attempt ever proves a powerful stimulus to the man of genius, as well as the man of business; and the profession of Mr. Collier united both these characters: for while his paintings exercised his imagination, he was also a picture-merchant. His dexterity increased by practice; he frequently painted a single portrait in the leisure hours of one day, and groups of three or four figures in a week. When he finished a painting he carried it to one of the principal inns at Rochdale, with the lowest price affixed to

it; the innkeeper willingly became his agent, and Mr. Collier no way deficient in grateful acknowledgments, commonly expended a considerable part of the money thus obtained in such exhilirating cordials as the inn contained. Thus frequent visits to the tavern, soon brought on a habit of drinking; and as the convivial powers and humourous conversation of the artist, were equal if not superior to those of any of his inmates, he enjoyed that habitual superiority awarded to him, and presided at the festive board as the Comus of Rochdale.

Meanwhile orders for his ludicrous painting were multiplied; travellers who passed through Rochdale and Littleborough bought up his caricatures with eagerness; and as his fame soon spread to Liverpool, some of the mercantile speculators of that town sent large orders for his goods, which they exported to the West Indies and North America. In consequence of this unexpected encouragement the painter worked hard, and was often heard to declare, "that if ever providence had intended him to become rich, that was the time: and he only wished for two pair of hands instead of one, that he might answer the demands of all his customers." But unfortunately, Mr. Collier had now the reputation of a wit, humorist, and boon companion; his invitations to festive meetings were too frequent for domestic economy; and as he was of a free and generous disposition, the money which came in so easily, was spent with equal facility.

But his attention to painting and even his habit of dissipation, had not extinguished his desire to produce something literary that should survive the author. This was his far-

famed "View of the Lancashire Dialect; containing the Adventures and Misfortunes of a Lancashire Clown: by Tim Bobbin." In this singular composition the author published all these peculiar variations of phraseology, in general use not only among the clowns in the neighbourhood of Rochdale and Milnrow, but other parts of Lancashire, which he had from time to time visited. The adventures are narrated by Thomas and Mary. They consist of the disasters of the clown, and the mischievous pranks of others at his expense; the incidents are ludicrous, while the odd language in which the tale is told, and the occasional interruptions, and remarks of his auditor, render it a very amusing specimen of literary composition, equally valuable for characteristic illustrations of vulgar manners, and its genuine originality.

The first edition was sent round to different booksellers in the northern counties of England, and speedily purchased: another impression was required to satisfy public curiosity; and hence, the author had the satisfaction to acquire both profit and popularity. But his success tempted some avaricious booksellers to print and circulate two or three spurious impressions of the Lancashire Dialect, which made Tim, declare with great indignation, "that he did not believe there was one honest printer in Lancashire." To counteract this fraud, and preclude the possibility of future inroads on his literary property, Tim decorated a third edition of his work with ludicrous and characteristic engravings from original designs; and he also gave a glossary of Lancashire words and phrases, to enable the general reader to relish this amusingly ridi-

Tim Bobbin, as our author was now called, had thus attained the zenith of his reputation in the year 1750, while he was yet in the prime of life, and in full possession of his strong intellectual powers. He was now looked up to as a luminary by his rustic neighbours and visited by persons of much higher rank than himself. Several of his admirers occasionally invited him to an inn, where they were gratified by his humourous conversation, and that propensity to fun, which poor Tim could never restrain; nay, which was his chief characteristic, and the pride of his life.

Mr. Richard Hill, an opulent cloth-merchant and manufacturer of baizes and shalloons, at Kebroyd, near Halifax, was among the number of his visitors, and became so much delighted with his conversation, that he offered to employ him as a clerk in his counting-house, to pay him a very high salary, and to settle his family in a comfortable house. The offer appeared so advantageous that it was irresistible; Tim entered into articles of service for ten years; his master was equally gratified with the expectation of the amusement obtainable from the talents of his new servant, and even the advantages which he should derive from the skill in arithmetic, and the quickness with which he wrote a beautiful running hand.

When the articles were signed and sealed, which were to separate Tim Bobbin, not only from the scenes of his youth, but the society of many warm friends, he waited on his kind patron Richard Townley, Esq., of Belfield, to give notice that he must resign the school. "After taking leave," says Mr. Townley, "he, like the honest Moor,

"Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Dropp'd tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum,"

and in faltering accents entreated me not to be hasty in filling up the vacancy in that school, where he had lived so many years contented and happy, for he had already some forebodings that he should never relish his new situation and new occupation. I granted his request, but hoped he would reconcile himself to his new situation, as it promised to be so advantageous both to himself and his family. He replied, it was for the sake of his wife and children that he was at last induced to accept Mr. Hill's very tempting offers; no other consideration whatever could have made him give up Milnrow school and independence."

Tim's presentiment was prophetic; both he and Mr. Hill discovered that superiority of station on the one side, and servitude on the other, were incompatible with that equality of sentiment and freedom of intercourse, which constitute the very spirit of friendship; and that a man might be a very pleasant companion over a bottle, yet be neither so useful nor expeditious at the ledger, as an individual of sober habits and humbler but more commercial attainments. Gay says,

"Wits are game cocks to one another,"

and indeed there are numerous instances upon record, of the fragility of friendship between brother wits. The king of Prussia and Voltaire were charmed with each other at a distance; but when the satirical Frenchman became the inmate of the Prussian monarch's palace, Frederic found his poetical friend too sharp-sighted to overlook his foibles, and Voltaire

grew heartily tired of splendid dependence, and was eventually dismissed in disgrace.

Indeed the transition from the absolute sovereignty exercised by every pedagogue within the boundaries of his school-room, to the tacit acquiescence due to the orders of a merchant in a counting-house, was too violent not to be severely felt by a man of Mr. Collier's spirit. The close application requisite for the regular posting of accounts in a ledger, must have been peculiarly irksome to a man who had from his very youth up, enjoyed what Paley terms "*savage liberty;*" and in a subsequent visit to Mr. Townley at Belfield, after the lapse of only two months Tim owned that he did not like his new situation; that he did not like the mode of transacting business in Yorkshire, for that the manufacturers and merchants there neither kept *red letter days* themselves, nor would allow their servants to keep any. On his departure he repeated his request that Mr. Townley would not give away the school, for he never should be happy again till he was reseated in the crazy old elbow chair within the old school at *Milnrow.*

It appears that Mr. Hill soon discovered the discontent of his facetious clerk, whose dejection increased with every hour; he therefore hinted to him that if he disliked his employment he should be released from his articles at the end of the first year. To this proposal Tim gave a glad assent, and wrote to Mr. Townley on the occasion. Another letter to the same gentleman informed him that in consequence of the dissatisfaction expressed from time to time by Mr. Hill's father at the extravagant salary which he had agreed to pay his humorous

clerk, the agreement was cancelled to the mutual satisfaction of all parties before the year expired, and on the evening of the very day when Tim's emancipation took place, he hired a cart into which he put his goods and chattels, which by six o'clock the next morning were safely deposited in his own house at Milnrow.

His joyous feelings on this memorable incident of his life are well expressed in the following extract of a letter to a friend.

"Kebroyd, Jany. 5, 1752.

"Dr. frd. Dan,

I felt several strong motions in the inward man, that prompted me to write to you about the time that I commenced Yorkshireman, but one ill contrived thing or another, kept my pen and paper at a distance. But now thank Jupiter, and my friends, I'm upon the eve of being John Duke of Milnrow again; for my rib with my bag and baggage, are gone over the hills into merry Lancashire again, and twelve team of devils shall not bring me hither again, if it be in the power of TIMOTHY to stop them. I intend to follow in a few days, and now having that son of a whore old Time by the forelock, I'll stick to the flying rascal till I finish this epistle. * * * * *

According to the account given by Mr. Townley, "when Tim arrived on the west side of Blackstonedge, he thought himself once more a *freeman*, and his heart was as light as a feather. The next morning he came up to Belfield to know if he might take possession of his school again, which being readily consented to, tears of gratitude instantly streamed down his cheeks and such a suffusion of joy illumined his countenance, as plainly spoke the heart being in unison with his

looks. He then declared his unalterable resolution never more to quit the humble village of Milnrow; that it was not in the power of emperors, kings, or their prime ministers, to make him any offer, if so disposed, that would allure him from his tottering elbow chair, from humble fare, with liberty and contentment. A hint was thrown out that he must work hard with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, to make up the deficiency in income to his family; that he promised to do, and was as good as his promise, for he used double diligence, so that the inns at Rochdale and Littleborough were soon ornamented more than ever, with ugly grinning old fellows, and mumbling old women on broomsticks, &c."

When Tim Bobbin returned to Milnrow, he had his wife, three sons, and a daughter to maintain, and there can be no doubt but he performed the social duties of a husband and father with great fidelity and affection; for with all his eccentricity he had a good heart and a clear head. The rude and almost savage state of several of the rustics in that part of Lancashire where he resided must have disgusted Tim, but by a happy vein of satirical good humour, he represented their absurdities in ludicrous delineations for his own emolument. That he frequently "o'er stepped the modesty of nature," is evident from such of his paintings as remain, and from many of the engravings, mostly executed by himself for illustrations of what he called "The Human Passions," but many of which have little to do with human nature. However laughable they may be, and ludicrous they certainly are, they are touched with such a prurience of volatile imagination, that they may

rather be considered monstrous exhibitions than faithful copies from nature; yet the most grave and sensible mind cannot contemplate them without risibility; they are therefore a source of inexhaustible amusement, though not of instruction; but when did any humourist with either the pencil or the pen aim at the improvement of mankind?

But Tim's inventive genius was not confined to the productions of the pencil, or the graver; he occasionally produced a short satirical poem, and in one instance a satire on the partiality of his countrymen for French fashions. This piece he entitled, "The Battle of the Flying Dragon and the Man of Heaton," it consists of upwards of two hundred lines, no small effort of Tim's wandering muse, much in the style, and even the sentiments and manner of Swift, with great truth and force of satire, expressed in easy verse, but with little regard to decency. This censure is applicable indeed to almost every effusion of humour from Chaucer down to Dr. Walcot; the humourist must excite the laugh against the subject of his satire by broad, common, and even vulgar epithets, and similies; and if he can but obtain his end, he is seldom scrupulous about the means. Swift is notorious for the filthiness of his ideas, yet his wit and humour are irresistible; Walcot is frequently profane, but his pretensions to true humour are undeniable; and Collier after a fair investigation of his claims will be found a genuine son of Thalia, an energetic and humourous satirist. His poetical flights indeed never rise higher than those of the moor cock on Blackstonedge; and he has with great modesty and some truth termed himself *a poetaster*, in his characteristic epitaph.

For several years after his return to Milnrow, he seems to have lived contentedly, much esteemed by his friends and neighbours for his probity, ingenuity, wit, and good humour. He judiciously varied his amusements, occasionally gratifying himself and his companions by his exquisite performances on the hautboy and flute. From music, the transition to poetry was both natural and easy, while the sister art of painting, the most profitable if not delightful of the three, was at once productive of pleasure and gain.

Like some other wits, Tim Bobbin seems to pride himself in treating the serious subjects of sickness and death with great levity; and his account of the progress and termination of a dangerous disease is amusing.

"January 25th, 1760.

Dr. Sir,

Since I saw you I have had a hard job of it. As soon as you left me I grew worse, and kenneled immediately, slept little or none, and was so hot that my crooked rib durst not touch me for fear of being blistered, yet could not sweat, tho' I endeavoured it all I could: and had it continued two or three days longer, it certainly would have reduced my outward man to a lump of charcoal. On Monday night the violent pains of my back and thighs abated, had a breathing sweat, and my fever diminished. But yet not being punished enough for my sins these were followed by a stabbing head ache (especially when I coughed) with continual twitchings all over the scalp, and continual short stitches in the body. I did not eat (or drink any thing but a little warm whey) from the time we parted till Tuesday night, after I had received your small parcel. For as I thought living too well was the cause of most of the pains I suffered, I would try whether *clemming* would drive a few of them away. Tuesday night had a good sweat, but for all this I had no substantial symptom of being an inhabitant of

this world much longer, till Wednesday afternoon, when I got my head shaved, and rubbed well with rum, and a flannel clout put under my night cap.

* * * * * *

I looked into a glass this morning and was much surprised at my phyz, because it confirmed what my neighbours whispered, which was that I was grown sixteen or twenty years older than I was on Sunday last."

This is a strong and faithful description of the humiliating consequences of excess. The sensualist while indulging his appetites either forgets or disregards the admonitions of prudence, till nature punishes his violation of her economy by the infliction of pain, and the boastful, proud, and assuming mortal, sinks into a helpless patient.

That love of independence which was a prominent trait in the character of Mr. Collier, was an incessant incitement to the industrious exertion of his talents with the pencil and the pen; and as he had no competitor in this part of England, he found little difficulty in selling his paintings, which were certainly originals of their kind. The recollection of what his proud spirit had experienced during what he considered worse than Egyptian bondage in Yorkshire, is mentioned with great exultation at his eventual deliverance, in a letter of congratulation to a friend in Chester, on a similar occasion. It is dated February 24, 1761, and contains the following spirited passage.

"I heartily congratulate you on finding that inestimable jewel Liberty again; the value of which I defy the most intense thinker to conceive, except he has first lost it. But dear friend, if the service of one Nabob who lived in another house has been so grievously irksome to you, how could I bear the yoke of two Yorkshire Nabobs, and an old covetous Nabobess? This

indeed was quite impossible to be endured by me, who had reigned, myself, a Nabob for above twenty years at Milnrow, and would ever stickle and ever fight for Liberty like a Spartan or hot-brained Cromwellist. However, by these two specimens you have had, you are now certainly able to measure Hercules by his foot; and know, that Liberty in rags, is preferable to dependance in gorgeous trappings, and crowds of cringing admirers, and consequently your wonder must cease, at my out-running my Yorkshire apprenticeship."

His reputation as a caricaturist was now fully established, and the purchasers of his beauties as he humourously termed them, in many instances became his friends. Indeed the cheerful and companionable disposition of the artist, with the originality, good sense, and shrewdness of his observations, and the improvement which his ductile mind acquired by occasional excursions to the populous towns of Lancashire rendered him an interesting correspondent. He occasionally gratified his friends with an epistle in ryhme; written with great ease and familiarity, and not destitute of elegance. The following extract from a letter to his friend Mr. Cowper, a wine-merchant in Liverpool, dated December 24, 1781, is an agreeable specimen of his skill in this Horatian mode of correspondence.

"Perhaps your pictures you expect,
Before I feel the warm effect,
Of your care-killing liquor!
But hark you, sir, the days are dark,
And cold: *On then I hete aw wark,*
As ill as any vicar.

But in a month, or two, at least,
Except the sun wheel back to th' east,
    You may expect your beauties;
But in the meantime must I fast?
Or guzzle ale not to my taste?
    Nay, hang me on some yew-trees.

I from my cot, this *Christmas-eve*,
Write with a troubled mind, . . . believe,
    And wife in doleful dumps
For who can merry be, that's wise,
While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,
    And vexed with jeers and frumps?

Pray send a line, that I may say,
To my *Crook'd-rib*, on such a day,
    Your gossip's nose shall job in
A tankard made of Mountain Wine,
Sweet water, nutmeg, sugar fine,
    And set at rest

TIM BOBBIN.

Some of our poets either from the whim of the moment, or the tenderness of their hearts, have celebrated the good qualities of a favourite quadruped. Burns's Farmer's Address to his auld Mare Maggie; Pratt's old Horse's Address to his Master, and his Hermit and Dog; and Cowper's Ode on the Fidelity of his Spaniel, are beautiful specimens of this kind of composition. Collier has also distinguished himself by humorously recording the death of his old mare both in prose and verse, in that ludicrously sentimental style, which although it reminds us of Sterne is original.

"Milnrow, Feb. 14, 1764.

To Mr. R. W.

Dear Friend,

This is a sorrowful day to me—for my Tom is come home with the sorrowful news, that he could not reach Middleton last night with poor Jenny, and that she died this morning.——Had she come hither and made her exit, I would have buried her in her well beloved pasture the Wheat-field, with a stone over her and this epitaph.

Here lies interred both flesh and bone
Tim Bobbin's Jenny Cameron,
The best mare ever rode upon.

OBIT
FEB. 25,
1764.

My son came home in a fright without her hide—but I have sent him back again for it. Pray advise with Adam Holland—Haslam—and other virtuosos in the skins of animals, whether I cannot have a buck-skin pair of breeches made of it. Perhaps you'll think I'm off at th'side, or that I'm shaken from top to toe, when I tell you I sign with tears,

Dear Sir,

Your most &c.

T. B.

P. S. I have thoughts of getting my old black coat turned for mourning, but I'm afraid hair shag will look very queerly inside outwards. Pray advise with my friends on this weighty affair, and also whether I should not have a brief?"

Mr. Collier, or as he delighted to be named *Tim Bobbin*, had now to provide for the maintenance of a family of eleven persons, but as he was active, ingenious, a dexterous artist, and could also handle "the pen of a ready writer," his income by his efforts with the pencil, and the grey goose quill, and his salary as school-master, amply supplied him and his family not only with the necessaries, but some of the luxuries of life. Of this we have already seen a proof

and laughed at them, he imbibed a tincture of the same phraseology of which he could never wholly divest himself. Some of his short poetical pieces are written with ease, others are incorrect, coarse, and vulgar. His prose is much superior to his poetry; and many of his letters, are not only truly humorous, but the ideas are energetic, and expressed in a perspicuous and masculine style. He has recorded some characteristics of his compatriots which will ever be valuable as illustrations of the manners of the age in which they were written; and a most curious and interesting collection of his epistolary correspondence both in prose and verse, carefully and correctly transcribed by himself, was lately purchased by the publisher of this volume, from his son Mr. Thomas Collier of Rochdale. These letters are written in a beautiful hand, and are worthy of preservation, as a fine specimen of the penmanship of Tim Bobbin.

An Eulogium on Tim Bobbin, by way of Epitaph,

BY HIS SON THOMAS COLLIER.

By all that's good, by all that's dear,
It matters not who moulders here,
Then come my muse my spirits cheer,
Away with mournful strains;
'Twas worse than childhood's senseless whim,
One wick to light, one lamp to trim,
Or shed one single tear for Tim,
Whose life and soul remains.

No lark that warbles in the wind,
Or sons of mirth to wit inclin'd,
Could match thy sprightly turn of mind,
While nectar crown'd the board;
Thou lov'd the flowing bowl to quaff,
To crack the joke, to raise the laugh,
Nor didst thou ever rest thy staff,
But there the table roar'd.

Tho' Hogarth could the soul express,
Thy forte O Tim, was little less,
As bright thou shin'st I must confess,
When aided with thy pen;
Nay when you read the works he wrote,
His humorous drolls surpassing thought,
I'll lay a guinea to a groat,
You'll laugh in spite of men.

Nay more, for more may yet be said,
Thy name O Tim, thy works hath spread,
And thou like Homer shall be read,
As long as time remains;
Yes long as glittering stars seem bright,
Thy dialect eccentric quite,
When well 'tis read must yield delight,
To native nymphs and swains.

A VIEW

OF

THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT;

BY WAY OF

DIALOGUE,

Between *Tummus o'Williams's, o'Margit o'Roaph's,* and *Meary o'Dick's, o'Tummy o'Peggy's.*

Shewing in that Speech, the comical Adventures and Misfortunes of

A Lancashire Clown.

To which is prefix'd, (by Way of Preface,)

A Dialogue between the Author and his Pamphlet.

With a few Observations for the better Pronunciation of the Dialect.

WITH A GLOSSARY

Of all the Lancashire Words and Phrases therein used.

BY TIM BOBBIN,

Fellow of the Sisyphain Society *of* Dutch Loom Weavers, *and an old* Adept *in the* Dialect.

——*Heaw Arse wood wur I, eh this Wark!*——

Glooar ot monny o'Buk.

OBSERVATIONS.

——ooooo——

The following Observations may be useful to those who are Strangers to the Lancashire *Pronunciation.*

In some Places in *Lancashire* we sound *a* instead of *o*, and *o* instead of *a*. For example we say *far* instead of *for; shart*, instead of *short;* and again we say *hort*, instead of *heart;* and *port*, instead of *part*; *hont*, instead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *All* are generally sounded broad, as *aw* (or *o*) for *all; Haw* (or *Ho*) for *Hall*; *Awmeety*, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we sound *k*, instead of *g;* as *think*, instead of *thing; wooink*, for *wooing;* &c.

The letter *d* at the End of Words, and the Termination *ed*, are often chang'd into *t;* as *behint*, for *behind; wynt*, for *wind; awkert*, for *awkward; awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In some Parts it is common to sound *ou*, and *ow* as *a;* as *tha'*, for *thou*; *Ka* (or *Ca*) for *Cow*. In other places we sound the *ou* and *ow* as *eu;* as *theaw*, for *thou; Keaw*, for *Cow; Heawse*, for *House; Meawse*, for *Mouse*.

The Saxon Termination *en* is generally retained, but mute; as *hat'n, lov'n, desir'n, think'n, bought'n*, &c.

In general we speak quick and short; and cut off a great many Letters, and even Words by Apostrophes; and sometimes sound two, three, or more Words as one. For instance, we say *I'll got'*, (or *I'll gut'*,) for *I'll go to*; *runt'*, *for run to; hoost*, for *she shall; intle* (or *int'll*) for *If thou will; I wou'didd'n*, for *I wish you wou'd*, &c.

But as Trade in a general Way has now flourish'd for near a Century, the Inhabitants not only Travel, but encourage all Sorts of useful Learning; so that among Hills, and Places formerly unfrequented by Strangers, the People begin within the few Years of the Author's Observations to speak much better English. If it can be properly called so.

READER,

Hear a Spon-new *Cank* between th' *Eawther* and his *Buk*.

TIM BOBBIN enters by his sell, beawt Wig; Grinning, on Scratting his Nob.

Tim. GOOD lorjus deys, whot wofo Times ar' theese!
Pot-baws ar scant, an dear is Seawl an Cheese
Eawr Gotum Guides hus seely Sheep dun rob;
Oytch Public Trust is choyng'd into a Job;
Leys, Taxes, Customs, meyn eawr Plucks to throb!
Yet I'm war thrutcht, between two arran Rogues,
For bigger Skeawndrills never treed o'Brogues,
Than *Finch* an *Stuart*,—Strawngers to aw reet,
They rob poor Timmy, e'en i'th opp'n leet!
This meys me neaw, to cross theese Rascot's eends,
To send agen to my owd trusty Friends:
For Truth is Truth, tho't savors like a Pun,
I'm poor God-wot—

Buk.—Heaw so:

Tim.—My Crap's aw done!

Buk. Whoo-who whoo-who whoo! Whot pleagu't withth' owd Company? Rime an Poverty agen! Neaw een Dule Scrat o'—I thout idd'n go bank: for yoar Sib to thoose Gotum-tikes otteh complen'n on so, on ar nee'r satisfy'd.

Tim. Whooas tat tee owd Friend? I thowt teawd bin jaunting it like hey-go-mad, weh thoose Foster Feathers o'thine, *Stuart*, an *Finch!*

Buk. Ne beleady naw I; I'd scornt' touch sitch Powsments with Tungs.

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Buk. Ne beleady naw I; I'd scornt' touch sitch Powsments with Tungs.

Tim. Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot tat Creawse tike *Stuart,* an Clummerhead *Finch,* han donn'd oytch on um a Bantling eh two o'the kest-off Jumps, an think'nt put *Yorshar* o' fok? It's sitch wark os tis ot meys met' scrat where eh dunnaw Itch, hears to me?

Buk. Yigh yigh; I've heard on't; boh the Dule ride humpstridd'n o begging, o' thoose ot connaw tell a Bitter-bump fro a Gillhooter, sey I.

Tim. E, lack o' dcy! Belike theaw does naw know ot thoose ott'n Steyl win lye: an ot teyn mey no bawks a telling fok, ot teres ist reet breed o' Bandyhewits; an to clench it, they'n shew ther Whelps e' the owh Petchwark-jump—an heaw then?

Buk. Ney, this is a Cutter too-to! a wofo Bleffin indeed! Boh ister no wey o cumming meet with um? s'flesh I'd Rime on um, or summot—Yoar us't e cud'n a Rim't.

Tim. Odds fish! they're partly like Karron Crows, mon; they're naw worth me Shot.

Buk. But hark o', tell me one think; dunneh aim at sending me eawt agen on another tramp?

Tim. Wuns eigh; theawrt likt' strowll ogen, as shure os a Tup's a Sheep.

Buk. Oddzo then, whetherth' Hullets ar worth Shot or naw, I'd hav' o pash at Piggin if e pede for Garthing; do yo clap some pleagy Rimes, oth' Neb o me Cap, eh plene Print hond, ot oytch body mey see um, chez where eh cum.

Tim. I did Berm up some Rimes o top on Sign pow, before *Stuart's* Shop e *Wiggin:* boh they're sitch rackless, dozening, Gawbies, ot I think o sharp Red-whot Whotyel would naw prick a Pirate's Conscience; for theyn nother Feeling, Shame, nor Grase?

Buk. Doo as I bid o' for wonst; let't leet heaw't will.

Tim. Whau, weh aw my Heart—boh howd, le meh see, its none so good t' begin o Riming, ot I see on—hum—neaw for't.

Robbing's a Trade that's practis'd by the Great,
Our ruling Men are only Th——es of State.

Buk. Howd howd howd the Dickons tak o'!—I see whot's topmost; yoan be hong'd or some Mischief—on then aw'll be whooup with o' efeath!

Tim. Not e Goddil belike!—dust think so?—'slid boh I hete honging—do thee set ogete then.

Buk. Whau, I'll begin o thiss'n.

E Whiff-waff *Stuart!*—Sniftering *Finch!* yo known
Virtue has laft o'—Truth is fro o' flown!
Pirate's a Neme——

Tim. Whot te Dule art' woode!—Whottl't doo weh this Whiffo-whaffo Stuff? dust think Rimes mun awlus tawk stump Loncasher?

Buk. Eigh, why naw: let um speyk greadly os we done e Godsnum.

Tim. Ne ne; ittle naw doo; to mitch of owt's good for nowt: heawe'er in't wou'd hav' umt' meeon some heaw o that'n, theyd'n bettert' be o thiss'n.

Ah, doughty *Stuart!* worthy *Finch!* you know
Virtue's a Bubble—Honesty a Shew!
Pirate's a Name, you're not asham'd to own,
Tho' this and Foot-pad unto Tim's all one.
Such Men as these for gaining of a Groat,
If screen'd by Law—wou'd——

Neaw byth' maskins if I be naw fast!

Buk. Then yoar fast with a little efeath; for I con lose o' e that point.

Tim. Le me see—ho, neaw I height, it's be,

Slash their Neighbour's Coat.

Buk. Ne byth' Lord Harry shall it naw; if I mun rule; for it's be,

Cut their Neighbour's Throat.

Tim. Whau whau, with aw my heart; boh let *Stuart* on *Finch*, thoose Bell-weathers, an *Hitch Haws;* on *Williamson* o *Lerpoo*, ther sheepish Followers ley ther Sows together; an tey which the lik'n best.

Buk. Well well its cleverly Rim't o Tim heawe'er, let't be whether it will: whot an awf wur I t'pretend Rime weh yo!

Tim. Well boh we'n had enough o this foisty matter; let's tawk o' summot elze; on furst tell me heaw tha' went on eh the last jaunt?

Buk. Gooa on! beleady I cou'd ha gon on wheantly, on bin o whoam ogen with Crap e meh Slop in a snift; if id naw met at oytch nook, thoose bastertly Whelps sent eawt be *Stuart* an *Finch*.

Tim. Pooh—I dunnaw meeon heaw fok harbort'n't or cuttertn't o'er thee; boh whot thoose fawse Lunnoners sed'n abeawt te Jump ot's new Over-bodyt?

Buk. Ho ho—neaw I height; yo meon'n thoose lung-seetit fok ot glooar'n second time at Buks; an whoa I'r feer'd woud rent me Jump.

Tim. Reet mon reet—that's hit—

Buk. Why then to tell o'true I'r breed with a Gorse wagging; for they took'n me ith' reet leet too a hure.

Tim. Heaw's tat e Godsnum?

Buk. Why ot yoad'n donn'd me a thiss'n like a Meawntebank's foo, for th' wonst, to meyth' Rabblement fun.

Tim. E, law! an did'n the awvish shap, an the Pecklt jump pan, sed'n the?

Buk. Eigh eigh primely efeath!—for the glooar'nt sooar at me; turn't me reawnt like a Tealier, when e measers fok; chuck't me under th' Chin; ga me a honey-buttercake, on sed opp'nly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a queer shap, an a peckl't jump, gee better eh ther live.*

* For understanding this Sentence, vid. *Monthly Review*, for December, 1750, page 156.

Tim. Neaw ee'n fair-faw um sey I—theese wur'n th' boggarts ot flayd'n thee! but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no Gonnorheeads.

Buk. Gonnorheeads! now now not te marry: boh I carrit me sell meety meeverly tooto, an did as o bidd'n meh.

Tim. Then theaw towd um th' tele, and sed th' Rimes, an aw, did to?

Buk. Th' Tele an th' Rimes! 'sflesh I believe e did, boh I know no moor on um neaw, than a seawking-pig.

Tim. Od rottle the; whot seys to! has to foryeat'n th' Tealier finding th' Urchon; an th' Rimes?

Buk. Quite, quite; as e hope to chieve!

Tim. Neaw e'en the Dule steawnd te sey I! whot a fuss mun I hav' to teytch um the ogen!

Buk. Come come, dunnaw fly up in a frap; o body connow carry oytch mander o think e ther Nob.

Tim. Whau, boh mind neaw, theaw gawmbling tyke, otto con tell th' tele, and seyth' Rimes be rot, titely.

Buk. Fear me naw, sed Doton; begin.

Tim. A Tealier e Crummil's time wur thrunk pooing Turmits in his Pingot, on fund an Urchon ith' Hadloontreean; he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd mey nowt on't. He whoavt his Whisket oe'rt, runs Whoam, an tells his Neighbours he thowt in his Guts ot he'd fund a think at God newer mede eawt; for it, had nother heead nor tele; Hont nor Hough; midst nor eend! Loath t' believe this, hoave a Duzz'n on um wou'd geawt' see if they coud'n mey shift t' gawm it, boh it capt um aw; for they newer o won on um ee'r saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a Keawnsil, anth' eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, fawse, owd Felly; het on Elder, ot cou'd tell oytch think; for they look'nt on im as th' Hammil-Scoance, an thowt he'r fuller o Leet thin a Glow-worm's A—se. When theyd'n

towd him th' kese, he stroakt his Beeart; Sowght; an ordert' th' Wheel-barrow with Spon-new Trindle t' be fotcht. 'Twur dun, an the beawlt'nt him awey toth' Urchon in a Crack. He glooart at't a good while; droyd his Beeart deawn, and wawtit it o'er weh his Crutch. Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother Side sed he, for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick. Then he dons his Spectacles, steart at't agen, on Sowghing sed; Breether, its summot: Boh Feather *Adam* nother did nor cou'd Kersun it.—Wheel me Whoam ogen.

Buk. I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theese Viewers cou'd gawm it, oytch Body cou'd naw; for I find neaw ot yo compare'n me too an Urchon, ot has noather Heead nor Tele; 'Sflesh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit to Bobbersome?

Tim. Now now naw it, for o meeny o fok wou'd gawm th' Rimes, but very lite wou'd understond th' Tealier an his Urchon.

Buk. Th' Rimes—hum—le me see—'Sblid, I foryeat'n thoose too, I deawt!

Tim. Whoo-who who whoo! whot a dozening Jobber-know art teaw!

Buk. Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw doo moor thin the con; con the? Boh if in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen, een raddle meh Hoyd titely, sey I.

Tim. Mind te hits then.

> Some write to shew their Wit and Parts,
> Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* Hearts,
> Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,
> And some are *M——st——l* Tools.

Buk. Eigh marry, oytchbody seys so—an Gonnorheeads they ar for ther Labbor.

> *Tim.* Some few in Virtue's Cause do write,
> But these alas! get little by't.

Buk. Indeed I con believe o'—Weel rim't heawe'er—gooa on.

Tim. Some turn out *Maggots* from their Head.
Which die, before their *Author's* dead.

Buk. Zuns! Aw *Englandshire'll* think at yoar glenting at toose Fratching, Byzen, Craddingly Tykes, as writ'n sitch Papers ostth' *Test;* and sitch Cawfeteles as *Cornish Peter,* ot fund a New Ward, Snying weh Glums an Gawries.

Tim. Some write such Sense in *Prose* and *Rhime,*
Their Works will *wrestle hard,* with Time.

Buk. That will be prime wrostling efeath,—for I've heard um sey, Time conquers aw Things.

Tim. Some few print *Truth,* but many *Lies,*
On *Spirits,*—down to *Butterflies.*

Buk. Reet abeawt Boggarts—on th' tother Ward—on Mon ith' Moon, an sitch like Geer:——Get Eendwey; its prime Rime efeath.

Tim. Some write to *please,* some do't for *Spite,*
But want of *Money* makes me write.

Buk. By th' Miss th'owd story ogen, boh I think e meh Guts at it's true—ittle doo—yo need'n Rime no more, for it's better in lickly—Whewt on Tummus on Meary.

Enter, TUMMUS and MEARY.

TUM. Odds me Meary! whooa the Dickons wou'd o thowt o' leeting o' thee here so soyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

Meary. Beleemy, Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had sitch o'traunce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: For I went to Jone's o'Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their Thible, to stur th' Furmetry weh, an his Wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I skeawrt eend-wey, an when eh coom there hood lent it to Kester o'Dick's an the Dule steawnd 'im for a Brindl't Cur, he'd mede it int' Shoon Pegs! Neaw wou'd naw sitch o Moonshine traunce Potter any body's Plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n anth' moor mischoances they han.

M. Not awlus o Goddil.—But whot meys o't' sowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I'm fene to see o'whick an hearty.

T. Whick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargin o't im oather whick or hearty, for 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deeod os o Dur Nele be this awer; for th' last oandurth me Measter had lik't o killt meh: on just neaw, os sure os thee on me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt withur Measter?



T. Whot! there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort muck, I'll uphowd tey!—For whot dust think? bo'th' tother Day boh Yusterday, hus Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some Odds-on-eends; on I munt oather breeod Mowdywarp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Why-kawve.—Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither; on had o mind on o Jawnt: soh I donn'd meh Sunday Jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa with Keaw on th' Kawve; an the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch *Nip* went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that cou'd mey ill Luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known; boh here's o fine droy canking Pleck under this Thurn, let's keawer us deawn o'th' Yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro' Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw: So I geet up be skrike o Dey, on seet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within a Mile oth' Teawn; when os the Dule wou'd height, o *Tit* wur stonning ot an Eleheawse Dur; on me Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een for meh) took th' Tit for it Mother, on wou'd need seawk her: On I believe th' foolish Tooad of a Tit took th' Kawve far hur Cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deeod os o Nit!

M. E Lord;—whot o Trick wur that!

T. Trick! Odds flesh, sitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englondshiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet? Yoad'n be quite brok'n!

T. Doo! whot cou'd eh doo? 'flesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on a Thwittle; for me Measter moot ha had seignteen Shillings on susepence for't th' yeandurth ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' Lone?

T. Ne Meary; I'r naw sitch o Gawby os tat coom too noather: For as luck wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Eleheawse, on eh coom eawt when he heard meh Kawve bawh. Boh estid o being sooary, when he saigh it sprawling oth Yeoarth, th' fly'ring Karron seet up o Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd for shawm tell meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint of Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty chep; for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, towd meh, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o Groat for a Greave no bigger in o phippunny Trunk.

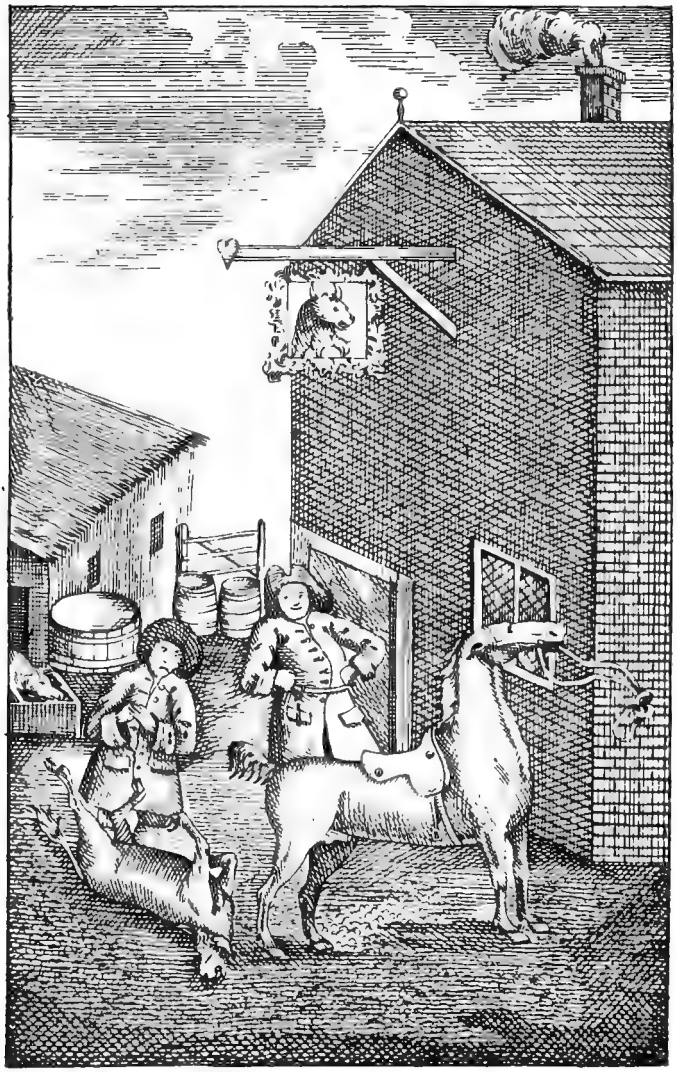
T. Whau, that moot be; boh I'd naw geet him; For I borrot a Shoo on wou'd berrit meh seln; I'r thrunk shoaving it in, when a Thowt coom int' meh Noddle ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War: so I'd flee it; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leet on bo'th' Butcher's, on th' spoytfoo Tyke wou'd naw leeond it me: Neaw Meary, whot cou'd onny Mon doo?

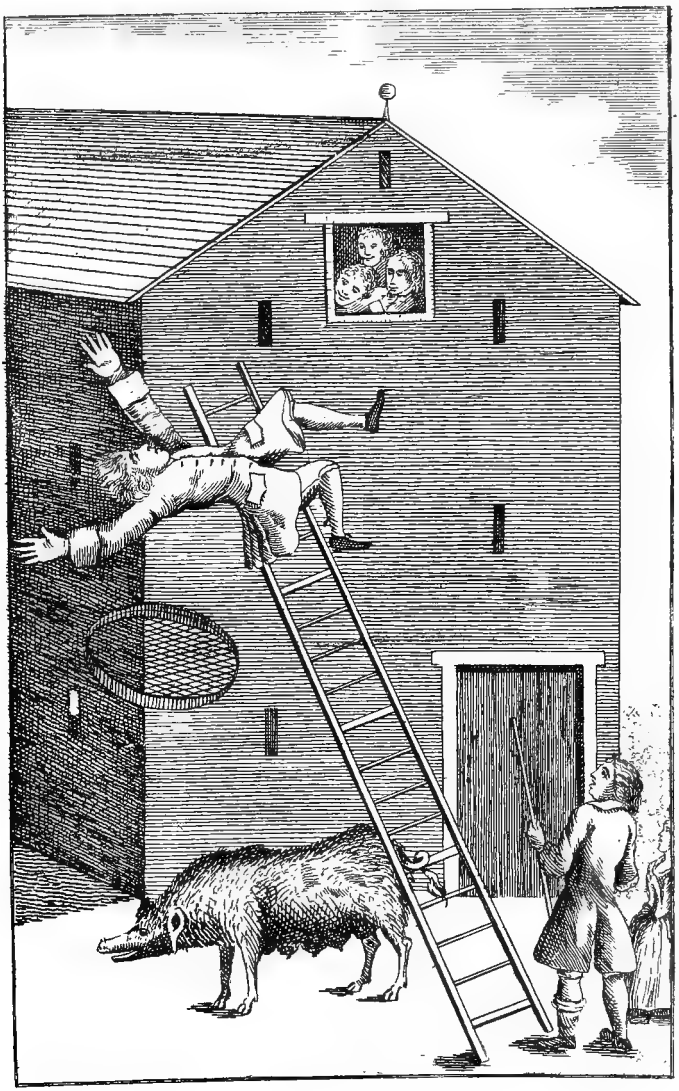
M. Doo! I'st o gon stark Woode.

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my Kese: So I bargint with th' Rascot; he'ur to teyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carcuss, on geh meh throtteen Pence: So I geet th' Brass, on went endway with Keaw.

M. Neaw meh Mind misgives meh ot yoar'n gooing a sleeveless Arnt; on at Felly wou'd naw tak'th Kah bate th' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawses within two tumbles of a Leawse; for it wur lung, on lunger, ofore eh wou'd: Boh when I towd him heawt wur knockt oth' Sow, with





a Tit Coak'n os eh coom, on that he moot order weh meh Measter obeawt it, he took hur ot lung length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd o Sawt, on on Eawnce of black Pepper for eawr Fok, on went toart Whoam ogen.

M. With o fearfoo heyvy Heart I'll uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true—boh whottle to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit Kawve; boh sowd it et *Owdum* that Oandurth, for twopence haw-penny o Peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh Troth it wur fere cheeoting; but it's meet like their rascotly Tricks; for there's not an honest Booan ith' Hoyde o newer o greasy Tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind; for it wur reet Rank: Boh I think eh meh Guts ot Rascots ith' Ward, ar os thick, as Wasps in o Hummobee-neest.

M. It's nawt' tell, boh I'st marvil straungely an ye leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh little oth' matter.—— Boh theawst hear——i'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a Mile or so, ofore eh saigh o Parcel o Lads on Hobbletyhoys, os thrunk as Thrap-Wife: When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm whot tearn obeawt; for two on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Shilders, onother had a Riddle in his Hont, on *Hal o'Nab's* ith' *Midge-lone* had his Knockus lapt in his Barmskin: Awth' rest on um had Hoyts, or lung Kibboes, like swinging Sticks or Raddlings.

M. Ith' neme o Katty, whot wur'n the for?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw mey be sure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wus weh um: Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last Shearing-time, when *Jone's oHarry's* geete thear Churn; this seme Scap-gallows wur tean eh thear Pleawmtre; on wur eh sitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he feell, on broke th' Collar-booan on his Leg.

M. O wrang joynt hong im: I know him weel enough, for th' last great Snow he'ur for honging o Hare e some hure Gillers; on throttlt eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkingrin.

T. The varra seme—So I asht him whot tearn far? Why sed he, ween meet neaw seen on Eawl fly thro' yon Leawp hoyle into th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur; Come Tum (sed he) Egad, iftle geaw with us, theawst see sitch gam os tha newer saigh eh the live: Beside theawst howd the Riddle;—sed I, I know naw whot to meeons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw weh aw meh heart intle teytch meh; I con show the in a crack sed he: So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawphoyles, on th' Slifters ith' Leath Woughs full o Awts; then we reeart th' Steeigh sawfly ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl-hoyle. Neaw Lads—(sed Hal) mind yer hits: I'll lap meh honds eh meh Barmskin ot hoo cannaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' hur ith' hoyle: *Tum o'William's* mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey eawt oth' Leawphoyle, on howd th' Riddle cloyse on't. Awth' rest mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't—So owey they seete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I—

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw rether ha seent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so heasty; so I clum th' Steeigh in o snift, Shoavt th' Awts eawt, on smackt me Riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um sey; see o, see o, hoos teear!—Shu sed one; Shu, sed another.——Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like hey-go-mad. I thowt it wer rears't spooart ot ewer mortal Mon saigh: So I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen; still they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith' Leath; on then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' Steeigh—I lookt deawn, on there were

an owd Soo bizzy scratting hur A—se o one o'th' strines. —'Sflesh, thinks It' meh seln hool ha me deawn eend neaw:—Just then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' Riddle.

M. Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean—boh I con heardly tell the I'm—so—whaughish—for I'm readyt cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

T. Now, now,—not teear—it wus nowt oth' Warld o God boh arron owd Lant ot teyd'n made war weh loasing ther Breeches in't: on that Hodge-Podge coom eh me fease weh sitch o ber, ot o sumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel off th' Steeigh: Boh moor be choance thin onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo wey sitch a Soltch; ot I think eh me guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt in I wur.

M. E Lord! whot o wofoo faw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, faw eigh; for I thowt id brok'n th' Crupper-booan o meh A—se, boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd no hurt boh th' tone Theawm stunnisht, on th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpo a bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powsements! I'st o bin stark-giddy at um, on a raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't reawnd th' Leath fort' snap some oth' bullocking basturts; Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they'rn aw cropp'n intoth' Leath; on th' Durs os sefe os *Beest'n* Castle: Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath; for thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks, ot ther

new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh. Wuns, Meary! in id had foyar i'st o set th' how Leath on o Halliblash in id deed for't; boh then th' Soo kept sitch o skrikeing Reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no lenger for fear o sumbody comming, on meying me necessary too hur deeoth: so I scampoot owey as hard os eh cou'd Pinn: On ran o Mile eh that Pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: Then I leep o'er o Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure: On aw little enough too; for I think eh me guts I'st stink like a Foomurt while me neme's *Tum.*

M. Neaw een be meh troath! I thowt ye savort'n feearfoo strung on a Yarb: Boh when aw's done *Tummus,* this Killing oth' Kawve, on Eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung *Meary,* far I oather angurt some He Witch, or the Dule threw his Club oe'r meh that Morning when eh geete up: Far Misfartins coom on meh os thick os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddil!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip: On I wud hur Neck had bin brock'n eh neen Spots, when hoo'r Whelpt far mee (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly washt, on fettl't meh! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing Felley in o blackish Wigg; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip: Ko he onnest Mon wilt sell the Dog? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on so's ne'er o Dog ith' Teawn: for be meh troath Meary I'r os cross os o f—t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnsart him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch sed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys sin, I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, for I see hoos o reet stawnch *Bandyhewit;* on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans abeawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet

neaw.——Neaw Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on sell him meh *Sheep-Cur* for o *Bandyhewit;* tho' I no moor knew, in th' Mon ith Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw sed I, hoose primely bred; for hur Moother coom fro *Lunnun*, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Measter's; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *Englandshiar*, I'll sell hur if meh Price come.

M. Well done *Tummus!* Whot sed eh then?

T. Wau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur? Hoos worth a Ginny on o hawve o Gowd, sed I; boh o Ginny I'll ha far hur: Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh iftle gooa to Justice—Justice hum—le me see.—But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte Matter on im, far I think he's Piece on a Rascot, as well ost rest) he'll be fene o'th' Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to; wur it naw?

T. Yigh' meeterly.—Then I asht im whot Wey eh munt gooa? On he towd meh: On o wey I seete, weh meh Heart as leet os o bit on o Flaight; on carrit Nip under meh Arm; for neaw theaw mun understond I'r feear o loysing hur; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough t' pay meh Measter for th' Kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

M. Odds-fish! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus.*

T. Whau, boh theawst hear; it wur o dree Wey too-to; heawe'er I geete there by three o'Clock; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur, I covert Nip with th' Cleawt ot eh droy meh Nese weh, t' let him see heaw I stoart hur.—Then I opp'nt Dur; on whot te Dule dust think, boh three little tyney *Bandyhewits:* os I thowt then coom Weawghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha worrit meh, on after that swollut meh whick. Then there coom o fine freshcullert Wummon ot keckt os stiff as if hood swallut a Poker, on I took hur far o hoo Justice, hoor so meety fine:—For I heard *Rotchot*

o'Jack's, o'Yem's tell meh Measter, that th' hoo Justices awlus did mooast o'th' Wark.—Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Justice wur o Whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur Meawth t' sey eigh, or now; boh simpurt on sed iss, (the Dickons iss'ur on him too) sed I, I wudidd'n tell him I'd fene speyk to 'im.

M. Odd, boh yoar'n bowd; i'st o bin timmersome:—But let's know heaw ye went'n on.

T. Whau, weell enough, for theaw mey Nip, on Cheeot os ill os one o ther Clarks on they'n naw meddle with the; boh theaw munnaw frump, nor teeos um, for they haten to be vext.

M. Boh heaw went'n ye on?—Wurth' Justice o' Whoam?

T. Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh whot eh wantut? Whau, sed I, i've o varra fine *Bandyhewit* t' sell; on I hear yo want'n one Sur:—Humph—sed he—a *Bandyhewit*—prethee let's look at.—Yigh sed I; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on hur, stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on sed; hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o Tele.

M. Well done *Tummus!* yo cud'n naw mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: Boh yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos o fine on indeed sed th' Justice; on its o theawson Pities boh I'd known on hur Yusterdey: For o Felly coom, on I bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o Ginny; on i'll uphowd tey theaw'll tey o Ginny for this. On that i'll hav' in eh cou'd leet on a Chapmon, sed I. Hoos roytchly worth it, sed he, on I think, I con tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur, if he be naw fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neatert Justice, wur he naw?

T. E, Meary; theaw tawks like o seely Ninnyhommer: For tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con cum on'nt, when o Mon deeols weh rascotly fok: Boh as i'r telling thee, he neamt a Felley ot wooant obeawt three Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen

thro' *Ratchdaw*, So I geet *Nip* under meh Arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough, on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy heart theaw meh be shure: On boh os eh, thowt eh cou'd ashelt sell hur eh this tother Pleck, it would sartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord bless us! it wur lik't trouble o meetily!

T. Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gone o'er oboon a Feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh o feaw narrow Sappling Brig o'er it. As it had reint th' Neet ofore, os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur Bonkful; tho' it wur feggur o deeol i'th Mourning; on o sumheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough slipt, on deawn coom I, Arsyversy, weh Nip eh me Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur seln, on flaskert int' eh geete howd on o Sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n; or elze nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer seen *Tum* ogen: For be meh troth I'r welly werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjus Deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't o shad awth' tother! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for it wur a greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw, noather: Boh theaw meh be shure I'r primely boyrnt, on os Weet os ewer eh could sye: Beside i'd no Com to keem meh Hure, so ot I lookt licker o Dreawnt Meawse in o Mon.

M. Beside, yoad'n be os cowd os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse i'r non Mough'n: Boh theawst hear. I'n naw gone oboon o Stone's thrut; efore eh wundurt whot teh Pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five hundurt Pissmotes wur eh me Breechus: I loast um deawn, boh cou'd see nowt ot wur whick: on yet I lookt as rey os o fleed Meawse; (for were seeln beawt th' scrat at my Measter's) 'Sflesh, i'r ready t' gooa woode on knew neaw whot eh ealt;—On then I unbethowt meh o me Sawt.

M. E wea's me! i'd freeat'n that too! I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite marr'd: It's true, I went Wigglety-Wagglety, for an Eawer or so, ofore i'r ogreath ogen: On when eh geet reet, on coom t' groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh sawt, the Dule o bit a sawt wurthur, for it wur aw run owey—On neaw it jumpt into meh Mind ot I saigh two rott'n Pynots (Hongum) ot tis seme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad Fartin: Far I heard meh Gronny sey, hoode os leef o seen two owd Harries os two Pynots.

T. Eigh, so seys meh Noant *Margit*, on a meeny o Fok: On I know Pynots ar os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth. Boh os I'r telling the Meary, whot with smart, on one think on onother, i're so stract Woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh heart ta puncht th' Bitches Guts eawt: On then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawt: For be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed *Tummus* I believe o; boh o lack o dey, purring th' Bitch wou'd ha bin reet rank.

T. That's truc, boh theaw knows one cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet Clooas; wur'ney naw whelly parisht?

T. Yigh be meh troth; I dithert ot meh Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: Boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, an I'r beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five or suse Mile fro Whoam: So that I maundert ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd naw gawm where eh wur; for I moot os weel o bin in o Noon: On in id howd'n up meh Hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't in eh con see o Fleigh o thee neaw; on here it wur I geet into a Gete: For I thowt I heard summot coming, an if Truth mun be spok'n I'r so

feerfully breed, at meh Hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tummus*, no marvil ot o wur so flay'd; it wur so fearfoo dark!

T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't an up speek I—Whooas tat? A Lad's Voice answert in a crying Din, elaw, dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh; now, sed I, I'll naw tey the, Beleady: Whooas Lad art to?—Whau, sed he, i'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's oNethons, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms, an i'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks i't meh sell, theaw's a dree-er Neme in me: An here *Meary* I cou'd naw boh think whot lung Nemes sum on us han; for thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this Lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theese lung Nemes leet'n?

T. Um—m—mn, le meh see—I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkertly) i'd ash him for th' wonst whot Uncoth's he heard sturrink. I here none, but ot Jack o'Ned's towd meh, ot Sam's o'Jacks o'Yeds Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o'Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink Churn-milk with Pitcher, with Lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? seys he, he's 'Prentice weh Isaac o'Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith' Dingles for hooave o Peawnd o Treacle t' seaws'n a Beest-puddink weh on his Feather an Moother wooan at *Rossendaw*, boh his Gronny's alive an wooans weh his Noant Margery e Grinfilt, at Pleck where his nown Mother coom fro. Good Lad, sed I, boh heaw far's tis *Littlebrough* off; For I aimt' see it to Neet if eh con hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on yo mun keep streight forrud o yer Lift Hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thiss'n we partit; but I mawkint, an lost me Gete ogen snap.

So I powlert o'er Yetes on Steeles, Hedges on Doytches, til eh coom to this *Littlebrough;* on there I'r ill breed ogen, for I thowt i'd seen a Boggart; boh it prooft o Mon weh o Piece-woo, resting im on o Stoop ith' Lone. As soon os eh cou'd speyk for whackering, I asht him where ther wur on Eleheawse? On he shoad meh: I went in on fund ot two fat troddy Fok wun'nt teer: On theyd'n some oth' warst fratchingst Cumpany, ot e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, banning, on cawing one onother leawsy Eawls, os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood o Cricket, on keaw'rt meh deawn ith' Nook, o side oth' Hob: i'd no soyner done so, boh a feaw seawr lookt Felley, with o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont, slapt o Sort of o wither Meazzilt feast Mon, sitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw varra reetcht ogen with; on deawn eh coom oth' Harstone, on his Heeod ith' Esshole: His scrunt Wig feel off, on o hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt, on frizzlt it so, ot when he ost don it, on unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it slipt o'er his Sow, on lee like o howm-bark on his shilders. I glendurt like a stikt Tup, for fear on o dust meh seln: On crope fur into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot Mezzil fease wou'd mey a Flittink on't, on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n eawt a Doctor a Doctor, while others mead'n th' Londlort go Saddle th' Tit to fotch one. While this wur e dooink, some on um had leet on a kin on a Doctor ot wooant o bit off, an shew'd 'im th' Mon oth' Harstone. He leyd how'd on his Arm to feel his Pulse I geawse, an pood, os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother Arm; an wur resolv't o'er-poo him: After looking dawkinly-wise a bit, he geete fro his Whirly booans, and sed to um aw, while his Heart beeots an his Blood sarclates there's Hopes, boh when that stops its whooup with him efeath. Mezzil fease hearink summot o' whooup, startit to his Feet, flote none, boh gran like a Foomurt-Dog; on seete ot black swarffy Tyke, weh booath Neaves, on wawtit him

o'er into th' Galkeer, full o new Drink wortching: He begun o possing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur blendit t'gether snap. 'Sflesh Meary! theaw'd o bepiss't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; and whot o Hobthurst he lookt weh aw that Berm obeawt im: He kept droying his Een. Boh he moot os weel ha sowt um in his A—e, tin th' Londledy had mede an Eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot Pump: When he coom in ogen, he glooart awvishly ot Mezzil fease; on Mezzil fease glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noather warrit, nor thrapt: So they seete um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom in, on wou'd mey um't pey far th' lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be o Creawn, sed hoo; beside, there's two Tumblers, three Quifting Pots, on four Pipes masht, on o how Papper o Bacca shed: This mede 'umt glendor ot tone tother ogen; but black Tyke's Passion wur coolt at't Pump, on th' Wythen Kibbo had quiet'nt tother; so ot teh camm'd little or none; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then seet'n um deawn, on wur Friends ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark; on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Meary; for Berm's o howsome Smell: Heawe'er, when aw wur sattl't, I crope nar th' Foyar ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully for I'r booath cowd on weet, os weel as hongry on droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yo mootn weell; boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n Money eh yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough; but theowst hear moor o that een na. So I cawd for summot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele; on hoo browt me some Hog-mutton on special Turmits; on as prime Veeol on Pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip neaw on then o Lunshun, boh Tum took Care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for I eet like o *Yorshar-Mon*, en cleeart th' Stoo.

M. Well done Tummus! yoad'n sure need no Ree supper; for yo shadd'n Wrynot, on slanst th' Charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on restut meh, on drank meh Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw greadly sleckt, I cawd for another, on bezzilt tat too; for I'r os droy os Soot: On as't wur t' lete t'gooa anny whither weh meh Bitch, I asked th' Londledey in eh cou'd stay aw Neet; Hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the ko hoo? Whot ar to feeard o Boggarts, or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw sleep beawt o Pap? 'Sflesh, sed I, whot ar ye tawking on? I want gut' Bed! Ho, ho; if that be aw sed hoo Margit s't shew the: So Margit leet o Condle, on shewd meh o wistey Reawm, on o Bed weh Curtnurs forsuth: I thowt Margit pottert on fettlt lung ith' Choamber ofore hoo laft it; on I mistrust it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o tussling on teawing; boh o someheaw I'r so toyart and healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for Catterweawing: So I sed nowt too 'ur: Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Daggle-tele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o Loss os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why not: Is Seroh o Rutchots so honsome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er, when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon on Hoyse, on me doage Clooas, on geet in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lee eh sitch Bed sin eh wur Kersunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n Sleep seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot eh did; for I'r meetily troublt abeawt meh Kawve.—Beside, I'r feeard o eawer Fok seeching meh, on meh Measter beasting meh when eh geet Whooam: Its true meh Carkuss wur pratty yeasy, boh meh Mind moot os weel o line on o Pissmotehoyle, or in o Rook o Hollins or Gorses; for it wur one o'clock ofore he cou'd toyn me Een.

M. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith' Mourning when eh wack'nt?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwooanish Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh brass o meh brekfust: So I cawd, on th' londledey coom, on kestit up to Throtteenpencè: So; thowt It' meh seln, o weawnded Deeol! Whot strushon hav I mede here! I cou'd ha fund meh seln o how Wick weh hus for that Money. Ist naw hav one Boadle t' spere o meh hoyde Silver: On neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetshad! Wur eh naw!

M. Now marry naw yo: In idd'n mede strushon, on Bezzilt owey moor Brass inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hure, into will Meary; for byth' Miss, when ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slop t' pey 'ur, I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, for the Dule o hawpunny had eh! On whether eh lost it ith' Bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th' Doytch-backs; I no moor know in th' Mon ith Moon: But gon it wur! I steart like o Wilcat, on wur welly gawmless: On ot last I towd hur I'd lost meh Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon Mon: Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me; that Tele winnaw fit me; for yoar like't pey o sumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo meh grope eh meh Breeches in eh win. Theaw'rt some mismannert Jack-onapes I'll uphowd tey sed hoo; Ney, ney, I'st naw grope eh the Breeches not I. Whau, sed I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh Woollen Mittins, and meh Sawt Cleawt: Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw booath worth oboon two Groats.—I nowt elze, said I, beawt yean ha meh Sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet; becose Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last Kersmuss. Let's see um, sed hoo, for theaw'rt some arron Rascot I'll uphowd teh, So I gen um hur; on still this broddling Fussock lookt feaw os Tunor when id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n th warst Luck ot ewer Kersun Soul had!

T. Theaw'll sey so eend neaw: Well, I'r toyart o that pleck; on crope owey witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze; for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I soyn sperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah eawt; on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into th' Shipp'n, on seed o Mon stonning ith' Groop. Sed I is yer Measter o Whoam prey o'? Eigh, sed he; I wou'd idd'n tell him I'd fene speyk at him, sed I: Yigh, sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner gooan, boh o fine, fattish, throbby Gentlemon, coom in a Trice, on axt meh whot eh wantut? Sed I, I understond yo want'n o good *Bandyhewit*, Sur, on I've a pure on t' sell here: Let's see th' shap on hur, sed he: So I stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth' Greawnd. Hoos th' fin'st ot ew'ry saigh sed he; boh I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the; for I geet two this last week, on they mey'dn up meh Keawnt.— New Meary, i'r ready't cruttle deawn, for theaw moot o knockt meh o'er with a pey. Boh whot's teh Price sed he? I connaw thwooal hur t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny, sed I. Hoos cheeop o that sed he; un no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

M. Odds like! Yoarn lung eh finding o Chapmon; oytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh; far they ned'n none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh Shoon, not tey; But theaw'st hear. Then sed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price: If not Justice sitch o one's o likely Chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last Oandurth, on he'd leet o one th' Yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, sed he: — Eigh, sed I, so it e'en did; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber obeawt it I'm shure. Well boh

this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly'st of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on seete eawt for this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha better Luck, Egodsnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too: For neaw it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur Tele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy her becose o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when i'd meh Sawt; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o Thar-Cake, i'd rub her A—se weet: For I'd seen *Oamfrey o'Matho's* pley that tutch be his Creawparst-Mare; that day ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet teear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd Mon ith' Fowd, ossing t' get o Tit-back. Sed I, too him, is yoar Neme Mr. *Scar?* Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof by; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here os onny's eh *Englandshiar*. That's a greyt breeod, Sed he; but pre the let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd but that wur o meety fawse owd Felly, too-to.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' bigg'st Rascot on um aw: Boh I leet im hondle'r, on he'r so seely, on his Honds whackert so despratly, ot he cou'd naw stick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip; cock the Tele on shew the sell: Boh estid o that, hoo seet up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith' Horse-stone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'st ha bin os mad attur os o Pottert-Wasp.

T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd bo, ot hoode shawmt hur sell so wofully; heawe'er I sed to th'owd Mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoos no Foogoad on o Bitch; Now, now, sed he; I feel hoos os fat os o Snig, on os smoot os o Mowdewarp: On I find os plene os o Pike-staff, be

hur lennock Yeears, ot hoos reet bred; On I'd a had'ur if hoode cost meh o Moider, but ot o Friend has sent meh one eawt o *Yorshar*, on I need no moor; Boh i'll swop with the into will. Now sed I, i'll swop none: for i'll oather have a Ginny for hur, or hoost newer gooa while meh Heeod stons o meh Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with the, said he; boh hast' bin ot yon fine Bigging anent us! Eigh sed I, boh he's onoo on um. Well but they're os scant neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, sed he; on there's one *Muslin*, eh *Rachdaw*, ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, sed I, I'st go see,—On neaw Meary, I begun t' mistrust ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit, on teawst hear: for I thought i'd try this tother Felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: For then it wou'd be os plene os *Blackstonehedge* ot tearn meying oh arron Gawby on meh. So I went t' *Rachdaw*, on sperr'd 'tis Mon eawt. I found im o back oth' Shopbooart, weh o little Dog ot side on 'im: Thowt I t' meh seln I would teaw'r choak't, this Felley 'll be fittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he onnist Mon, whot done yo plcoost' hav'? I want nowt ot ye han, sed I, for i'm come'n t' sell ye o *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this Rascot os weel ost' rest, roost meh Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat Time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit Neatril on o!

T. O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur mede sin kene kilt ebil; on neaw I'r so strackt woode, I'r arronly moydert, on cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart t' a jowd aw ther sows together. I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave a Rabblement wur watching on meh at t' Dur. One on um sed, this is im; onother, he's here; on one Basturtly-gullion asht mey if i'd sowd meh *Bandyhewit?* By th' Miss Meary,



I'r so angurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o good wherrit oth' Yeear, on then weh meh Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet th' Lad wur for shure: Then they aw seete ogen meh, on ofore id gon o Rood, th' Lad's Moother coom, on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip on me ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top on meh: While th' tuffle lastit, hur Lad, (on the basturts ot took his Part) kept griming, on deeting meh weh Sink-durt, ot I thowt meh Een would newer o done good ogen; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er th' Heeod in o Middingspuce, or ot teying o two Eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obunnanze o Misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* owt meh o Spite he pede me Whoam weh Use: For while the Skirmidge lastut, awth' Teawn wur cluttert obeawt us: I sheamt os if id stown summut, on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh eh meh Yeear, on up th' Broo intoth' Church Yort: There I'd o mind t' see if onny body follut meh. I turn'd meh, on whot te Dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip.

M. Whot senneh!

T. It's true Meary; so I cawd, on I whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund, hee nor low; On far aw I knew meh Measter seete sitch Stoar on hur, becose o fotchink th' Beaoss on Sheep; I durst os tite o tean o Bear byth' Tooth ostta ost seech hur ith' Teawn. So I took eendwey, for it wur welley neet; on I'd had noather Bit nor Sope; nor Cup o Sneeze of aw that Dey.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os o Grewnt, on welly fammisht.

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydart: Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha sunk int' meh Shoon; for it feld os heavy os o Mustert-boah, an I stanck so, it mede meh os waughish os owt, on I'd two or three Wetur-tawms: Beside

aw this, meh Bally warcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle Whoam, on fease meh Measter!

M. E dear! Whot o kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'st tell the moor o that eend neaw: B'o furst theaw mun know, that os I'r gooink toart Whom os deawnheartit on mallancholly os a Methodist, ot thinks he's In-pig of Owd-Harry, o mon o'ertook meh riding o Tit-back on leeoding onother: thinks I t' meh sell; this is some Yorshar Horse-Jockey; I wou'd he'd le meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r wofoo weak on Waughish. This thought had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before ot Felly sed; come honesty: theaw looks os if to wur ill toyart; theawst ride o bit into will. That's whot eh want sed I, in ye pleeas'n, for I'm welly done. So loothe Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer rid yeasier sin eh cou'd get o humpstridd'n o Tit-back.

M. A good deed *Tummus* that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E, Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p—sses by the Bow ogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horse a howdey t'gether estid o getting o this Tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but Felly asht meh heaw far Ir' gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave. That's reet, seys he; there's on Eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come sawfly after on I'll stey for the there. So he seet off like hey-go-mad; boh I kept o foot's pese: for me Tit swat on seem'd os toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch o boon hawfe o mile boh I heord some fock cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop, os if the Deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh, boh one on um sweer by th' Mass, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt too, if owd Nick ston not ith' Gap. With that o lusty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Bassoon, on slapping meh oth' Shilders weet sed, friend I'm o Cunstable, an yore my Prisner.

The Deel tey yer friendship, on Cunstableship too, sed I: whot dunneh meeon mon? Whot mun I be prisner for? Yoan stown that Tit sed he, on yoast gooa back wimmey before o Justice. I stown non ont' sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots Gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'mee leeof; so whot bisness han oather yo or th' Justice weh meh! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdash sed th' Cunstable. Wi' that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o, to the Deel o; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus; that wur monfully sed, on done too; think I.

T. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur: Cum cum, sed th' Cunstable, that whiffo whaffo stuff winnow doo for me: for gooa yo booath mun on shan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt some Ir'n trinkums, ot rick t' like o parsil o Cheeons. Weawns thinks I t' me sell, whot ar theese? In the bin Shackils, I'm in o rere scroap indeod; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur: I'st be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill, os if theaw, or ony mon elze had bin ringing my passing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n!

T. Heawe'er I mustert up my curridge on sed, hark o', yo Cunstable, put up thoose things ot rick'n so; on inneh mun gooa, I will gooa; on quietly too: for theaw knows ot force is meds'n for o Mad-Dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who whoo! Why Tummus! Its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod, ot tis seme Horse-Jockey had stown th' Tit, on for fear o being o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' seve his own Beak'n, on so put Yorshar on ye o thiss'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure; for he slippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's sartin. Heawe'er it mede pittifoo wark indeed; to be guardit be two men on o Cunstable back ogen thro' Rachdaw where Id so letely lost meh Bitch, on bin so very mawkinly rowlt ith' Riggot! Heawe'er theese Cunstable-fok wur meety meeverly on modest too-to, on as mute os Mowdywarps, for we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little glooaring on less pumping, on wur ot Justices in a crack.

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Hawter run strawngely eh yer heeod? for summot runs eh mine os int wur full o Ropes on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe Meary I thought so pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing at aw: for se the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up it heeod; for thinks I't meh sell I stown no Horse, not I: on theaw knows ot Truth on Honesty gooink hont eh hont howd'n one onother's backs primely, on ston os stiff os o Gablock.

M. True Tummus, they're prime props at o pinch, that's sartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaws no peshunce Meary. Boh howd te tung on theawst hear in o snift: for theaw mun know ot tis seme Cunstable wur os preawd ot id tean poor Tum prisner, os if theaw'd tean o Hare on had her eh the Appern meet neaw: but th' Gobbin ne'er considert o' honging wou'd naw be cawd good spooart be ony body eh ther senses, on wur enough for't edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knockt os bowdly ot Justices Dur, os if id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht o preaw'd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us int' a pleck we as monney Books an Pappers os a Cart wou'd howd. To this mon (whooa I soon perceiv't wur th' Clark) th' Cunstable tow'd meh wofoo kese; an eh truth Meary I'r

os gawmless os o Goose, on began o whackering os if id stown o how draight o Horses. Then this felly went eawt o bit, on with im coom th' Justice; whooa I glendurt at sooar, and thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs, whooa theaw knows awlus wears a breawnish White-wig, ot hangs on his Shilders like Keaw-teals. Well Mr. Cunstable, sed Justice, Whot an ye brought me neaw? Why, pleeos yer Worship, ween meet neaw tean o Horse-steyler whooa wur meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd. Od, thought I't meh seln, neaw or never Tum, speyke for the sell; or theaw'rt throttlt ot tis very beawt, so I speek up, an sed; that's naw true, Mr. Justice: for I'r boh gooink o foot's pese. Umph sed th' Justice, there's naw mitch difference, as to that point. Heawe'er howd teaw the tung yung mon; an speyk when ther't spokk'n too. Well theaw mon ith breawn Cooat, theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has theaw to sey ogen this felly here? Is this Tit thy Tit, seys to? It is Sur. Here Clark, bring's that Book on let's swear him. Here th' Justice sed o nominy to 'im, on towd 'im he munt tey kere o whot he sed, or he moot os helt be foresworn, or hong that yeawth there. Well, on theaw seys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it? It is, pleeos yer Worship. On where had teaw him, seys to? I bred im Sur. E whot Country? Cown-Edge Sur. On when wur he stown seys to? Last dey boh yusterdey abeawt three o'Clock ith' Oandurth: for eawr Yem saigh 'im obeawt two, on we mist im obeawt four o'Clock. On fro Cown-edge theaw seys? Yus Sur. Then th' Justice turn'd im to me, on sed, Is aw this true ot tis mon seys, heors to meh? It is sed I; part on't: on part on't is naw: for I did naw steyl this Tit: nor ist oboon two eawrs sin furst time ot eh brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom theaw't beriding owey wi' im then, if theaw did naw steyl im? Why, o good deed Sur, os I'r goink toart whom to dey, o felly weh o little reawnd Hat, on o scrunt Wig, cullur o yoar's,

welly, boh shorter, oe'er took meh; he wur riding o one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon seeink I'r toyart, becose I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offert meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffer beleemy, on geet on: boh he rid off, Whip un Spur, tho' he could hardly mey th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd stey on meh ot on Ele-heawse ith' road. Neaw Measter Justice, I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh theese fok o'ertean meh; towd meh I'd stown th' Tit, on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o Yorshar Horse-steyler. On this is aw true Measter Justice, or mey I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely spok'n efeath *Tummus!* yo meet shad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I; boh whot sed th' Justice then?

T. Whau, he sed; Heors to meh ogen, theaw Yungster; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, especially ith' Oandurth, will to? Whau, sed I, I seet eawt fro Whom soon ith' yoandurth wi' o Keaw on o Kawve for Ratchdaw; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak'n os eh coom; on ith' Oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this Neighbourhood, dooink meh best t' sell meh Bitch ot fok caw'dn o *Bandyhewit*, t' see if eh cou'd mey th' Kawve money up for me Measter: but waes me e'ery-body wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r kest into th' dark, on force t' stey ot *Littleborough* aw neet. On where wur to yusterday, sed Justice? Whau, sed I, I maundert up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme sleeveless arnt, on wur forc't harbour awth' last neet in o Barn where Boggarts swarm'n (Lord bless us) on breed'n, I believe; for oytch body seys its never beawt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet o this felly ot I took for a Horse-Jockey, on so wur tean up be theese fok for a Tit-steyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Prisner, sed th' Justice, wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yusterdey wi' the Dog, prethee? I wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw buy

hur, for yoarn fittut too. Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three an four o'Clock, sed I. Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeave-by, sed he. Here, yo, Mester Cunstable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot dust think? boh while theese two wur eawt o bit, this Teastril; this Tyke of o Clark caw'd me aside an proffert bring meh clear off for hoave o Ginney. Seys I, mon, if I knew a Hawter munt mey meh Neck os lung os o Gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw rease hoave a Ginney: for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' seve meh neck wi'. Boh seys he, wilt gi' the Note for't? Ill gi' no Notes not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, ost steyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh Steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord o marcy! moor Rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sitch teastrils for ever on o dey lunger, sey I.

T. Hust hust, *Meary;* for neaw th' Justice an th' Cunstable coom in.

M. E Law I'll be hong'd meh seln if eh dunnaw dither for fear: boh go forrud *Tummus.*

T. Why, th' Justice after rubbing his broo on droying his fease deawn, sed; Here, yo Mester Cunstable, on yo, fellow ot owns this Tit; I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith' rang Box: an han gett'n th' rang Soo by th' Yeer. For this yungster here cou'd naw steyl this Tit th' last Oandurth boh one: for between three an four o'Clock that dey I seed him here me sell: on yo sen this Tit wur stown fro' Cownedge obeawt that time. Neaw he cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So heors to meh yung mon. I mun quit the as to this job; so go the wey whom; on be honest. I will, sed I, on thonks Measter Justice: for yoan pood Truth eawt on a durty pleck ot lunglength. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt Scroap weh meh Shoough on coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God bless aw honest Justices, sey I.

T. Eigh eigh; on so sey I too: for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t'a towd teh this Tele. Boh yet *Meary,* I think eh meh guts ot teers Meawseneezes omung some on um, os weell os omung other fok; or why shou'd tis seme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o Ginney? Had naw this o strung savor of fere cheeoting; ne deawn-reet nipping o poor fok. On does teaw think ot tees Justices do naw know, when these Tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beside, *Meary,* I hard that fawse felly *Dick* o *Yems* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw sum on um ot went snips wi' theese Catterpillars their Clarks: on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme Rod wi'ther Clarks, heors to me?

M. Now now, not tey marry: for if sitch things munt be done greadly on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger Rascot shou'd ha' th' bigger smacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Tummus.* Boh greyt fok oft dun whot te win wi' littleons reet or rank; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof sitch to mend when the con hit on't; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither Measter.

T. Eigh byth' Miss *Meary* I'd freeot'n that. Why then theaw mun know, eh sitch o kese os tat I'd no skuse to mey, for I towd im heawth' Kawve wur kilt ith' Lone; on ot I'd sowd the Hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell im no moor; for he nipt up the Deashon, ot stoode oth' Harstone, on whirld it at meh: Boh estid o hitting me, it hit th' Reeam-Mug ot stoode oth' Hob; on Keyvt awth Reeam into th' Foyar; Then th' Battril coom, on whether it lawmt th' Barn ot wur ith' Keather I know naw, for I laft it rooaring on belling; so as I'r scamp'ring awey, eawr *Seroh* asht meh where e wou'd gooa? I towd'r ot Nicko oth' Farmer's greyt Leath wur next, an I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' Spots ith' Ward, there wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepsintle a Ginneys.

T. I geawse theaw meeons becose fok sen Boggarts awlus hawntit it: Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is Meds'n for a mad Dog, os I towd te afore.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha sunk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went; an just as i'r gett'n to th' Leath Dur, whooa shou'd e meet boh Yed o'Jeremy's their New Mon.

M. That leet weel; for Yed's os greadly o Lad as needs t' knep oth' Hem of a keke.

T. True: So I towd im meh Kese e short, an sooary he lookt too-to: I wish e durst let te lye we me sed he; but as I boh coom to wun here this Dey Sennit, I dare naw venter. But I'll shew thee a prime Mough o Hey, an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, sed I, shew it me, for i'm stark an ill done. So while he'ur shewing it meh with Scoance, he sed; I summot tell the *Tum*, but I'm loath. Theaw meeons obeawt boggarts, sed I, but I'm lik't venter. Theaws meet hit it, sed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that: Heawe'er as th' Tits mun eawt very yarly, I mun Provon um o beawt one o'Clock, an I'll cawt' see heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid sed I, if theaw mun eawt so yarly, I'll fodder an Provon the Tits for the, an theaw mey sleep intle ley th' Proven ready. Then he shew'd me heawth' Mough wur cut with a Hey knife, hawve wey deawn like a great Step, on that I moot come off yeasily o that Side: So we bid tone tother good Neet. I'r boh meet sattlt when eh heard summot ith' Leath. Good-Lerjus Meary! meh Flesh crept o meh Booans, on meh Yeears crackt ogen weh hark'ning. Presently I heard somebody caw sawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew th' Voice, an sed, whooas tat tee Seroh? Eigh sed hoo, an I stown

a lyte Wetur-podditch, an some Thrutchings, and a Treacle-butter-keke if eh con eyght um. Fear me not, sed I, for I'm as hongry as a Rott'n. Whau mitch-go-deet o with um sed hoo; an yo mey come on begin for they need'n no keeling. Neaw I'r e sitch a flunter e getting to th' Wark, ot I'd freeot'n Spot ot Yed towd me on, so I feell deawn offth' heest Side oth' Mough, an sitch a Floose o Hey follut me, ot it driv meh shiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd us booath.

M. Cots fish, this wur a nice Trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' Podditch wur naw Scawding: For when we'd'n mede Shift to heyve an creep fro underth' Hey, some oth' Podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth' Weastbant o meh Breeches, an th' Treacle-butter-keke stickt to Seroh's Brat. Heawe'er, weh scrawming obeawt ith' Dark, we geet up whot we cou'd, an I eet it Snap, for beleemy Meary I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o Heyseed. So while I'r busy cadging mey Wem, hoo tow'd me hoo lipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd Strackling, an if I went whom agen, I'st be edawnger o being Breant: That meh deme wou'd ha met'run, for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns een, on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnsil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark; hoo did so, an I thankt 'ur, bid Farewell, an so we partit. I soon sattlt meh sell ith' mough under a Floose o Hey, an slept so weel, ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot id o'er slept meh sell, on cou'd naw Provon th' Tits e Time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd'n Sleep at aw, for I'st né'er ha lede meh een t'gether I'm shure.

T. Whau, but I startit up to go to th' Tits, and slurr'd deawn to th' lower Part oth' Mough; and by the Maskins-Lord whot dust to think, boh I leet hump stridd'n up o

summot ot feld meety Hewry, an it startit up weh me on its Back, deawn th' lower Part oth' Heymough it jumpt; Crost t'leath; eawt oth' dur wimmy it took; an intoth' Watering-poo as if the Deel o Hell had driv'n it; and there it threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell whether for th' life on meh.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! whot ith' Name o God winneh sey!

T. Sey,—why I sey true as t'Gospil; an I'r so freetn't I wur warr set to get eawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an me feel off th' Bridge.

M. I never heard sitch teles sin meh Neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I!

T. Teles!—Udds bud, tak um awt gether, an theyd'n welly mey a Mont ston oth' wrang eend.

M. Well but wur it owd Nick, think'n eh, or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't, wilt howd te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be shure.

M. Why Tummus pre'o' whot wur it?

T. Bless meh Meary! theawrt so yearnstful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I did naw know meh sell whot it wur of an eawr.—If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geet eawt oth' Poo; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a Sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh Neen: An as I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough, and stoode like a Gawmbling, or a parfect Neatril till welly Dey; and just then Ned coom.

M. That wur passing weel considering th' kese ot yoar'n in.

T. True, Lass; for I think I'r never feaner t' see nobody sin ir' kersunt.

M. Whot sed Yed?

T. Why he heeve up his Honds, an he blest, an he prey'd, an mede sitch Marlocks, that if I'd naw bin eh that wofo Pickle I'st a bross'n weh Leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet? And why e stoode teer? An sitch like, I towd him I cou'd gi no okeawnt o meh sell; boh that I'r carrit eawt oth' Leath be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a Notion whot it wou'd prove ith' heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howd te Tung a bit, — theaw puts me eawt. I towd im I thowt it wur owd nick; for it wur vast strung; very hewry; and meety swift.

M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore where ye ar Tummus!

T. Eigh Meary so't is; for its moor in I expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur so flay'd weh that bit at I'd towd im, ot he geete meh by th' Hont, an sed, come Tummus, let's flit fro this Pleck; for my part I'll naw stey one Minnit lenger. Sed I, iftle fotch meh Sark eawt oth' Leath I'll geaw with the. Ney sed he, that I'll never do while my Names Yed. Whau, sed I, then I'm lik't goa beawt it. Dunnaw trouble the nob obeawt tat: I two o whoam, an I'll gi theeth' tone, come let's get off sed he. So were'n marching awey; and before wed'n gon five Rood, I seed summot, an seete up a greyt Reeak (for I thowt I'd seen owd Nick agen, Lord bless us): Seys Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw Tummus? I pointit th' Finger, an sed, is naw tat te Dule? Which, sed he: That, under th' Hedge, sed I. Now, now, naw hit; that's eawer young Cowt ot lies reawt, sed Yed. The Dickons it is sed I! Boh I think eh meh Guts ot that carrit me eawt oth' Leath. Then Yed axt meh, if th' dur wur opp'n? I towd im I thowt it wur. But I'm shure I toynt it sed Yed. That moot be sed I, for after theaw laft me eawr Seroh browt me meh Supper; an hoo moot leeave it opp'n. By th' Miss sed Yed, if so Tum this very Cowt'll prove th' Boggart! lets into th' Leath, and see, for it's naw so Dark as't wur. With aw meh Heart

sed I; boh let's stick toth' tone tother's Hond then. A thiss'n we went into th' Leath, and by meh truth Meary I know naw whot' think: There wur a Yepsintle a Cowt-tooarts upoth' lower Part oth' Hey-mough, and th' Pleck where it had lyen as plene as a Pike Staff. But still, ift wur hit ot carrit meh, I marvil heaw I cou'd stick on so lung, it wur eh sitch a hurry to get awey!

M. Whot te firrups! it signifies nowt, for whether ye stickt on, or feel off, I find that eawr owd Nick wur th' Cowt at lies reawt.

T. Whau, I connaw sey a deeol abeawt it, it looks likly, as teaw seys: Boh if this wur not a Boggart, I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly sifted into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind, — but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer Sark?

T. Eigh, eigh; I height eh meh Pocket se the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o Yed, on neaw theaw sees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' do?

T. I think t' be an Ostler; for I con mex'n, keem, on fettle Tits, os weel os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawstring.

M. Ney, I con believe 'o——E law, whot o cank han we had! I mennaw eem t' stey onny lunger. God be with 'o; for I mun owey.

T. Howd:— Ney, Meary: le meh ha one Smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none sitch o feaw Whean nother.

M. Ney.——Neaw,——So Tummus; go teaw, on Slaver Seroh o Rutchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spytfoo theaw art! Whot in o Body doo like Seroh; there's no Body boh the lik'n somebody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then sometimes some-body likes some-body elze.

T. I geawse whot to meeons; For theawr't glenting ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-slotch Bill o' Owd-Katty's: Becose ot Fok sen Seroh hankers after im: I marvel whot te Dule hoo con see in him; I'm mad at hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t' Luff thoose ot Luff'n other Fok: Boh yoar o Ninyhommer t' heed 'ur; for there's none sitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they say?

M. I mennaw tell:——Beside yoan happly tey't non so weel in o Body shou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee, chez whot to seys, os lung os to boh harms after other fok.

M. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o Mawkinly, Dagg'd-a-st, Wisk-tel't, Whean; on—on—

T. On whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey sen ot hur Moother took Bill o owd Katty's on hur eh Bed t'gether, last Sunday Morning.

T. E—the Dev——(good Lord bless us) is tat true?

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be otherways for hur Moother wur crying, on soughing to me Deme last Munday yeandurth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn intoth' Yeoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M. Why luckit neaw; I'm een sooary for't: God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heeod while it Heart brasts o bit?

T. E Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh Plucks! for if t' did, theaw'd naw mey sitch o Hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh meh good Troth, I con hardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try 'o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Why, I towd o Parcil o thumping lies o purpose t' pump 'o.

T. The Dickons tey the Meary.—— Whot on awkert Whean ar teaw! whot teh Pleague did t' flay meh o thiss'n far? theawrt o wheant Lass—I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty Mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try 'o.

T. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel!

M. I'ts o greyt marcy yo connaw doot neaw for cruttling deawn.—Boh I mun owey: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be ricking.—Well, think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty Eawls.

T. I'st think on ot teaw looks o bit whisky ches whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint' lying, on ot proof oth' Pudding's ith' Eyghting.—So Fere weell Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the weell heartily; on gi'meh Luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then?

T. Byth' Miss will eh Meary, froth' bothum o me Crop.

A GLOSSARY

OF

LANCASHIRE *WORDS* AND *PHRASES*.

In which many of the useless corruptions are omitted, and wherein the Reader may observe,

That Words mark'd { A. S. / Bel. / Br. / Da / Du. / Fr. / Sw. / Teu. } *come from the* { Anglo-Saxon. / Belgic. / British. / Danish. / Dutch. / French. / Swedish. / Teutonic. }

A

ACTILLY, *actually.*

Ackersprit, *a potatoe with roots at both ends.*

Addle, *to get; also unfruitful.* A.S.

Afterings, *the last of a cow's milk.*

Agate, *on the way.*

Agog, *set on, begun.*

Aighs, *an ax.* A. S.

An { *if* / *and*

Ancliff, *ancle.* A. S.

Anent, *opposite.* A. S.

Appern, *apron.*

Appo, *an apple.*

Ar, *are.*

Are, / Eawer, } *an hour, also our.*

Areawt, *out of doors.*

Ark, *a large chest.* A. S.

Arnt, *errand.*

an Arr, *a mark or scarr.*

Arren, *arrant, downright.*

Arsewood, *backward, unwilling.* A. S.

Arsey-versey, *heels over head.* A.S.

Ashelt, *likely, probable.*

Ash, / Ax, / Axen, / Ash'n, } *ask.* A. S.

Ashler, *large free stone, or moor stone.*

Asht, / Axt, } *asked.*

Ashes, / Axes, } *asks.*

Asker, *a nute.*

Astite, *as soon.* A. S.

At't, *at it.*

Awf, *an elf, an earthly demon.* Bel.
Awkert, *untoward; also comical.* A. S.
Awlung, *all owing to, because, &c.*
Awlus, *always.*
Awmeety, *Almighty.*
Awnsert, *answered.*
Aw o'like, q. *all I love, an interjection.*
Awto'pont, *out upon it.*
Awtert, *altered.*
Awvish, *queer, comical.*

B

Bacco, *tobacco.*
Backurt, *backward.*
Bakstone, q. *bake-stone.* A. S.
Bagging-time, *baiting-time.*
Balderdash, *hodge-podge.* A. S.
Ball, *the body of a tree.*
Bally, *belly.*
Ban, *cursing.* Bel.
Bandyhewit, *a name given to any dog, when persons intend to make sport with his master.*
Bang, *to beat.* Bel.
Bankreawt, *broken credited.*
Barklt, *dirt, &c. hardened on hair, &c.*
Bant, *a string.*
Bargin, *bargain.*
Barmskin, *a leather apron.*
Barn, *a child.* A. S.
Barst, *burst.*
Bastert, *bastard.*
Bastertly-gullion, *a bastard's bastard.*
Bate, Beawt, *without, or except, also about, or trial.*
Batter, *of which pancakes are made.*
Battril, *a batting-staff us'd by laundresses.*
Bautert, vide *barklt.*
Bawk, *a piece of timber laid cross a house; also to deceive.* Bel.
Bawks, *discouragements; also a hay-loft.* Bel.
Be, *by.*
Beasting, *a beating.*
Beawls, *bowls.*
Beawlt'nt, *bowled.*
Beck'n, *to call by the fingers.* A. S.
Becose, *because.*
Beeart, *a beard.*
Been, *nimble, clever.*
Beeos, *cows.*
Beest, undigested *milk, that next after calving.* A. S.
Beest'n-Castle, q. *Beeston-Castle, 7 miles from Chester.*
Beet-need, *a help on particular occasions.*
Begant', Begunt', *began to.*
Behint, behunt, behund; *all signifying behind.*
Beleady, *by our lady.*
Beleakins, *a diminutive of by our lady, or an interjection.*

Bell, q. *bellows, make a noise.*
Beleeft, *believed.*
Beleemy, *believe me; from* belamy, *my good friend.* Old Fr.
Belive, *by and by.*
Bellart, *a bull or bear's ward.*
Bell'n, Belling, } *making a noise.* A. S.
Bench, *a seat.*
Ber, *force.*
Berm, *yest.* A. S.
Beshite, *to foul, to dirty.* A. S.
Beshote, *dirtied.* Teu.
Bezzle, *from embezzle, to waste.*
Bib, *a breast cloath.*
Bin, *been.*
Bit, *a small part.*
Bitter-bump, *the bittern.*
Blackish, *inclining to black.*
Blackstone-edge, *a hill between Lancashire and Yorkshire.*
Blain, *a little boil.* A. S.
Bleb, *a bubble.* Bel.
Bleffin, *a block or wedge.*
Bleffin-head, *a blockhead.*
Blend, *mix.* A. S.
Blendit, *mixed.* A. S.
Blid, *from blood; an interjection.*
Blinkert, *blind of one eye.*
Blur, *a blot.* Sp.
Boadle, *half a farthing.*
Bode, *did abide, also foretell.* A. S.
Boggart, *a spirit, an apparition.*
Boggle, *to be afraid.* Du.
Boh, *but.* N.B.—*This and some other Lancashire words ending with a, are pronounced with a very short aspiration, as meh, for me, &c.*
Boke, *to point the finger at.* Bel.
Bonkful, *bankful.*
Booan, *a bone.*
Booart, *a board.*
Bookth, *bulk, the largeness of a thing.* A. S.
Boose, *a cow's stall.* A. S.
Bote, *did bite.*
Bo'th', *but the.*
Bought, Boot, } *the bend, as the bought of the elbow, &c.*
Bowd, *bold.*
Borrut, *borrowed.*
Boyrn, *to rinse or wash.* A. S.
Boyrnt, *wash'd.* A. S.
Brabble, Brangle, Brabblement, Branglement, } *a squabble or falling out.* Bel.
Braggot, *new ale spiced with sugar, &c.* Br.
Brad, *spread, opened.*
Brass, *copper-money, also all sorts of coin.*
Brast, Brastit, } *burst.*
Brat, *a child; also a coarse apron.* A. S.
Brawn, *a boar.*
Breans, *brains.*
Bree, *broth without meal; also to fear a person.*

Breechus, *breeches.*
Breed, *frightened.*
Breether, *brothers.*
Brekfust, *breakfast.*
Breve, *brave.*
Breyd, *a board.*
Brid, *a bird.*
Brigg, *a bridge.*
Briggs, *irons to set over the fire.*
Brimming, *a sow is said to be so when she wants to engender.* A. S.
Brindlt, *a mixture of colours in cows, dogs, &c.*
Britchel, *apt to break.*
Brok'n, *broken.*
Brog, *a swampy place; also a bushy place.*
To Brog, *there are two ways of fishing for eels, call'd brogging, one with a long pole, line, and plummet, the other by putting the hook and worm on a small stick, and thrusting it into holes where the eels lye.* Du.
Broo, *brow, forehead.*
Bruarts, *the rim or brim of a hat.*
Bruart, *the blades of corn just sprung up.*
Bruck, *brook.*
Brunt, *burnt.* Bel.
Bruit, *a rumour, a report.*
Bruited, *reported.*
Bruzz'd, *broken or dulled; also to bruz the skin off, is to knock it off.*
Buck, *a book.*
Bullockt, *bullied, cheated.*
Bun-hedge, *a hedge made of twisted sticks.*
Bunhorns, *briers bored for to wind yarn on, us'd by woollen weavers.*
Burley, *thick, clumsy.* Teu.
Bur, *a very tenacious flowerbob, or seed of the large water dock.*
Buzz'd, *whisper'd.*
Byth' miss, q. *by the mass, an interjection.*
Byzen, *blind.*

C

Cadging, *to stuff the belly; also to bind or tie a thing.*
Cam, *awry.* Br.
Camm'd, *crooked, gone awry; also argued crossly, ill naturedly.*
Camp, Cank, *to talk of any thing.*
Camperknows, *ale pottage, in which are put sugar, spices, &c.*
Campo, Cample, *to prate saucily.*
Cankard, *rusty; also ill natured.*
Cant, *healthful, chearful.* Bel.
Capable, *able to do.*
Caper-cousins, *great friends.*
Capt, *to be set fast, to overdo a person.*
To Cark, *to be careful and diligent.* A.S.
Carl, *a clown.* A. S.

Carlings, *peas boiled on Care-Sunday are so called*, i. e. *the Sunday before Palm Sunday.*

Carrit, *carried; also a carrot.*

A Carry-pleck, *is a boggy place whose water leaves a red sediment.*

Carron, q. *carrion, a term of reproach.*

Catter, *to heap up, to thrive in the world.* Fr.

Cawd, Cawd'n, } *called.*

Cawn, *they call.*

Catterwawing, Catterwalling, } *wooing or rambling in the night after the manner of cats, from whence it comes.*

Cawfe, *a calf.*

Cawfe-tail, *a dunce.*

Chaffo, *to chew.*

A Char, *a small job of work; also to stop.* A. S.

Charger, *platters, dishes.*

Chark, *a crack.*

Charn, *a churn.*

Charn-curdle, *a churn-staff.*

Chary, *careful, or painful.*

Chat, *to talk; also a small twig.* Fr.

Cheeons, *chains.*

Cheeot, *cheat.*

Cheeop, *cheap.*

Chez, *from chuse.*

Chieve, *to prosper.*

Chill, *cold.* A. S.

Chill-blains, *a swelling in the fingers and toes.*

Childer, *children.*

Chilt, *a child.*

Chimley, *a chimney.*

Chip, *an egg is said to chip when the young cracks the shells.*

Choamber, *a chamber.*

Choance, *a chance.*

Chomp, *to chew; also to crush, or cut things small.*

Choynge, *change.*

Churn-getting, *a nightly feast after the corn is cut.*

Clammer, *to climb; also a great noise.*

Clammy, *gluish, tough.* A. S.

Clatch, *a brood of chickens.*

Clatter, *a sudden noise.* A. S.

Cleeart, *cleared.*

Cleawd, *a cloud.*

Cleawt, *a clout.*

Cleek, *to catch at hastily.*

Cleeon, *clean.*

Cleeoning, *the after-birth of a cow.*

Clemm'd, *famish'd, starv'd.*

Clever, Cliver, } *lusty, skilful; also very well.*

Clewkin, *a sort of strong twine.* A. S.

A Clock, *a beetle.*

Clocking, *the noise of broody hens.* A. S.

Clooas, *clothes.*

Cloyse, } *very near; also a croft*
Close, } *or field.*

Clotted, *sticking together.* Bel.

Clough, *a wood; also a valley.* A. S.

Clozzoms, *tallons,* vid. *clutches.*

Clum, *did climb.*

Clumst, } *unhandy, unwieldy.*
Clumsy, } Du.

Clussumt, *swollen with cold.* Du.

Clut, *to strike, a blow.*

Clutches, *the hands, the talons of birds; also in possession of.*

Clutters, *all on heaps.* Du.

Cluttert, *gather'd on heaps.* Du.

Coaken, *the sharp part of a horse-shoe; also to strain in the act of vomiting.*

To Cob, *to throw.*

Cobstones, *stones that may be thrown; and also larger stones.* A. S.

Cob-coals, *large pit-coals.* A. S.

Cock, *to stand up, as cock thy tail, hold it high.*

Cocker, *to fondle; also an old hose without foot.* Fr.

Cockers, and trashes, *old stockings without feet, and over-worn shoes.*

Cocket, *pert.* A. S.

Cods, *the testicles.* A. S.

Cod-piece, *the fore part of breeches.* A. S.

Coil, *a great stir; also a lump on the head, by a blow.*

Collock, *a large pale.*

Com, } *a comb.*
Coomp, }

Coom, *came.*

Con, *can; also to con a thing over, is to look it over.*

Condle, *a candle.*

Conny, *brave, fine.*

Cooth, *a cold.*

Cops, *balls or lumps of yarn.* A. S.

Cop, } *a fence.* A. S.
Copping, }

Copweb, *spider's web.* Bel.

Cokes, } *cinders.*
Corks, }

Cosey, *a causeway.*

Cost'n, *did cost.*

Costril, *a little barrel.*

Cotsfish, q. *God's flesh.*

Cotter, } *a pin to hold the wheel on the axle tree, by some called a lin-pin.*
Cotterel, }

Covert, *covered.*

Cowd, *cold.* Du.

Cowken, *a straining to vomit.*

Cown, *Colne in Lancashire.*

Crackling, *a thin wheaten cake.*

Craddins, *to lead craddins is to play bold adventurous tricks.*

Craddinly, *cowardly.*

Crags, *rocky rough places.* Br.

Cram'd, *crooked.*

Crap, *money.*

Crash, *the noise of any thing when it breaks.*
Cratch, *a rack for hay, &c.* A. S.
Cratchinly, *feeble, weak.*
Creawp-ars'd, *hog-breech'd.*
Creawn, *a crown.*
Creeas, *the measles.*
Creawse, *very loving, lustful.*
Crevis, *a hole, or crack.*
Creemt, *to give a thing privately.*
Cretur, *creature.*
Crewet, *a sort of glass vial to hold vinegar.*
Crib, *a place to hold sucking calves; also a pinfold, a gaol.*
Cricks an howds, *pains & strains.*
Cricket, *a small stool; also a house insect.*
Crimble, *to go into small crumbs.*
Crimble ith' poke, *is to run back of a bargain, to be cowardly.*
Crinkle, *to bend under a weight, also to rumple a thing.* Du.
Christins, *christians.*
Crom, *to stuff; also to put a thing in a place.*
Cromm'd, *stuff'd.*
Cronk, *the noise of a raven; also to prate.* Bel.
Crony, *a true companion.*
Croo, *a crib for a calf.*
Crope, *crept.*
Crop'n, *crept into.*
Crow, *an iron gavelock.*
Crummil, *Cromwell.*
Cun, } *to cun thanks is to give*
Con, } *thanks.*
Crump, *cramp a disease; also to be out of humour.* A. S.
Crumple, *to ruffle.*
Cruttle, *to stoop down, to fall,* vid. *crinkle.* Du.
Cubbort, *cupboard.*
Cud'n, *could.*
Cudneh, *cou'd you.*
Cullert, *coloured.*
Cumbert, *cumbered.* Du.
Cumn, *come, or came.*
Cumpunny, *company.*
Cumt', *come to.*
Cun, *can.*
Cup o' sneeze, *a pinch of snuff.*
Curtnurs, *curtains.*
Cutter, *to make much of, as a hen or goose of their young.*
Cuzz'n, *cousin; also to cheat.*

D

Dab, *a blow; also being active at any thing.*
Dacker, *tickle, or unsettled weather.* Teu.
Daddle, *to reel, or waver on the road, to go as ducks.*
Daffock, *a dirty slattern.*
Dagg'd-arse, } q. *dewy arse.*
Dagg'd-tele, } q. *dirty slut.* Bel.
Dane, *down.*
Dangus, *the same with daffock.*
Darn, *to draw up a hole with a needle.* A. S.

Dawnger, *danger.*
Dawnt, *to fear.*
Dawntle, *to fondle.*
Deawk, *to go over head in water.*
Deawmp, *dumb.*
Deawt, } *doubt.*
Date, }
Deeave, *to stun with a noise.* Du.
Deeavely, *lonely.*
Deeing, *dying.*
Deeod, *dead.*
Deeol, *a deal, much.*
Deeols, *deals, trades with.*
Deeoth, *death.*
Deet, *dawbed, besmear'd.*
Deg, *to wet, to sprinkle water on.* Fr.
Deme, *dame.*
Desunt, *handsome.*
Dey, *day.*
Didney, } *did you.*
Didneh, }
Dick, *a by name for Richard.*
Dickons, *an interjection.*
Dicky, *a diminutive of Richard.*
Dicky o'Wills, vid. *Tummus o'Williams.*
Din, *a noise.* A S.
Ding, *to knock, to strike.* Teu.
Dingle, *a valley.* A. S.
Disactly, *exactly.*
Dither, *to tremble.* A.S.
Dithert, *quaked, trembled.*
Doage, *wettish, a little.*
Dock, *to cut off.*
Dofft, *put off, undressed.*
Donk, *a little wettish.* Bel.
Donn'd, *put on, dress'd.*
Dons, *put on.*
Doo, *do.*
Dooal, *money, &c. given at a funeral, or other times.* A. S.
Dosome, *healthful.*
Dowd, *dead, flat, spiritless.*
Doot nor do, *lingering, a bad state of health.*
Doing, or } *healthful.*
Dowing, }
Dowter, *daughter.*
Doytches, *ditches.*
Doytch-backs, *fences.*
Dozening, } *slumbering.* A. S.
Dozing, }
Draff, *grains.* A. S.
Draight, *a drought or team.*
Drape, *a barren cow, one that is not with calf.* A. S.
Dreawps, *drops.*
Dreawnt, *drowned.*
Dree, *long, tedious.* A. S.
Dreeomt, *dreamed.*
Drench, *to draw or let in water.* A. S.
Drift, *did drive.*
Drizzle, *to rain softly.* Bel.
Droy, *to wipe, also thirsty.*
Droyve, q. *drive; also to put off.*
Dubbler, *a large dish.* Bel.
Dungn, *knocked.*
Dunnaw, *do not.*

Dunneh, *do you.*
Dur, *a door.*
Dur-cheeks, *the frame of wood to which doors hang.*
Durn, *that piece of wood or stone by which yates or gates hang.*
Duzz'n, *a dozen,* 12.

E.

E, q. *ah! an interjection, also I; also in; also you.*
Ealt, *ailed.*
Eary, *every.*
Easing, or Yeasing, } *the eaves of a house.*
Eawer, or Are, } *our, also an hour.*
Eawls, *owls.*
Eawnce, *ounce.*
Eawt, *out.*
Eawtcumbling, *out-cumbling, a stranger.*
Eawther, *author.*
Ebil, *Abel.*
Eebreen, Eebrees, } *eyebrows.*
Edder, *an adder.* A. S.
Eddish, *grass after mowing.* A. S.
Ee, *an eye; also ee, ee, is yes, yes.*
Eem, *I connaw eem,* i.e. *I have no time.*
Een, { *eyes; also even; also an interjection; and likewise an eve, or vigil.*
Eendless-annat, *the straight gut.*
Eendways, *endways, forward.*
Eendneaw, *by and by.*
Eete, Eiyght, } *did eat.*
Egad, *a diminutive of the oath, by God.*
Egodsnum, q. *in God's name.*
Efeakins, *a diminutive of in faith.*
Eh, *he; in; I, and you.*
Eigh, *yes, the same with ee.*
E-law, q. *ah, Lord.*
Elder, *an udder; also a Cromwell's justice of peace.* Bel.
Ele, *ale, also ail.*
Ere ever, *before.*
Eshin, *a pale.*
Elsin, *a sort of awl.* Teu.
Elt, *to stir dough sometime after kneading.*
Esshole, Ashole, } *the hole under the fire to hold ashes.*
Estid, *instead.*
Eteaw, *broken; in pieces.*
Ettercrops, Attercrops, } *spiders.* Br.
Ett'n, *eaten.*
Ewer, *ever.*
Ex'n, q. *oxen.*

F

Fadge, *a burden, or part of a horse's load.*
Fag, *to tire.*
Fag-end, *the tail-end of the remnant.* A.S.
Fair-faw, *a term of wishing well.*

Fammish'd, *starv'd by famine.*
Fangs, *the tusks of a dog or bear.* A. S.
Far, *for.*
Far-geh, *forgive.*
Farrantly, q. *fair and likely, handsome.*
Farrow, *a sow's bringing forth young.* A. S.
Farry, *a litter of pigs.* A. S.
Fartin, *fortune.*
Fash, *the tops of turnips, &c.*
Fattle be ith Foyar; *all will be wrong.*
Fattish, *inclining to be fat.*
Faw, Fo, } *fall.*
Fawn, Foan, } *fallen.*
Fawse, *false.*
Fawse Lunnoners, *the ingenious authors of the monthly review.*
Fawt, *fault.*
Fecar, *afraid.*
Feaberry, *gooseberries.*
To Feft, *is to give an estate for life, &c.*
Feathering, *the finishing or topping of an hedge, also laying hay on a cart.* A. S.
Feaw, *foul, ugly.*
Feawly, *ugly, unfortunately.*
Feaw whean, *an ugly woman.*
Fearfo, *fearful.*
Feel, *fell.*
Feggur, *fairer.* A. S.
Feld, *felt, perceived.*
Feelt, *a field.*
Feersuns-een, *shrovetide.*
Felly, Fellow, } *a man.*
Fellicks, Fellies, } *the round of a wheel.* Da.
Felly'l, *the man will.*
Fend, *to endeavour; to provide for.*
Fere, *fair, honest; a fair, also fare or cheer.*
Fest, Fest'n, } q. *to fasten; to bind apprentice.* A. S.
Fethur, *father.*
Fettle, *dress; case; condition.*
Fewtrils, *little things.*
Fey, *the earth lying over stone, slate, &c.*
To Fey, *is to remove such earth.*
Fib, *a lye.*
Fin'st, *best, bravest.*
Firrups, *a kind of imprecation.*
Fittut, *fitted, supply'd.*
Flaight, *a light turf.*
Flap, *the lap of a coat, &c.* A. S.
Flasker, *to dash or play in water.*
Flash, *a lake.* Bel.
Flasket, *a shallow basket.*
Flay, *to fear, to frighten.*
Flay'd, *frightened.*
Fleak, *a hurdle made of twisted hazles; also a thing to dry oat-cakes on.*

To Fleak, *to bask in the sun.* Du.

Fleckt, *spotted.*

Flee, Flay, *to skin.*

Fleed, *skinn'd.*

Fleigh, *a flea.*

Flet, *skimm'd.* Bel.

Flet-Milk, *milk with the cream taken off.*

Flick, *a flitch of bacon.* A. S.

Flit, *to remove.* Da.

Fliz, Flizzing, } *a splinter or shiver.* Da.

Floose, q. *fleeze of wool, hay, &c.*

Flopper-meawth, *blubber-lipp'd.*

Flunter, *in a great hurry; out of flunter, not well, sickly.*

Flusk, *to fly at, as two cocks.*

Flyer, *to laugh scornfully.*

Flyte, *to scold.* A. S.

Fob, *a pocket.* A. S.

Fog, *grass after mowing; also a mist.* A. S.

Foist, *a f---t.*

Foisty, *stinking.*

Fok, *folk.*

Fok'll, *folk will.*

Follut, *followed.*

Foo, *a fool; also full.*

Foo-goad, *a play-thing.*

Foomurt, *the pole cat, or wild cat.* Br.

For sartin, For shure, } *for certain, certainly.*

For't, *for it.*

Forthowght, *repented; also foresight.*

Forsuth, *for sooth.*

Forrud, *forward.*

Foryeat'n, *forgotten.*

Fotch, *fetch.*

Fowd, *a fold, or yard.*

Foyar, *fire.*

Foyar-potter, *an iron instrument to stir up the fire.*

Foyar-new, *very new.*

Framput, *an iron ring that runs on a stake to which cows are fastened.*

Frap, *to crack; also to fall in a passion.*

A Fratch, *a quarrel.*

Fratching, *quarelsome.*

Freeot'n, *forgotten.*

Frem, *not a kin; also tender.* A. S.

Fresh-cullert, *rosy, well coloured.*

Fridge, *to rub, to scrat.*

Frim, *tender.* A. S.

Frist, *trust.* A. S.

Fro, *from.*

Fro off on her, *off'her.*

Frough, *tender, rather brittle.*

Frowt, *for ought.*

Frump, *a mock or jeer.*

Fun, *found; also sport.*

Furst, Furster, } *first.*

Fuss, *a great stir.*

Fussock, *a term of reproach, for fat idle women.*

G

Ga, *gave.*

Gable-end, *the wall at the end of a house, &c.* Bel.

Gablock, Gavelock, } *a strong iron bar us'd for a lever.* A. S.

Gad, *to run about, as cows in hot weather.* A. S.

Gaight, *gave it.*

Gainer, *nearer.*

Galkcer, *a tub to work drink in.*

Gam, *fine sport, diversion, also game.*

Gan, *give, did give.*

Gar, *to force.*

Garth, *a hoop for tubs, &c.* A. S.

Gash, *a large cut or wound.*

Gate, *a way, gone forwards.*

Gaunt, *lean, empty.* A. S.

Gawby, *a dunce.*

Gawm, *understand, comprehend; also to mind.*

Gawmblt, *play'd the fool.*

Gawmless, *stupid, senseless.* A. S.

Gawpe, *to stare with open mouth.*

Gawster, *to boast.*

Gawstring, *hectoring, bragging.*

Gawt, or Gote, } *a passage for water, a flood-gate.* A. S.

Geaw, *go.*

Geawm, *the gummy matter issuing from tender eyes.* Br.

Gee, *to gee is to agree, to suit.*

Gear, *stuff of all sorts; also a horse harness.* A. S.

Geh, or Gi', *give.*

Gerse, *grass.*

Geete, *did get.*

Geet, *give it.*

Get'n, *got.*

Gex, Geaux, Geawse, } *guess.* Du.

Gezlings, q. *goslings, or young geese.* A. S.

Gibberidge, *stammering, broken, or imperfect speech.* A. S.

Gig, { *a machine used in dressing cloth; also a hole made in the earth to dry flax.*

To set oth' Gig, *is to set on, to stir up.*

Giggle, *to laugh wantonly.* Bel.

Giglet, *a wanton girl.* Bel.

Gilders, Gillers, { *are lengths of hair twisted, on which fishing lines are made.*

Gilliver, *a gilliflower; also a wanton woman.*

Gill-hooter, *an owl.*

Gilt, *a female pig, tho' it be cut.*

An opp'n Gilt, *one ungelt or uncut.*

Gimlet, *a nail piercer to bore holes.* Fr.

Ginnil, *a strait street, a narrow passage.*

Girn, *to grin.*

Gizzern, *the stomach of a fowl.* Fr.

Glead, *a kile.* A. S.

Glendurt, *stared.* A. S.

Glent. *a glance, or sly look.* A. S.
Glenting, *glancing.* A. S.
Gley, *to squint.* A. S.
Glib, *smooth, slippery.* A. S.
Glimmer, *to shine a little.* Du.
Glimmering, *shining a little, a spark.* Du.
Gliss'n, *to shine.* A. S.
Glister, *to shine or sparkle.* A. S.
Glitter, *to shine.*
Gloor, *to stare.* A. S.
Glooart, *stared.* A. S.
Glopp'nt, *frightened.*
Glossy, *shining.* A. S.
Glur, *the softest of fat.*
Goads, *customs; also play-things.*
Goart, *pierced that blood appears.* A. S.
Gob, *a large piece of meat.*
Gobbin, Gobslotch, } *a greedy clownish person, a dunce.*
Godsnum, *God-in, God's name.*
Goddil, q. *God will.*
Gog, *to set agog is to set on.* Br.
Gonner, *a gander.*
Gonnerheead, *a stupid person or dunce.*
Gooa, *go.*
Gooan, *gone.*
Gooddit, *Shrovetide.*
Good lorjus deys, q. *Good Lord Jesus what days! an interjection.*
Gooink, *going.*
Gooms, *gums.*
Gore, *blood; also a triangular piece of cloth put in a shirt to widen it.* A. S.
Gorses, *furze, a prickly shrub.* A. S.
Goshawk, *a fowl; also a duncely person.* A. S.
Gote, *a water passage.*
Gowd, *gold.*
Gran, *did grin.*
Grash, *to eat greedily, to break any thing.*
Graunch, vid. *grash.*
Greadly, *well, right, handsomely.*
Greave, *a grave.*
Grease, *fat; also grass.*
Greawnd, *ground, the earth.*
Greawt, *small wort.* A. S.
Greece, *a little brow; also stairs.* Fr.
Greeof *or* greeof by, *right, or very near so.*
Grim'd, *besmear'd.* Bel.
Grin, *a snare; also a sneering look.* A. S.
Gripp'n, *clasped or clinched hand.* A. S.
Grip-yort, Grip-yard, } *a seat of green clods or turf, supported with twisted boughs (hurdle-wise) and generally made round shady trees.* A. S.
Grit, *sandy.* A. S.
Gritty, Gritley, } *sandy.* A. S.
Groats, *oats hull'd, but unground.*

Gronny, *a grandmother.*
Gronsur, *a grandfather.*
Groon, *grown.*
Grooing, *growing.*
Groop, *the place where cattle piss in a shippen.*
Grope, *to feel awkwardly, or in the dark.* A. S.
Groyn, *a swine's snout.* A. S.
To Gry, *is an easy ague fit; or the ague hanging on a person.*
Gurd o Leawghing, *a fit of laughter.*
Gutt', *go to.*
Guzzet, *a 4 square piece of cloth to widen the arm-pit of a shirt.*

H.

Ha, Hav, Han, *have.*
Hackt, *knock'd together; also to cut bunglingly.*
Had-loont-rean, *the gutter or space between the head lands and others.*
Had'n, *had.*
Hag, Haggus, *the belly.*
Haft, or Heft, *the handle of a knife; also heft is a life.* A. S.
Haigs, *the white thorn-berry.* A. S.
Hal o' Nabs, q. *Henry of Abraham's.*
Halliblash, *a great blaze.*
Hallidey, *holyday.*
Halloo, *to shout.*
Halloo'd, *shouted.*
Hammeh, *have me.*
Hammil, *a village.* A. S.
Hangum, Hongum, *hang them.*
Hanker, *to desire, to covet.*
Hap, *to cover; also to pat or encourage a dog, &c.* A. S.
Haply, *perhaps.*
Harbor, *to entertain.* A. S.
Harr, *to snarl like an angry dog.*
Harms, *after, to speak the same thing like an echo.*
Harry, q. *hurry, to tease, tired.* Fr.
Harry's, *Henry's.*
Harston, Harstone, q. *hearth-stone.*
Hask, *dry, parched.*
Haver, *oats.* Du.
Haver-bread, *oat-bread.*
Haust, *a cough, a cold.* Du.
Hawmpo, *to halt.*
Hawmpow't, *did halt.*
Hawpunny, *half-penny.*
Hawms, *two pieces of crooked wood placed on the collar of a horse when he draws.*
Hawm-bark, *the collar of a horse.*
Hawps, *a tall duncely person.*
Hawve, *half.*
Healo, *bashful.*
Hearo, *hear you.*
Heasty, *hasty.*
Heck, *a half door.* A. S.

Hee, *a male; also high.*
Hed, *did heed, minded.*
He'er, *he was.*
Here, *hoar frost; also a mist.*
Hee-witch, *a wizzard.*
Hear'n, *hear.*
Heaw, *how.*
Heawse, *house.*
Heawt, *how it.*
Heeve, *did heave, or lift up.*
Height, *have it; also high.*
Helder, *more likely.*
Helt, *likely.*
Hem, *the edge.*
Heps, *the brier's fruit.*
Herple, *to halt or limp.*
Het, q. *hight, or named.* A. S.
Hetter, *keen, eager, as a bull dog.*
Hew'r, *hair.*
Hey-go-mad, *like mad, shouting mad; also to do any thing after an exceeding manner.*
Hey-mough, *hay-mow.*
Heyt, *have it.*
Hig, *a passion.*
Heyvy, *heavy.*
Hill, *to cover.* A. S.
A Bed-hilling, *a coverlet, a rug.*
Hight-nor-ree, *nothing at all of.*
Hippink, *a linen clout to keep infants clean.*
Hit, *it, the thing.*
Hitting, *a lighting on; also striking.* Da.
Ho, or Haw, *a hall.*
Hoave, *half; also did heave.*
Hob-nob, *rashly.*
Hobs, *are stones set up, or laid at either end of the fire, a duncely fellow is call'd a hob.*
Hobbil, Hobgobbin, } *a natural blockhead, or fool.*
Hobble-te-hoy, *a stripling at full age of puberty.*
Hobgoblin, *an apparition, a spirit.*
Hobthrust, *the same; this is supposed to haunt only woods.*
Hobbling, *limping; also stammering.*
Hog-Mutt'n, *mutton of a year-old sheep.*
Hondle, *handle.*
Hong, *hang.*
Hontle, *handful.*
Hongry, *hungry.*
Hongim, *hang him.*
Hoo, *she.* Br.
Hooant, *swell'd, hard in the flesh.*
Hook or crook, *force.*
Hoor, *a whore; also she was.*
Hoose, *she is.*
Hoost, *she shall.*
Hopper, *a sort of a basket.*
Horse-ston, Horse-stone, } *steps to mount horses.*
Horty, *hearty.*
Hose, *stockings.*
Hotching, *to limp, to go by jumps, as toads.*
Hotter, *to stir up, to vex.*

Hottering-mad, *very mad, or ill vexed.*
Hough, *a foot, sometimes the leg.*
How, *whole.*
Howd, } *hold.*
Howt, }
Howd-te-tung, *hold thy prate.*
Howd'n, *holden.*
Howse, *to stir up, to potter.*
Howsome, *wholesome.*
Hoyde, *a hide or skin; also to hide.*
Hoyse, *hose.*
Hoyts, *long rods or sticks.*
Hubbon, } *the hip.*
Huggon, }
Huckster, *a seller of herbs, roots, &c.* Du.
Hud, *hid, covered.*
Hugger-mugger, *conceals.*
Hummobee, *the large round bee.*
Humpstridd'n, *a stride.*
Hur, *her.*
Hurly-burly, *a great stir, a noise.* A. S.
Hure, *hair.*
Hurn, *a horn.* A. S.
Hurrying, *drawing or dragging; also being in haste.*
Husht, *silence.* Du.
Hus, *we.*
Huzz, *to hum, or make a noise like bees.*
Hye, *to make haste.* A. S.

I

Iccles, *long pieces of ice at the the eaves of houses, &c.*
Id, *he had; also I had.*
I'd, *I had; also I wou'd.*
Idd'n, *you had.*
If idd'n, *if you wou'd.*
Ift, *if thou.*
Iftle, *if thou will.*
I'll, *I will; also he will.*
Ill-favort, *ugly.*
Im, *him.*
Imp, *to rob, to deprive of.*
In, *that; also or if, also than.*
Inkling, *a hint.* Teu.
Infarm, *inform.*
Inneh, *if I; also if you.*
Inin, *if you will.*
Int, } *if thou will.*
Intle, }
Into, *if thou.*
I'r, *I was.*
Ir, *you are.*
Irning, *the making of cheese; also the smoothing of linen.*
Ist, *is it; also is the.*
I'st, *I shall; also I shou'd.*
It', *I to.*
Ither, *in their.*
Ittle, *it will.*

J

Jackanapes, *a term of derision.*
Jannock, *a loaf made of oatmeal leavened.*

Jawms, *the sides of a window; and also the bottom part of a chimney.* Fr.

Jawnt, *a walking, or riding out, a journey.*

Jingum-bobs, *play things.*

Jim, or Gim, } *spruce, very neat.*

Jobberknow, *a dunce, or dolt.* Du.

Jone's, *John's.*

Josty, *come to.*

Joyst, *a summer's grass; also a piece of wood laid cross a floor.* Fr.

Jump, *a coat; also to leap.*

K

Ka, or Keaw, *a cow.*

Kazzarly, *subject to casualties.*

Katty, *a diminutive of Catherine.*

Keather, *a cradle.*

Keawer, Kare, } *to sit or stoop down.*

he Keawls, Keawlt, } *he's cowardly.*

Keawnty, *county.*

Keawnsil, *counsel, or council.*

Keawerser, *worse; also a hunter with greyhounds.*

Keckle, *unsteady; also the noise of a frightened hen.* Du.

Keck, *to go pertly.* Du.

Kee, or Kye, *cows.* A. S.

Keegh, *to cough; also a cold.* Du.

Keel, *to cool.* A. S.

Keem, or Kem, } *to comb.*

Keen-bitt'n, *eager, sharp-bit.*

Keep, *catch.* A. S.

Keke, *a cake.*

Kele, *time, place, circumstance.*

Kene, *a cane, or Cain.*

Kere'n, *care.*

Kers'n, *christian; also to christen.*

Kersunt, *christened.*

Kersmus, *Christmas.*

Kese, *case.*

Kestling, *a calf calved before the usual time.*

Kest, *cast.*

Kestit, *reckon'd up; also to vomit.*

Keyke, or Kyke, } *to stand crooked.*

Keyvt, *overturned.*

Kibbo, *a long stick.*

Kibe, *to draw the mouth awry.* A. S.

Kibe-heels, *cracked or sore heels.* A. S.

Kilt, *killed.*

Kin, *kind sort.*

Kindly, *a kindly cow, &c., is a handsome, healthy cow.*

Kink, *to lose their breath with coughing, the chin-cough.* Du.

Kink-haust, *a violent cold.* Du.

Kipper, *amorous, lustful.*

Kittle, *tickleish, also unstable.*

Kist, *a chest.* A. S.

Knaggy, *knotty.* A. S.

Knep, *to bite easily.*
Knoad, *knew.*
Knockus, *knuckles.*
Knoblocks, Knoblings, Knaplings, } *little lumps of coals about the size of eggs.*
Knattert, *gnawed.*
Knattle, *cross, ill-natured.*
Knotchel, *to cry a woman knotchel, is when a man gives public notice he will pay none of her new contracted debts.*
Know, q. *knowl, a brow, a small hill.*
Knurs, *knots, warts on trees.* Teu.
Ko, *quoth.*
Kreawse, vid. *creawse.*
Kyb'n, *to flout, by raising the under lip.*

L

Labbor, *labour.*
Lad, *a boy; also did lead.*
Laft, *left.*
Lag, *to stay behind.* Sw.
Laith, *a barn; also to invite; also ease, or rest.*
Lamm, *to beat.*
Lant, *urine.*
Langot, *a shoe-latchet.* Fr.
Lap, *wrap.*
Largus, Largess } *muco, a gift.* Fr.
Lastut, *lasted.*
Lat, *slow; also very late; also a lathe.* A. S.
Latching, *infecting, catching.*
Lawm, *lame.*
Lattent, *hindered.*
Lawmt, *lamed.*
Le, *let.*
Leack, *a lake.*
Lean, *to keep, secret.* A. S.
Learock, *a lark.*
Leawk, *long, barren, or heathy grass.*
Leawky, *full of leawk.*
Leawpholes, q. *loopholes.*
Leawse, *a louse.*
Leck on, *put on water; also when a vessel will not hold water, it is said to leck.* Fr.
Lee, *lay.*
Ledy, *lady.*
Leefer, *rather.* A. S.
I'd os leef, *I would as soon, or rather.* A. S.
Leeof, *leave.*
Leep, *did leap.*
Leeond, *lend.*
Leet, *light of, on, or met with; also light and lightning.*
Leett'n, *to lighten.*
Leetsom, *lightsome.*
Os thick os Leet, *as quick as one flash of lightning follows another.*
Leete, *let go.*
Lenger, *longer.*
Lennock, *slender, pliable.* Fr.
Lether, *to beat.*
Lew-warm, *blood-warm.*

Ley-land, *rest, or untill'd land.* A. S.
Leyther, *rather.*
Lick, *to beat.*
Licker, *more likely.*
Lickly, *very likely.*
Licklyest, *most likely.*
Lieve, *believe.*
Like, *to love.*
Lik'n, *to guess; also to compare.*
Lik't, *likely to have; also did love.*
Lilt, Lilting, *to do a thing cleverly or quickly.*
Limp, *to halt.*
Linch, *a small step.* A. S.
Line, *layn.*
Lin-pin, *a cotter, or pin that holds the cart wheel on.* A. S.
Ling, *long heath.*
Lipp'n, *expect; also leaped.*
Lipp'nt, *expected.*
Lite, *a few.*
Lithe, *calm; also to put oatmeal into broth.* A. S.
Lither, *idle.* A. S.
Littlebrough, *a country village near Rochdale.*
Livert, vid. *thodd'n.*
Loath, *unwilling.* A. S.
Loast, *loosed; also lowest.*
Lob-cock, *a great idle person.*
Lod, *a lad.*
Looad'n, *loaden.*
Loft, *a chamber.*
Lonleydey, *a landlady.*
Lone, *a lane.*
Loont, *a land, a but, or division of plough'd land.*
Lopper'd Milk, *crudled milk.* Sw.
Loppering, *boiling.* Sw.
Loppering Brewis, *brewis is made at the killing of a swine, with broth of the boiled entrails, &c.*
Lorjus o'me, *(from Lord Jesus have mercy on me) an interjection.*
Loothe, Loothy, *look thee, behold.*
Lost'n, *did lose.*
Lotch, *to halt; also to jump like a frog.*
Lother, *a lather.* A. S.
Lovers, *the chimney.*
Loyse, *to lose.*
Loyte, *a few.*
Luckit, *a nurse's term; also used by way of scoffing.*
Luck'o, *look you, see you.*
Luff, *love.*
Luff'n, *do love.*
Lug, *to pull by the hair.* A. S.
Lumber, Lumbert, *mischief, or hurt; also useless household stuff.* A. S.
Lung, *long.*
Lunjus, *subtle, very surly.*
Lunnon, *London.*
Lunnon Boggarts, *the authors of the monthly review.*
Lunshon, *a large piece of meat.*

Lurdin, q. *Lord Dane, an idle lubberly fellow.*

M

Mack, *sort.*

Manchet, *white bread.*

Mander, *manner, or sort.*

Mar, *to spoil.* A. S.

Marlocks, *awkward gestures; also fools.*

Marcy, *mercy; also the river mersey.*

Mare, Mere, } *a large lake.* Br.

Margit, *Margaret.*

Marr'd, *quite spoiled.* A. S.

Marry, *a common interjection.*

Marry-kem-eawt, *a scornful interjection.*

Marvil, *wonder, to wonder also admirably.*

Masht, *broke in pieces.*

Maskins, Mackins, } *a sort of petty oath.*

Matho, *Martha.*

Mattert, *signify'd.*

Mattock, *a tool in husbandry.* A. S.

Maukin, or Mawkin, { *a bunch of rags, &c., tied to a pole to sweep an oven; also a dirty woman.*

Maunder, *murmuring; also a wandering, or walking stupidly.* Fr.

Mawkinly, *sluttish, dirtily.*

Mawkish, *sickly; also duncely.* A. S.

Maw, *the stomach.* A. S.

May-guts, *maggots.*

Mead'n, *a maid; also made.*

Meary, *Mary.*

Meary o'Dick's, vid. *Tummus o'Williams.*

Measter, *master.*

Measy, *giddy, vertiginous.*

Meawlt, *mouldy.*

Meawntebank, *a quack.*

Meawse, *a mouse.*

Meawt, *to moult.* Du.

Meawth, *a mouth.*

Meawng'nt, *did eat greedily.*

Meazysow, *giddy, or empty headed.*

Meds'n, *medicine.*

Meeon, *mean; also to go halves; also a thing had in its kind.*

Meawse-neezes, q. *mouse nests, knavish actions.*

Meeny, *a family; also very many.* Fr.

Meeterly, *indifferent, moderate.*

Meet-neaw, *this moment.*

Meet-shad, *exceeded.*

Meety, *mighty.*

Meeverly, *modestly, handsomely, gently.*

Meg-harry, *a robust girl that plays with boys.*

Meh, *me; also my.*

Mennaw, *cannot, may not.* A. S.

Mex'n, *to cleanse a stable, &c.* A. S.

Mey, or Make, *may; also make.*
Meyt, *meat.*
Mezzil-feas'd, *fiery faced, full of red pimples.* Du.
Midge, *a gnat.* A. S.
Middingspuce, *a sink, or sewer.* Br.
Min, *to min on, is to put in mind.*
Misfartins, *misfortunes.*
Misgives, *forebodes, tells.*
Mismannert, *clownish, unmannerly.*
Mistrustit, *doubted, suspected.*
Mitch-go-deet'o, *much good may it do you.*
Byth'Miss, *a common kind of an oath from mass.*
Miscaw, *to call nick names.*
Mishmash, *a hodge-podge.* Fr.
Mistene, *mistaken.*
Mistol, *a cowhouse.*
Mittens, *gloves without fingers; also a very strong pair to hedge in.* Fr.
Mizzles, *rains a little.* A. S.
Mizzleth, *a raining softly.*
Mizzy, *a quagmire.*
Mob, *a woman's close cap.*
Moider, *to puzzle; also a moidore.*
Molart, *a mop to clean ovens.* vid. *mawkin.*
Mon, *a man.*
Monny, *many.*
Mooast, *most.*
Moods, *earth.* Sw.
Moor, *a hill; also a common; also more.* A. S.
Mooter, *mill-toll.*
Moother, *mother.*
Moot, *might.* A. S.
Moot point, *exact, very near.*
Moot'n Met'n, *might have done.*
Mough, *a mow of hay, &c.* A.S.
Mough'n, *being very hot, to sweat from molten.* A. S.
Mourning, *morning.*
Mowdywarp, *a mole.* A. S.
Moydert, *puzzled, nonplus'd.*
Mullock, *dirt, rubbish.*
Mun, or Munt, *must.*
Munneh, *must I.*
Muse'n, *to think, or wonder.*
Murth, *abundance.*
Mustert-bo, q. *mustard-ball.*
Muyce, *mice.*
Muz, *a nurse's term for mouth.*
Muzzy, *sleepy; also a little drunk.*

N

Nab, Ab, *a by name for Abraham.*
Nang-nele, *a sort of corns.* A. S.
Narse, *fundament.* A. S.
Naw, *not.*
Nawstler, *an ostler.*
Ne, or Ney, *nay.*
Neeam, *an aunt.* A. S.
Neamt, *named.*
Neatril, *a natural, a fool.*

Neaw, Nah, } *now.*

Neb, *a point; the fore part of a cap, &c.* A. S.

Ned, and Need'n, { *these are used promiscuously, for need and did not need; and governed by the word following.*

Necessary, *mistaken for accessary.*

Neeom, *an uncle.* A. S.

Neen, *eyes; also nine.*

Neest, *a nest; also highest.* A. S.

Neet, or Neeight, *night.*

Neeze, *coughing by being tickled in the nose.* A. S.

Nele, *a nail.*

Neme, *a name.*

Nese, *the nose.* A. S.

Nesh, *tender.* A. S.

Nestlecock, *the darling, a last child.* A. S.

Nettle, *to vex.*

Newer, *never.*

Ney, *nay.*

Neyve, *a fist.*

Nice, *strange, comical, also neat.*

Nifle, *a nice bit of any thing; also trifling.*

Ninnyhommer, *a vile dunce.*

Nip, *the name of a dog; also to pinch, bite, cheat, or wrong.*

Noant, *an aunt.*

Noger, *an augar.* A. S.

Noggin, *a small pail holding a mess.* Bel.

Nominy, *a speech.*

Nook, *a corner.* Bel.

Noon, Oon, } *an oven.*

Noonscawp, *the labourers' resting time after dinner.*

Now, *no.*

Nown, *own.*

Nowt, *nothing; also naught or bad.*

Nudge, *to jog, or hit.*

Nuer, *never.*

Nuzz-e-boz, q. *nose ith' bosom.*

Nuzzle, *to stick the nose in bosom.* A.S.

O

O', *sometimes us'd as a, on, you, and of.*

Oamfry, *Humfrey.*

Oandurth, *afternoon.* A. S.

Oather, *either.*

Obeawt, *about.*

Oboon, *above.*

Obunnunze, *abundance.*

Od, *a diminutive of God, an interjection; also strange.*

Odder, *very strange.*

Oddsfish, *a diminutive of God's flesh; an interjection.*

Odds-on-eends, *odd trifling things.*

Oe'rley, *a leathern surcingle.*

O'erscutcht, *done slightly.*

Oe'r't, *over it.*

Off-at-side, *mad, delirious.*

Ofore, *before.*

Ogen, *again ; also against.*
Ogoddil, *if God will.*
Ggreath, *well, right.*
Ogreyt matter on im, *no great matter on him, he's not worth pitying.*
Oh, *in, on, and, of, and upon.*
Onner, *of your.*
Onny, *any.*
Onoo, *a sufficient quantity.*
Onough, *enough.*
On-o-wey, *always.*
On's, *ones.*
On ye been o mon, q. *if you be a a man.*
Oon, *an oven.*
Oss, *to try.*
Os lee'f, *I would chuse.* A. S.
Ossing, *trying, offering.*
Ost, *as the ; also as it ; also essay'd, try'd.*
Ot, *at ; also that.*
Othergets, q. *otherguise, othersort, otherwise.*
Otherweys, *otherwise.*
Ots, *that is.*
Ottey, *that I.*
Ottle, *that thou will.*
Over-bodit, *is when a new upper part is put to the skirts of an old garment.*
Ousel, *a black-bird.* A. S.
Owd, *old.*
Owd Harry, Owd Nick, } *names for the devil.*
Owdhum, *a large village near Rochdale.*
Owey, *away.*
Owse, *an ox.* Du.
Owt, *any thing ; also good.* A.S.
Oytch, *each, every.*

P

Paddock, *a small enclosure.*
To Pan, *to join, to agree.*
Papper, *paper.*
Parfit, *perfect.*
Parisht, *starv'd, or very cold.*
Pars'n, *parson ; also a person.*
Peawnd, *a pound.*
Peawr, *abundance ; also might.*
Peawseweawse, Paxwax, } *the strong white tendon in a neck of veal, &c.*
Pede, *paid.*
Pedidigree, *for pedigree.*
To Pee, *is to squint queerly.*
Peel, *did strike, or beat.*
To Peigh, *to cough.*
Penny-whip, *very small beer.*
Peshunce, *patience.*
Pestil, *the shank of a ham of bacon.*
Pet, *to pet, is to be surly.*
Pettish, *apt to be surly.*
Petch, *a patch.*
Petch-wark, *patch-work.*
Pews'nt, *poisoned.*
Pey, *a pea.*
Peyls, *does beat.*

Peyling, *striking or knocking rudely.*
Phippunny, *fivepenny.*
Pickle, *case, condition.* Du.
Piece-woo, *as much wool as makes a piece.*
Pilpit, *pulpit.*
Pingot, *a small croft near the house.*
Pinn, *to do a thing in haste, or eagerly.*
Pissmotes, *ants.*
Pleawmtree, *plumbtree.*
Pleck, *a place.* A. S.
Pleeos, *please.*
Plucks, *the lungs.*
Poo, *a pool, or pond.*
Poo'd, *pull'd.*
Poogh, *a slighting interjection.*
Poots, *young hens, &c.* Fr.
Pop, *a short space; to pop in, to go in.*
Popt, *dipt; also put in.*
Possing, *an action between thrusting and knocking.*
Pot-crate, *a large open basket to carry earthenware in.*
Pote, *to thrust with the feet.* Fr.
Pottert, *disturb'd, vex'd.*
Pow, *to cut hair; also a pole.*
Powse, *lumber, offal.*
Powsement, *a term given to a bad person.*
Protty, *pretty.*
Preast, *praised.*
Pre o, Prey o, } *pray you.*
Prime, *the best, or very good.*
Primely, *very well.*
Prooft, *proved.*
Proven, *provender.*
Pumping, *asking of questions.*
Punch'd, Punst, Purr'd, } *kicked.*
Pule, *to cry; also a pew.*
Puppy, *a fool; also a puppet.*
Pynots, *magpies.*

Q

Quagmire, *a very boggy place.*
Quandary, *at a loss, in a brown study.* Fr.
Queyn, Quean, } *a whore, a term of reproach.* A. S.
Quiet'nt, *made still.*
Quifting Pots, *half gills, from quaffing.* A. S.

R

Rabblement, *the crowd or mob.*
Rack, (of mutton) *a neck of mutton; also a frame to hold fodder for cattle.*
Rack and reend, *to go to rack and reend, is to go to ruin.*
Raddlings, *long sticks.*
Raddle the booans, *is to beat soundly.*
Rank, *wrong.*
Rap and reend, Rap and tear, } *do all they possibly can.* A. S.

Rapscallion, *an ill person.*
Rascatly, *knavishly.*
Rash, *a sort of itch with infants.*
Rachdaw, *Rochdale, a town in Lancashire.*
Ratcher, *a rock, rocky.*
Rattlt, *scolded, from rattled.*
Rakth' Fire, *is to cover the fire.*
Reawk, *to idle in neighbours houses.*
Reawp, *a hoarse cold.*
Reant, *rained.*
Rearest, *finest, best.*
Reaving, *mad; also talking in ones sleep.*
Reawnt, *did whisper.*
Reawst, *rust.*
Reeak, Reeam, *to squall, to make a shrieking noise.* A. S.
Reeam, *cream.*
Reeam Mug, *the cream mug.*
Reean, *a gutter.*
Reeast, Reest, *the outside of bacon.*
Reech, Reek, *smoke.* A. S.
Reeok, *a shriek.*
Reesupper, *a second supper.*
Reet, *right.*
Reecht, *smoaked.* A. S.
Render, *to stew, to separate the skinny from the fat part of suet, &c.*
Restut, *rested.*
Rether, *rather.*
Rey, Rea, *raw.*
Reytch, *reach; also rich.*
Rick, *to gingle; also to scold; also a stack of corn, &c.* A. S.
Ricking, *jingling; also scolding.*
Rid, *to part two fighting.*
Ridd'n, *did ride, or being rid.*
Riding, *is the hanging upon persons for liquor.*
Riddle, *a coarse sieve.* Br.
Rife, *common, swarming.* A. S.
Riff-Raff, *lumber.* A. S.
Rift, *to belch.* A. S.
Riggot, *a channel, or gutter; also a half gelded horse, &c.*
Rim, *the border or outside of a wheel, or pot.* A. S.
Rindle, *a gutter.*
Rive, *to split.* A. S.
Riven, *is split.* A. S.
Romp, *to leap, or run about.*
Ronk, *rank, strong.*
Rooart, *roared.*
Rook, *a heap.*
Rooze, *to praise.* A. S.
Roost, *commended, praised; also a rest for poultry.* A. S.
Rops, *entrails, bowels.*
Rottle, *to rattle in the throat.*
Rott'n, *a rat; also putrify'd.* A. S.
Roytch, *rich.*
Rufo, *rueful.*
Rue Bargain, *a repenting bargain.*
Runge, *a long tub with two handles.*
Runt, *a dwarf.* Teu.

Rushberring, q. *rushbearing, a country wake.*

Rutchot o'Jack's, vid. *Tummus o'William's.*

Rut, *the path of wheels.*

Rynty, *stand off.*

Ryz'n-hedge, *a fence of stakes and twisted boughs.*

S

Sackless, *innocent.* A. S.

Saig, *a saw.* A. S.

Saigh, *did see.*

Sam, *to gather together, to put in order.*

Sappling, *a young oak; also oak wood.*

Sark, *a shirt.* A. S.

Sartinly, *certainly.*

Sattlt, *quiet, from settled.*

Savort'n, *did savor.*

Sawgh, *a kind of willow.*

Sawfly, *softly, slowly.*

Sawnter, *to walk idly about.*

Sawt, *salt.*

Scallion, *an herb, in taste like onion.*

Scampo, *to run fast, to be in a hurry.* Du.

Scampurt, *run fast.* Du.

Scant, Scanty, } *very scarce, rare.* Du.

Scarr, *a steep, bare, and rocky place in the side of the hills.* A. S.

Scawd, *to scald.*

Scawd-head, *a scurfy, or scabby-head.*

Scawp, *the head.* Du.

Scap, *escape.*

Scap-gallows, *a term of reproach, as much as to say he deserves the gallows.*

Schrieve, *to run wet matter, a corrupting.*

Scoance, *a lantern; also the head.* Bel.

A Scope, *a basin with a handle to hold water.* Bel.

To Scotch a Wheel, *is to lay a stay under it.*

Scramble, Scrabble, Scrattle, } *a striving to catch things on their hands and knees on the floor.* A. S.

Scrannil, *a meagre or lean person.*

Scratting, Scratching, } *a pulling with the nails.* Du.

Scrawn, *to climb awkwardly.*

Scroof, *a dry sort of scales.* A. S.

Scrub, *to scratch or rub.* A. S.

Scrumple, *to ruffle.* A. S.

Scrunt, *an over worn wig, beesom, &c.*

Scutcht, *whipp'd; also to do a thing slightly, or quickly.*

Seawke, *suck; also to suck.*

Seawl, *wet stuff, &c. to eat with bread.* A. S.

Seawndly, *soundly, heartily.*

Seawr, *sour; also ill-natur'd.*

Secont, *second.*

Seech, *seek.*
Seech'd, *do seek.*
Seed, *saw.*
Seel or Seeigh, *a sieve.*
Seel'n, *seldom.*
Seely, *weak in body; also trifling; also empty headed.*
Seet, *saw it; also see it; also a sight.*
Seete, Seet'n, *sat, did sit.*
Seete owey, *set off, or out.*
Seg, *a gelded bull.* A. S.
Sefe, *safe.*
Seign, *seven.*
Seln, *self.*
Selvege, *the edge of linen cloth.*
Sen, *say.*
Senneh, Sen ye, *say you.*
Sennit, *a week.*
Setter, *an issue for cows, &c.*
Sey, *say.*
'Sflesh, *a diminutive of God's flesh, an interjection.*
Shad, *over did, excell'd; also divided.* A. S.
Shan, *shall.*
Shaffle, *to shuffle, to trifle.*
Shaftman, *the length of a fist with the thumb standing up.* A. S.
Sharn, *dung.* Teu.
Shart, *short.*
Shawm, *shame.*
Shed, *spill'd.*
Sheeod, *to divide; also to over do.*
Sheamt, *ashamed.*
Sheawt, *shout.*
Sheawtit, *shouted.*
Sheed, *to spill.*
Shiar, or Shire, *quite, entirely.*
Shilders, Shooders, *shoulders.*
Shift, *a contrivance, a device; also a smock.*
Shipp'n, *a cow house.* A. S.
Shire, *wholly, entirely.*
Shoavt, or Sheawvt, *thrust, or push'd.*
Shog, *to jog, to go uneasily.* Teu.
Shoo, *a shovel.*
Shoods, *oat hulls.*
Shoon, *shoes.*
Shop-booart, *a counter, from shop-board.*
Shough, *a shoe.*
Shu, *a term to frighten poultry.*
Shuing, *a frightening fowls.*
Shy, *backwards, unwilling.* Br.
Sib, *related to, akin.* A. S.
Side, *very long.*
Siftit, *examined.*
Sike, *a gutter.*
Simpert, *minced words, affectedly.* A. S.
Sin, *since.*
Singlet, *an undy'd woollen waistcoat.*
Sinkdurt, *channel-mud.*
Sitch, *such.*

Size, *six; also proportion; also a glue to strengthen woollen yarn.*

Skam, *did skim, or take off; also to throw a thing low.*

Skeawr, *to make haste; also to scour.* Teu.

Skellit, *a small pan with a handle.* Fr.

Skellut, *crook'd.*

Sken, *to squint.* A. S.

Skew-whift, *awry.*

Skime, *to draw up the nose scornfully.*

Skire, *loose, open, thin.*

Skirmidge, *a little battle.*

Skrike o'dey, *day-break.*

Shrikeing, *to squall, or cry out.*

Skuse, *an excuse.*

Slab, *the first board of sawn timber.*

Slabby, *dirty.* Du.

Slaigh, Sleawgh, } *the black thorn-berry.* A. S.

Slap, *a blow.*

Slapt, *whipt, beaten.*

Slash, *a cut; also to cut.*

Slat, *dirtied, or wet; also did set on dogs.*

Slaver, *the spittle.*

Slay, *the hand-board of looms.*

Sleawm, *a slumber.*

Sleawtch, *any thing that hangs down; also an ill-look'd person.*

Sleawtcht-hat, i. e. *uncock'd.*

Sleck, *small pit-coal.*

Sleckt, *quenched.*

Sled, *a carriage without wheels.* Du.

Sleeat, *to set on dogs.*

Sleek, *smooth.* A. S.

Sleet, *snow and rain mix'd.* A. S.

Sleeveless-arnt, *a going to no purpose.*

Slice, *a thin bit of wood to stir meat in pots, &c.* A. S.

Slid, *did slide, or slip; also an interjection.* A. S.

Slich'n, *smooth.* Du.

Slifter, *a crevice.*

Slim, *sly, cunning.* Teu.

Sliven, *an idle person, slovenly.* Du.

Slooar, *to grasp.*

Sloode, *the path of cart wheels.*

Slob, *bending, or bevil.*

Sloppety, *a dirty woman.*

Slotch, *a greedy clown.*

Slough, *the cast skin of an adder, the slime of snails; also a deep dirty place.* A. S.

Sloytch, *to take up water, &c.*

Slur', *to slide.*

Slutch, *mud.*

Slyvin, *a dirty idle man.*

Smack, *a blow; also the crack of a whip.*

Smeawtch, *a kiss.*

Smelt'nt, *smell'd.*

Smit, Smut, } *a black spot.* A. S.

Smooring, *smothering.* A. S.

Smoot, *smooth.*

Snaffle, *to speak through the nose.* Du.

Snap, *quickly; also to bite at; also to cheat or over-reach.* Du.

Sneap, *to check.* Da.

Sneck, *the latch of a door.* Bel.

Sneeze, *snuff.* A. S.

Sneeze-hurn, *a snuff-box made of the tip of a horn.*

Sniddle, *long grass, or stubble.*

Snidge, *to hang on a person.*

Snift, *a moment; also to snuffle at the nose.* A. S.

Snifter, *to snuff at the nose.* A. S.

Sniftering Fellow, *a shuffling sneaking person.* A. S.

Snig, *an eel.* A. S.

Snips, *to go snips is to go halves, or parts with a person.*

Snite the Nese, *to blow the nose.* Br.

Snod, *smooth, sleek.*

Snoode, *a fillet to tie up women's hair.*

Snook, *to smell.*

Snoor, Snore, } *to make a noise in sleep.*

Snot, *mucus of the brain.* Du.

Snug, *tite, handsome.* Du.

Snye, *to swarm; also to pull up the nose scornfully.* A. S.

Soany o Sims, q. *Alexander of Simeon's.*

Sod, *a clod, or turf.* Du.

Soke, *to lie in water to soften.* A. S.

Soltch, *a heavy fall.*

Snoblint, q. *sand-blind, short sighted.*

Sops, *toasts.* A. S.

Soo, *a sow.* A. S.

Sooary, *sorry.*

Sope, *a sup, a little.*

So't, *so it.*

Sow, *the head.*

Sowgh, *to sigh.*

Sowght, *sighed.*

Sowd, *sold.*

Sowt, *sought.*

Spade-graft, *about a foot deep.*

Sparrow-bills, *short nails used by shoemakers.*

Spavin'd, *a strained horse.* Fr.

Speeaks, Spokes, } *the rays or staves of a wheel.* A. S.

Speek, *did spake.*

Speer, *a shelter in a house, made between the door and fire, to keep the wind off.* Br.

Spelk, *a thin bit of wood.* A. S.

Sperr'd, *enquired; also to be sperr'd, is to be published in the church.* A. S.

Speyk at him, *speak to him.*

Splinter, *a small piece of wood.* Bel.

Spokes, *the staves of a wheel.* Bel.

Spoat, *the spittle.*

Spok'n, *spoken.*

Spon new, *bran new, never wore.*
Spooart, *sport.*
Spoos, *bobbins for weavers shuttles.*
Spots, *places; also stains.*
Spytfo, *spiteful.*
Scymous, Squemous, } *saucy.*
Stadles, *marks made by the small pox.* A. S.
Stangs, *long, strong staves.* A. S.
Stank, *did stink.* Du.
Stanniel, *a hawk.*
Stark, *very stiff.* A. S.
Stark-giddy, *very angry, mad.*
Stark'en, *to stiffen, as mutton fat in the frost.* A. S.
Staw, *to be resty, will not go.* A. S.
Stawnch, *stanch, firm; also to satisfy.* Fr.
Stawnshons, *upright staves in a window.* Fr.
Stawp, *to go clumsily.*
Stawtert, *reeled.*
Steart, *stared.*
Steawk, *a handle.*
Steawp, *to stoop down.*
Steawp on reawp, *all, every part.*
Steawt, q. *stout; also proud.* A. S.
Steeigh, *a ladder; also a stile.*
Steep, *rennet.*
Steepo, *a steeple.*
Steyl, *a handle.*
Stickle, *to stand stiffly to a thing.* Teu.
Stickle-but *stickt.*
Stickt, *pierced, gored.*
Stiddy, *an anvil.* A. S.
Stingy, *sneaking.* A. S.
Stint, *to set bounds to.* A. S.
Stirk, *a heifer of a year old.* A. S.
Stoar, Store, } *value; also treasure.*
Stond, Son', } *stand.*
Stonning, *standing.*
Stoop, Stud, } *a stump in the roads to keep carts off; also pieces of wood or stone by which gates are hang'd.*
Stown, *stolen.*
Stracklings, *rash, foolish persons.*
Stract, *off their senses.*
Strawnge, *strange, unknown.*
Streek, *did strike.*
Strey, *straw.*
Strike, *two pecks.* A. S.
Strickle, *an instrument to mete corn; also another to whet scythes.* A. S.
Strinkle, q. *sprinkle.*
Strines, *the sides of a ladder.*
Stroakt, *stroaked.*
Stroke, *of corn two pecks.*
Strung, *strong.*
Strunt, vid. *scrunt.*
Strushon, *waste.*
Strowlt, q. *strolled.*
Stub, *an old stump.*
Stuff, *to cram; also a general name for many things.* Du.

Stunnish, *to stun; also to sprain the sinews.*
Stur, *stir.*
Suds, *a lather.* A. S.
Sulky, *subtle, ill-natur'd.*
Summot, *somewhat.*
Sumheaw, *some way.*
Sunk'd, *sunk.*
Sur, *sir.*
Suse, *six.*
Swab, *to swoon.*
Swad, *a pease or bean husk.*
Swaith, } *a single row of grass*
Swathe, } *cut by a mower.* Du.
Swathe-bawkt, *grass miss'd in cutting between the swathes.*
Swamp, *a boggy place.* Teu.
Swarffy, *tawny, blackish.* A. S.
Swarm'n, *do swarm; also a great number.*
Swat, *sweat; also did sweat.*
Swatch, *a piece for a sample.*
Swattle, *to waste things by degrees, to drink.*
Sweamish, *a bad stomach, saucy.*
Sweltit, *hot with sweating,* q. *melted.* A. S.
Sweal, *to burn, to blaze.* A. S.
Swilker, *to dash over, to shake liquor in a vessel.* A. S.
Swill, *to wash slightly.* A. S.
Swinging Stick, *a stick for beating or opening wool.* A. S
Swingle-tree, *a piece of wood to keep the gears of a horse open.*
Swither, } *to blaze, to burn very*
Swithur, } *fiercely.*
Swoon, *to faint.* A. S.
Swop, *exchange.*
Sye, *to put milk, &c. thro' a sieve; also to rain very fast.*

T

Ta', *take.*
T'a, *to a.*
Tak't, *take it.*
Talemed's Father, *the author of Telliamed, or the Indian Philosopher.*
Tarrit, *tarried.*
Tat, *that.*
Tawk'n, *they talk.*
Tawkn't, *did talk.*
Tawm, *to swoon, to vomit.*
Te, } *thy; also the; also they.*
Teh, }
Tead'n, } *they had.*
Theyd'n, }
Tealier, *a tailor.*
Tean, *taken.*
Tearn, *they were.*
T'eat, *to eat.*
Teastril, *a cunning rogue.*
Teathy, *peevish, cross.* A. S.
Teaw, *to pull; also to work hard; also to ruffle a person; also thou.* A. S.
Teawing, *hauling, ruffling, working hard.* A. S.
Teawn, *a town.*

Teawst, Theawst, *thou shall.*
Theawrt, *thou art.*
Teawse, *to pull, or ruffle.*
Teawzer, q. *Towzer.*
Ted, *to spread grass for hay.* A. S.
Tee, *thee; also a hair rope to shackle cows in milking.*
Teear, *they were; also to rent.*
Teem, *to pour out.* A. S.
Teeny, *fretful,* vid. *teathy; also very little.* A. S.
Tele, *a tail, or tale.*
Tell, *to know.*
Tem'd, *to pour out.* A. S.
Tems, *a sieve.* A. S.
Ten, *then.*
Tent, *to guard.*
Tey, *take; also thy.*
Tey't, *take it.*
Teytch, *teach.*
'Tharcake, q. *hearth-cake, from being baked on the hearth. 'Tis made of oatmeal unleavened, mixed with butter and treacle.*
The, *thee; also thy; also they.*
Theaw, *thou.*
Theawr't, *thou art.*
Thear'n, *they were.*
Theaw'll, *thou will.*
Theawm, Thame, *thumb.*
Theaws'n, Theawson, *thousand.*
Theawst, *thou shall.*
Theeigh, *a thigh.*
Theese, *these.*
They'n, *they will.*
Thible, vid. *slice.*
Thick podditch, *thick water gruel.*
Thin, *than.*
Things'n, *things will.*
Think, *a thing.*
Thiss'n, *after this manner.*
Thooan, Thoan, *wettish.*
Those'n, *those will.*
Thowt, *thought.*
Thodden Bread, &c. *is said to be thodd'n when it is stiff and close like the liver of hogs.*
Thooal, *to afford.* A. S.
Thrang, *throng.* A. S.
Thrap-wife, vid. *thrunk.* A. S.
Thraw, Threeap, *to argue hot and loud.* A. S.
Thrift, *a pain in the joints of young persons.* Teu.
Thrimmo, *to finger a thing too long, as a miser his money; also yarn ill spun.*
Throddy, Throddle, *fat, broad, bulky.*
Throtteen, *thirteen.*
Throttlt', *strangled.*
Thrung, Thrunk, *very busy.*

Thrunk os thrap-wife when hoo hong'd 'er sell ith' dishcleawt, *this is spoken of persons triflingly busy.* A. S.

Thrut, *the throw of a stone, &c. also the throw in wrestling.*

Thrutches, *thrusts.*

Thrutcht, *did thrust; also am thrust, or squeez'd.*

Thrutchings, *the last press'd whey in making of cheese.*

Thump, *a blow.*

Thumping, *a striking; also a thing very large or notorious.*

Thunk, *a lace of whit-leather.* A. S.

Thurn, *a thorn.*

Thwack, Thwang, *a great blow; also a large piece of bread and cheese.* A. S.

Thwole, Thooal, *to afford, to allow.* A. S.

Thooanish, *a little wet.*

Thwite, *to cut with a knife.*

Thwittle, *a wooden hafted knife.*

Tick, *a vermin on cows, &c.*

Tift, *to be in good tift is to be in good order.*

Tike, *perhaps from tick, which see, any out of the way person is called a tike.*

Tilly, *till I.*

Timmersome, q. *timorous, fearful.*

Tin, *till; also to shut a door.*

Tinge, *a small red insect.*

Tinn'd, *is shut.*

Tit, *a horse, or mare.*

Titter, *to laugh.* Teu.

Titter or latter, *sooner or later.* A. S.

Tite, *neat, spruce; also as well, as soon.*

Tizeday, *Tuesday.*

To, *too; also thou.*

Toart, *toward.*

Tone, *the one.*

Tooart, *a t—d.* A. S.

Tooad, *a toad.*

Tooat, *a tuft of hair, grass, &c.*

Toose, *those.*

To't, *to it.*

Too-to, *us'd when any thing excels.*

Topple, *stagger; also to fall.*

Tory-rory, vid. *hey-go-mad.*

Tother, *the other.*

Towd, *told.*

Toyne, *shut.*

Toynt, *is shut.*

Toyart, *wearied.*

Track, *a path, as sheep tracks, &c.* Fr.

Tramp, *a journey, to tramp is to travel.*

Trash, *unripe fruit; also an over-worn shoe.* Teu.

Trat, *did treat.*

Traunce, *a tedious journey.*

Treacle-Butter-Cake, *bread spread over with treacle.*

Trest, *a strong large stool.* Fr.

Trice, *a moment, quickly.*
Trig, *to run softly.*
Trindle, *the trundle of a wheel-barrow.* A. S.
Trouble'o, *trouble you.*
Troubl't, *troubled.*
Tum, *to tum wool, is to card it slightly.*
Tum, *a by-name for Thomas.*
Tummus o'Williams, o'Margit, o'Roaph's, q. *Thomas of William's, of Margaret, of Ralph's. These proper names are us'd in some parts of Lancashire to distinguish persons where there are many of the same name in the same neighbourhood.*
Tunor, *Tuner, a dog's name.*
Tung, *tongue.*
Tup, *a ram.*
Tupunny, *two-penny.*
Turmits, *turnips.*
Turmoil, *to vex; also to work very hard.*
Tussle, *to struggle, to wrestle.*
Tutch, *a comical trick.*
Tuttle, *an awkward person in shape, humour, &c.*
Twattle, *to s—te; also to go about with tales.* Bel.
Twinge, *to nip, to squeeze.* Bel.
Twindles, *twins.* A. S.
Twinter, *a year old heifer.*
Twirl, *to whirl.* A. S.
Twirlpoo, *a whirl-pool.* A. S.
Twitch, *to pinch, to nip.* A. S.
Twitch-ballock, *the great black beetle.* A. S.
Twitter, *is to laugh secretly, within a twitter, is within a little; twittert yarn is unevenly spun.* Teu.
'Twou'd, *it would.*
'Twur, *it was; also it were.*
Tyke, vid. *tike.*
Tyne, *to shut.* A. S.
Tyney, *very little.*

U

Uddzlud, Uddzo, *diminutive oaths from God's-blood and God's-wounds, now interjections not commonly understood.*
Um, *them.*
Unbethowt, *reflected, remember'd.*
Unlaight, or Unleawght, *unlaugh'd.*
Unkert, Uncoth, *strange; also news.* A.S.
Uphowd, *maintain, uphold, to warrant a thing.*
Uphowdteh, *maintain it thee.*
Uphowdo', *maintain it to you.*
Urchon, *a hedge-hog.* A. S.
Us't, *used.*

V

Varlet, *a vile person.* Fr.
Varment, *vermin.*

Varra, *very.*
Veeol, *veal.*
View-tree, *yew-tree.*

W

Wakker, *easy to be awaked.* Du.
Wack'nt, *awaked.* Du.
Waddle, *to stagger, or go like ducks.* Du.
Waesme, *woe is me.*
Waggle, *to go like ducks.* Bel.
Wamble, vid. *waddle.* A. S.
Wag, *to move to and fro; also an arch person.* A. S.
Walk-mill, *a fulling-mill.* Bel.
Walladay, q. *wail the day! an interjection for sorrow.*
Wantit, Wantut, } *wanted.*
Want'n, *want.*
Wap, *a peep; wap't by, is went swiftly by.*
War and war, *worse and worse.*
Wark, *work; also ached.* A. S.
Wark-brattle, *loving to work.* A.S.
Warkt, *ached.* A. S.
Ward, Warld, } *world.*
Warry, *to curse.* A. S.
Warst, *worst.*
Wartcht, *ached.* A. S.
Warritt'n, *Warrington.*
Warrit, *did curse.*
Wattles, *the lowest part of a cock's comb.* Teu.
Waughish, *faintish, sickly.*
Wauter, *to stagger.* A. S.
Wawk'n, *walk.*
Wawt, *overturn.* A. S.
Wax, *grow.* A. S.
Waybroad, *the herb plantain.* A. S.
Weal, *to chuse.*
Wear, *to lay out money; also a dam.* Br.
Wea's-me, q. *woe is me, an interjection of sorrow.*
Weaughing, *barking.*
Weaw, *the cry of a cat.*
Weeks of the Mouth, *the sides of it.*
Weeky, *moist, wettish.*
Weel, *well.*
Ween, *we have; also we will.*
Weet, *wet; also with it.* A. S.
Weete, *to wet.* A. S.
Weh, *with.*
Well'd, *boil'd or scalded milk; also to forge iron.*
Welly, or Well-ney, q. *well-nigh, very near.*
Welkin, *the sky.* A. S.
Welt, *a doubling in the garment; also an hem.* A. S.
Wem, *the belly.* A. S.
Went'n, *went.*
Wetur, *water.*
Wetur-tawms, *sick fits, water qualms.*
Wey, *way.*
Weynt, *weaned.*
Whackert, *quaked, trembled.*

Whaff, Whaft, *a blast of wind.* A. S.

Whake, *to tremble.*

Wharle-knot, *a hard knot.*

Wharloch, *a wizzard.*

Whau, *why; also well; an interjection.*

Whawm, *to take a whawm, is to warm ones self.*

Wheant, Wheint, q. *quaint, strange; also comical.*

Whean, Wheign, q. *quean, a whore, a slut.* Du.

Wheas'n, *the gullet.* A. S.

Wheeze, *to make a noise in breathing.* A. S.

Wheem, *near; also handy.* A. S.

Whewtit, Wheawtit, *whistled.*

Wherr, *very sour.*

Wherkn't, *suffocated with water, smoke, &c.*

Wherrit, *a box on the ear; also did laugh.*

Wherrying, *laughing.*

Whelpt, *whelped.* A. S.

Whick, *alive.*

Whiffo Whaffo, or whiff whaff, *trifling words or deeds.*

Whimper, *offering to cry.* Teu.

Whinney, *to neigh.* Br.

Whirl-booan, *the round bone of the knee, the patella.*

Whirlybooans, *the knees.*

Whisht, *hush, silence.*

Whisk-telt, *light of carriage, whorish.*

Whisky, *whorish.*

Whinnit, *neighed.* Br.

Whithern, *whither will.*

Whiz, *to hiss, as a flying bullet.* A. S.

Whoam, *home.*

Whoavt, *covered.* A. S.

Whooad, *who would; also who had.*

Whoats, *oats.*

Whoo-up, *shouting when all's over.*

Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! *an interjection of great surprise.*

Whot, *what.*

What's, *what is.*

Whott'n, *what will they; also what will you.*

Whottle, *what will.*

Whotyel, q. *hot awl, an iron to bore holes.*

Why-kawve, *a female calf.*

Wick, *a week.*

Wilcat, q. *wild cat, the pole cat.*

Wilcome, *welcome.*

Wimmy, *with me.*

Win, *will.*

Winnaw, *will not.*

Winrow, *hay put together in rows before housing it.*

Wint, *the wind.*

Wisket, *a basket.*

Wistey, *a large spacious place.*

Witheawt, *without.*
Wither, *very strong, lusty.*
Wither, *with her; also with your.*
Wizz'n, *to pine away, to dwindle.*
Wofo, *woeful.*
Wonst, *once; also on purpose.*
Woo, *wool.*
Wooans, *lives, or dwells.*
Wooant, *did live.* A. S.
Woode, *mad.* A. S.
Wort, *a word; also new liquor.* A. S.
Wortch, *to work.*
Wou'd, *I wish.*
Wou'ddidd'n, Woudyedd'n, *I wish you wou'd.*
Wough, *a wall.* A. S.
Wrang, Wrank, *wrong.*
Wrostle, *wrestle; also to grow ripe.*
Wrostling, *wrestling.* Du.
Wrynot, *sirname. He shad Wrynot, and Wrynot shad the devil.*
Wrythen, *twisted; also ill-natur'd.* A. S.
Wryth'nly, *peevishly.* A. S.
Wondert, *wondered.*
Wuns, *lives; also an interjection from wounds.* A. S.
Wunt, *did live.* A. S.
Wur, *was.*
Wurneh, Worney, *were you.*
Wurr, *worse.*
Wurr'n, *was, were.*
Wurrit, Wurt, *was it.*
Wurther, *was there.*
Wythin Kibbo, *a strong willow.*
Wyzles, *stalks of potatoes, turnips, &c.*

Y

Yammer, *to desire eagerly.*
Yarb, *a herb.*
Yarley, *early, soon in the morning.*
Yean, *you will; also a sheep is said to yean when she brings forth.* A. S.
Yeandurth, *before noon.*
Yeasing, *the eaves of an house.*
Yestmus, Yepsintle, *a handful.*
Yeasy, *easy.*
Yeate, *a gate.*
Yearnstful, *very earnest.*
Years, *ears.*
Yeawl, q. *howl like a dog.*
Yed, *a by-name for Edward.*
Yem, *a by-name for Edmund.*
Yearth, *earth.* A. S.
Yepsintle, *two hands full.*
Yer, *your.*
Yigh, *yes, yea.*
Yo, *you.*
Yoan, *you will, you have.*
Yoar, *you are.*
Yood'n, *you was.*

Yorshar, *Yorkshire, to put Yorkshire of a man, is to trick, cheat, or deceive him.*

Yort, *a fold, or yard.*

Yuletide, *Christmas times.* A. S.

Yugmas, *Christmas games.* A. S.

Yugoads, *Christmas playthings.* A. S.

Yusterday, *yesterday.*

Yusterneet, *yesternight.*

Yunk, Yung, } *young.*

Yunger, *younger; also youngest.*

Z

Zuns, *a petty oath from God's-wounds; an interjection.*

CURIOUS

REMARKS

ON THE

HISTORY OF MANCHESTER.

With a judicious incredulity of spirit, let us enquire and think for ourselves.

Preface to the History *of* Manchester, *Page* 7.

BY MUSCIPULA, SEN.

To all whom it may concern.

CHANCE throwing into my hands a new newspaper, entitled *Prescott's Manchester Journal*, I observed particularly in it some remarks on the *History of Manchester*, written by a gentleman who signs himself *Chremes*, which I thought a little too sharp and ludicrous.

This rouz'd my curiosity to see the book, which I soon procur'd, and sat down very coolly, intending only to compare the work with the observations of *Chremes*, to satisfy my own private judgment, as to the justness or impropriety of the remarks.

I had not read above half the preface to this curious history, but the author appear'd so positive, so very dogmatical, that *Chremes's* remarks not only appear'd just, but too short and lenient.

On this, I could not well master the whim that started up, but resolv'd to add some few strictures or remarks of my own, besides those I met with in that number of Prescott's Journal; tho it proves since (for I did not expect the remarker would continue his observations in more than one paper) that we have now and then beaten the same bush.

I intended these remarks to be more serious than those of *Chremes:* but before I had perus'd a dozen pages, I found it impossible for one of my temper to do it; having a natural antipathy to tyranny in writing, as well as politics: for I found his Reverence so positive and self-sufficient, that it threw all gravity out of my thoughts, and serious reasoning out of the question; so in spite of my first intentions, I fell into the same strain, with the prior remarker.

What his Reverence or his friends may think of these observations I know not, neither do I want to know: and if any whimsical person should think it worth his while to

write remarks on the remarks, and on the remarker too, I promise him it shall not move my spleen; but I will not avouch so much for my laughter.

If these ludicrous remarks shou'd prove as a lancet, to cool a little dogmatical blood; or a speculum, to shew in a true light the ridiculousness of so affectedly-lofty, prolix, and imperious a style, I shall hit the mark I shoot at: for excepting those glaring foibles, and the credulous whims, too common with most antiquarians, he is certainly capable of writing in a masterly and pleasing style, (of which I could produce some instances); and I fancy he might prove a solid antiquarian, and an honour to the town he lives in, if a sort of pride, mix'd with self-sufficiency, do not, (as in a whirlwind) carry him beyond the clouds.

I shall readily own he has advanc'd many new and ingenious probabilities, as well as wild extravagancies; for which last he justly blames his brother antiquarians: yet, self-love is so blind, he cannot see that he has those very faults he so sharply corrects in others. If a thing be in unison with his fancy, that *must* be right: if any thing clashes, that is *absolutely* wrong, the author was too juvenile, he was ignorant of the matter, he did not understand the language, &c.

I do not blame him, or defend any one he finds fault with, so long as reason and probability are his guides: but when he abandons these, and slips into the dark and towering smoke of Ossian, and other dubious authorities; why should not I withdraw my assent, and leave him in the mazes of his own fancy? He has treated many authors before him, as well as some cotemporaries, in a mean and despicable manner: let his Reverence then submit quietly to the *Lex-talionis*, and not be angry with poor

MUSCIPULA.

Remarks on the Preface.

THIS preface begins with telling the reader what he may expect. In pages 6 and 7. "He may expect whatever may "illustrate the general antiquities of the kingdom; whatever "marks the general polity of towns; whatever serves to lay "open the causes and circumstances of any momentous events; "all these the author proposes to examine; to ascertain the "doubtful, to retrench the false, and clear up the obscure. "He will fix the position of the British tribes; accurately "define the extent of the Roman provinces in the island, "which has been hitherto *The Philosopher's Stone of Antiqui-* "*ties.*" He goes on, "By a new test that seems *absolutely* "decisive; by a new argument, that seems to carry every "conviction with it," &c.

These and more wonderful things he will bring into day from the rust of time, and darkness of ignorance; many of them by such dark-lanterns as Macpherson's Ossian, and the Monk of Westminster's Itinerary: Which last work he says, "is so "genuine that it needs no proof; for all the embodied antiqua- "arians of the four last centuries could not have forged so "learned a detail of Roman antiquities." Yet for all this assurance, where this Monk had it from no one knows, except from Ptolomy, cotemporary writers, druidical traditions, or the records of a certain Roman general: but who that general was, or when, or where he liv'd, this antiquarian knows not; and the whole is more uncertain than the days, or even the battles of his favourite *Pendragon Fingal.**

Yet these, and many such like, are the rotten and tottering piles he builds his stupendous fabric on: by these his arguments are *absolutely* decisive; they *must* ascertain the doubtful;

* See more on this subject in page 8, of these remarks, where the authenticity of Ossian's Poems is disputed.

they *must* carry every degree of conviction with them, for one all-sufficient reason, because he says so!

Again in page 7. "The whole period of our national "history before the conquest is the most important and "momentous in our annals: it gives the body and form to "all succeeding centuries of it. It contains the actual com- "mencement of our public and private oeconomy: yet this "important period has been more wretchedly delineated than "any other; has been hitherto delineated with all the hasty "superficialness of ignorance; but this work *hopes* to unfold "many a dark entangled clue of history: the present work "*hopes* to point out a large variety of incidents."

Great are thy *hopes*, O mighty work! Vast are thy ardent expections! And I hope too that thy sovereign's power will enable him in the two next volumes to compleat thy *hopes* and our wishes! But the mountain in labour occurs to my mind; my fears suggest a ridiculous birth, and that there will start up more Thomas Didymus's than faithful Stephen's, or fond believing patriarchs.

By the foregoing mighty *hopes*, and positive assertions, we find this antiquarian's telescopical sight can see many small atoms before the conquest; but he cannot see the importance of the revolution in eighty-eight. He can settle upon decisive principles the origin and history of the Picts, Scots, Danes, &c. but he cannot see the ten times more plain and a hundred times more momentous annals (both to the present and future generations) of the late, and present blundering, corrupt, and ruinous administrations of the present reign.*

* "I presume his Reverence is not so much a courtier as to affirm, that "the Constitution has been most grossly, and daringly violated under the "present Reign. He will not say, that the Laws have not been shamefully "broken or perverted;—that the Rights of the Subject have not been invaded, "or that Redress has not been repeatedly solicited and refused." *Junius to Horn, Aug.* 10, 1771, *published since I wrote the above.*

However he concludes the preface with some glaring truths: for he breaks straight lines, and turns them crooked, as his wonder-working fancy pleases: he lights up those dark ages with the glow-worm-tail of Richard the Monk, and the towering smoke of Ossian. He heightens the little, witness his brook *Tib*, which (on reading his description of it) I went to view, but could not find one drop of water in it, except some dark purple liquid issuing from a dye-house a little above: he colours over the lifeless, for the truth of this, see his British-battle-axes, pa. 16; his British Mancenion, pa. 26; Roman Mancunium, pa. 38; the ground-plot of the Roman summer-station, pa. 186; and his new-invented map of the original town of Manchester, delineated with as much minuteness and particularity, as if he had himself measured the streets, built the town, and plann'd the summer station; all which curious things (if ever they existed but in his own fancy) *must* be above 1400 years before this author was born.

REMARKS

ON THE

HISTORY OF MANCHESTER.

This reverend gentleman sets out in the most pompous absolute style (from which he scorns to deviate to the last page*) by saying, that all the antiquarians before him have been mistaken in the appellation by which Manchester has been known in the Roman Itinerary: Page 2. "That it is *obviously* not Roman, it "is *obviously* deduced from the British language."

Certainly his reverence begins this *hopeful work*, with bantering all common sense; to affirm so dogmatically, that a thing so very plain, so very easy to be seen, was never seen; never perceiv'd, or understood, by any one antiquarian before him. Is not this ranting career begun with asserting a falsity? for the thing cou'd not be *obvious*, as he affirms it is, and yet never possible to be seen, possible to be known, or ever thought on by any mortal before himself!

Here at the very starting, he has thrown his readers into a dilemma.—We must either believe this author infallible, and wiser than all who have gone before him; or all prior antiquarians a set of blind fools!—— Smile reader — take which side thou pleases — Gulliver's Travels — or the Gospel!—— Hold—now I have hit on it: it proves an error of the press: for *obvious*, read *occult*.

In the same page he says, "That the Roman name Mancu-"nium was not originally impos'd by the Romans; it was

* I hope the reader will excuse it, if he meets with some of his dogmatical terms in the following short remarks, which he will find in the Italian type, such as *must*, *absolutely*, *must certainly*, *must of necessity*, *&c. &c. &c.*

"*actually* impos'd by the Britons themselves, and the Britons "only cou'd communicate a British name to a Roman fortress."

Well said P——: did the Romans never name any one of their own fortresses, with a grain or two of British in it? No—no—The Britons stood Godmothers to them all, from the north-east parts of Parthia, to the Pillars of Hercules!

Page 13. In this page he begins to describe his battle-axes, and says, "Some have no handle, and are therefore hollow in "the blade." Query, What's this hollow for, if not for a handle, or can there be a battle-ax without a handle? if so, a man's a man when his head's gone.

Others have an handle and no hollow. Query, Where then must the handle be put? It *must* be put in an improper place, or no where at all! Does not all this clash with that old-fashioned thing call'd common sense? I think his reverence shou'd have told us what the hollow in the blade was for, if not for a handle: and where the handle shou'd be put, except in a hole or a hollow: he might as well have told me, that the hole in the head of a hammer was not for its handle; and that it might be fasten'd best to the handle without a hole.

Yet here is description! This is ascertaining the doubtful! — this is clearing up the obscure!

These brass implements must not by any means be the heads of spears, javelins, or the like, because the wisest antiquarians have thought them so: they must be battle-ax heads; altho' he tells us, page 14, "That the socket (which by the bye is no "socket but a groove) is plainly calculated for the reception of "a wooden-handle in the same line with the blade." This *must certainly* be a queer ax indeed, as its position resembles that of a scythe laid straight in the pole.

Again, in his own brass celt, which was found in the hills of Saddleworth, he tells us, "Part of a wooden handle was actually "inserted in the cavity of the blade." Strange indeed! but not so very strange neither, upon reflection: for he *must abso-*

lutely be more cunning than I, that can find a more proper place for to put the handle in, than the hole or socket in the head of an ax. But still another oddity occurs; for the handle of this celt stands in a contrary direction to that of the Mancunian celt; for he tells us, this stands in a right-angle, not in a right line with the handle, as the other did: yet they both are, "plainly the heads of battle-axes." Notwithstanding our author's assertion, I think it would puzzle his antiquarian faculties, to fix the last-mentioned celt in a right-angle with its handle: the difficulty of which any one may see by viewing the plates, which are well expressed, and easily understood: the sight of which demonstrates both of them were made to lie in straight or parallel lines with the handles: and for this reason they *must absolutely* be of the philosopher's battle-axes, or battle-axes of all antiquities.

As to the celt found in Saddleworth, with a socket at the opposite end to the edge, and in which he says a handle was actually inserted at a right-angle with its head; this handle might not be of equal antiquity with the head, but put in by some person of late years; who not knowing either its value, or antiquity, might carelessly lose it; and which may be the case again, more than once, in the space of the next thousand years.

In short, it appears incongruous to me, that as their form shews, that their heads and handles *must actually* stand in the same direction, they never were used as battle-axes, being so very much too light for that purpose; but rather the heads of staves, spears, or javelins: but in my opinion, they were most likely of all to be the bottom part of spears, and that the loops (by which our author fancies they might be slung over the shoulder, by a string, or hang'd by their side) were for the hanging of small bells; by the noise of which they might appear more terrible to their enemies in battle, and drown the dying groans of their wounded.

As to the two objections our author brings, that they were too blunt, and too large in size for spear heads: I dare answer the first (in his own way) that they were *absolutely* sharper once than they are at present; and that the modern spear heads will be blunter than they are, at half their age. And supposing them made before the Britons knew the use of iron, brass was the next proper material for such uses of any other. As to the objection of being too heavy, that vanishes, and the futility of it appears, by only reflecting on the weight of some of our modern spear heads; one of which, as I guess, may weigh two or more of the brass celts.*

Page 14. He tells us, the head and handle of the battle-ax was fasten'd by a pin in the socket; tho' there was no hole through for the pin to go into.

Page 15. Here he says, there was an orifice on one side of it. How did he know this, pray? He tells you, by the largeness of the cavity within.

This is very curious — quite wonderful indeed! Notwithstanding this nice description, in the next line, he says, it was secur'd (not by the before-mentioned pin) but by an infusion of melted metal. Shou'd his reverence ask me, cannot there

* Since I writ this remark, I have had a peep into Borlace's Antiquities of Cornwall, and was glad to find, that learned Antiquarian adopts much the same notions that I have of these celts; for after describing them, and quoting the opinions of divers antiquarians, he says, "The use which will "best agree with these properties, seems to me to be the head or arming "of the spear, the javelin, or the arrow." pa. 286. Thus Dr. Borlace was far from thinking them battle-ax heads, tho' his reverence would not tell us so.

So our Sistuntian author may stand, to the end of time, in that most delightful place which he has chosen, and where Lot's wife was placed before him, i. e. by himself.

N.B. In Borlace's plate of these celts, there are some so small, yet of their natural size, that they might very well be the tips of arrows; but his reverence would not tell us this, for one reason—They *must* be battle-axes too!

be a pin of metal? Granted. But then I ask, in my turn, did you ever see a pin made of melted metal? Hum — perhaps not. — Yet this *must* be accurate defining! for the tailor made no botch when he fix'd the sleeve on the pocket-hole.

But to clear up this obscure, and curious article of antiquarianism, let our author try the experiment of fastening his battle-ax head on, by pouring melted metal into the wooden handle. I know not whether our author wou'd blush on the trial: but I am sure the handle wou'd;— burn; and not be fast neither.

Again in page 15. Here also he tells us, "he has a great "curiosity *in itself;* which is a British, strong, heavy stone "celt, moulded with great regularity, from a large stone, and "ground neatly to an edge."

What admirable faculties has a true-bred antiquarian! for let twenty common mortals see this stone, and not one out of them all can tell, that its parent block weighed two pounds two ounces more than it does at present.

As to the edge of this celt, it is about twice as blunt as the brass ones; yet this is a neat edge; but the brazen ones were obtuse, and too blunt for the heads of spears.

Page 17. "The whole body of the Highland Scots (says our "author) are living witnesses of the authenticity of Ossian's "poems."

Now if the whole body of the Highlanders knew them so well to be genuine at the time Macpherson collected them, which was in 1760, how happens it, that the Highland and Scots Historians and Antiquarians did not know, or so much as hear of the Poems of Ossian before Macpherson was born? Is not tradition better, more creditable, and clearer, near the fountain head than further off?

The few following cogent presumptions, are as strong, as negative proofs can be, that all the Scots historians were ignorant of them; nor did any one of them so much as dream, that

so great a poet (who excell'd Homer if we believe Dr. Blair) ever existed among them.

Sir David Lyndsay could not have heard of them, because he speaks thus of the Bishop of Dunkell as a poet (and born in the year 1474) without ever mentioning Ossian.

> Alace for ane, whilk lamp was in this land
> Of eloquence the flowand balmy strand
> And in our Inglis rhetorick the rose
> As of rubeis the carbunckle bin chose,
> And as Phebus does Cynthia precel
> So *Gawan Douglas* Bischop of Dunkell
> Had quhen he was into this land on lyue
> Abufe vulgar poetis prerogatiue
> Baith in practick, and speculation.
>
> Prologue of the Complaint of the Papingo, P. 40. 185. Edin. 1592.

Another Scots author says,

> Thocht *Gawin Douglas* Bischop of Dunkell
> In ornate meter surmount did everilk man.

William Drummond, of Hawthornden, in his history of K. James V. says,

This Bishop of Dunkell was a man, noble, valiant, learned, and an excellent poet.

Hume, of Godscroft, in his hist. of the Douglasses, pa. 220, says,

This Bishop shows such an ample vein of poesy, so pure, pleasant, and judicious, that I believe, there is none that hath written before, or since, but cometh short of him.

Dr. Patrick Anderson tells us, *Gawin Douglas* was the best Scots poet that ever was born in that nation of any before him. M. S. hist. of Scotland, from the death of K. Jam. I. vol. 1. fol. 128.

Now I will leave it to the reader's judgment, whether all these Scots authors (and many more I could mention) shou'd speak of this *Gawin Douglas* as the best, and most noted poet

that ever lived in that country before them; and yet not hint at, or quote Ossian, if they had ever heard of him?

Or is it probable, that if he had ever existed, and had been so famous and lofty a poet for historical, curious, antique songs, but some one must have heard of, and mention'd him?

I presume both these questions will be answered in the negative: and here I'll rest the point.

As one of the great props of our author's high towering novelties is thus shaken, let us examine a little into the foundation of his main pillar: I mean Richard, the Monk of Westminster's Itinerary.

It may be worth observing, that when any author of credit will serve our antiquarian's turn, he makes use of him just as far as he likes (to establish his notions): but when some new whim is to be prov'd, or lugg'd into day; then Richard's Itinerary is yoked up, or Ossian is quoted.

This Ricardus Corinensis was unknown to the learned world till about twenty-four years ago, at which time (our author tells us) one Bertram, an English gentleman had the great good-luck to find it at Copenhagen; a copy of which he transmitted to Doctor Stukely, who perswaded Bertram to publish it, which he did.

In 1757, Doctor Stukely printed another edition, with a commentary from the transcript.

Now it happens, that either Dr. Stukely found something he did not approve, and so alter'd the copy, or twisted it awry by his comment: or else Bertram had altered the original: for these two publications of the same work fall out by the ears, and differ in many important articles; but our author does not tell us whether we should follow, or whether is more authentic: and the whole weight and credit of this great illumination of antiquities lies on the shoulders of the discoverer, poor Mr. Bertram: who truly may be called the Macpherson of Richard's Itinerary.*

* For more on this subject, see remarks on the 7th page of the preface.

If these two main pillars totter, what must become of this hopeful work; this new-plann'd glorious fabric of our antiquarian.

Pages 20 and 32. In these pages, he speaks of the British suns, which gave our ancestors their whole undiminished reflected warmth. This curious observation of two or more suns, *must absolutely* have slipt the eyes of all former historians and antiquarians: so that our author *must certainly* have the honour of first bringing this curious, but obscure article into day. For tho' one might almost swear it impossible for all prior antiquarians to miss so glaring a curiosity, yet there is no arguing against matter of fact; they *most certainly* did not see it; because our author quotes no authority from whom, or where he had it. Nay, his oracles, Ossian and Richard, are absolutely silent in the affair.

O happy Britons! By the light of these suns we see the reason of your empty wardrobes: you might well go naked (notwithstanding our author dresses you in suits of plaid from top to toe) who were bless'd with such warm; — such shining; — such glorious days!

Some of the next volumes *must certainly* tell us, what is become of all the other suns, as none are left us but the old one. Query, Sir, do not they clip new moons out of them?

Page 22. "In the year 1765, or 1766, was found a Roman "Lachrymatory of black glass, deposited in a little hole upon "the rock, and half filled with tears; the cork-stopple being "nearly consumed by time, and the liquor still retaining a "considerable degree of saltness."

This historio-antiquarian *must certainly* be either inspir'd, or have his taste and smell in an exquisite degree of perfection! Nay, he *must absolutely* have a better nose than his hunting greyhound, (see page 326) when he can so easily distinguish a Roman Lachrymatory from an old Anglo-Saxon glass bottle:

or the tears of a Roman from the u--ne of an English-Saxon Lady. Be this abtruse matter as the reader pleases, but (in our author's style) it *certainly must be the Philosopher's* URINAL *of Antiquities:* (see Prc. p. 6) and the next volumes will, I as steadfastly *hope* as any book in the world can do, tell us what cohort the tears belong'd to; what the man's name was, who cry'd them, and on what account.

This wou'd indeed be illustrating the antiquities of the kingdom; This would "lay open the causes and circumstances "of this momentous event! This would ascertain the doubt-"ful; retrench the false; and clear up the obscure!"

When all this is done, there is still a small cloud to disperse: i. e. to prove from the Greeks or the Romans; from Ossian, or Richard; that the Romans could out-cry the ancient Britons, or our Saxon ancestors; because we never heard of either of the last bottling up tears.

Pages 25 and 32. Here the reader will meet with many curious anecdotes which must never have seen day, had not his reverence ferretted them out of the dark abodes of oblivion. In pa. 25 he tells us, how the British cabins made streets, and to what quarter of the world they pointed. How they skirted along the woody area with their cars, in bringing stone from Collyhurst delf. How a square foundation could not be a cabin for British warriors, because it was square; it *must* be the ground-work of a hovel for British cattle, and for this further reason, it was on the slope of a bank. How, and where the Mancenion Sistunti built their shippons, or cow-houses. In page 32, he informs us, how and when the Romans began to construct this station. Who measur'd and plann'd it: where the soldiers laid down their shields and knapsacks, when they went to work in a morning, &c. &c. &c.

Here is describing momentous events! This is clearing up the obscure! But how is it done pray? Why, with his old-

fashion'd weather-beaten proof, *it must be so;* which like the sword of his great *Pendragon*, Fingal, cuts all opposing arguments in two at the middle; and knocks staggering faith and doubts on the head.

Page 27. "The solitude and silence of Mancenion was never "interrupted but by the numerous resort of soldiers to the "fortress in war; by the occasional visits of hunters in peace; "and by the hollow hum of the dying murmurs of the garrison, "conversing at a distance in the Castle-field. The boar and "the wolf were the only proprietors of these ample confines."

What an affectation of round-about terms is here! What talk at a distance in a field that had no being! But, query, Can solitude or silence, be at any time, or in any manner interrupted, but either in peace or in war; by talking at a distance, like echoes; by occasional visits, or the dying murmurs of its own inhabitants?

The boar and the wolf may be inhabiters; but whether they can be proprietors of woods, forests, &c. of which men are possess'd, I shall leave to the decision of lawyers; but I doubt the affirmative: because where there is property of any long standing, there are quarrels, or law-suits; and it would be ascertaining the doubtful, and clearing up the obscure, to prove a law-suit between a boar and a wolf on account of their ample confines.

Page 43. He speaks here of a Roman urn, found in the skirts of the Castle-field, in 1765, near the size of a quart, which contained a quantity of ashes. Now here the sagacity of his nose cou'd tell that these were the ashes of a child; yes, and the ashes of a considerable officer's child too; but all his antiquarian faculties could not tell that a gill cup was capable of containing the ashes of the bones of an ox, or those of Goliath's of Gath; so if his reverence had told us that they had been ashes of the bones of one of his new-made Sistuntian Empresses, or those of a favourite parrot, the account would

have been as probable, and given as much satisfaction to his readers.

Page 47. Mentioning the Roman altar at Hulme-hall, he says: "I apprehend it is more ancient than any other altar, "or monument in all Roman Britain. The characters are well "cut, and well rounded; and better in both respects than the "generality of letters in the inscriptions of Antoninus Pius."

What he means by well cut and well rounded (especially) I am not able to guess: but I have been to see this altar, the letters of which he is so much taken with: and I believe any tolerable judge, on seeing it, will think with me, that most of the letters are repaired in a cobbling manner, since it was found in 1612, both in the main strokes, the oblique, and horizontal ones; and tipped, or ended like the present capital Roman type.

Pages 115 and 116. These pages contain very singular instances of the wild infatuation of the human mind, when buoyed up with self-sufficiency, and the floating vapours of enthusiasm of any kind.

This great, this omniscient *Pendragon* of antiquarianism, sharply reproves (notes p. 116.) the Rev. Mr. Watson, for speaking no more than he thought or knew (or not distinctly enough) of the course of the Roman road from Manchester to Blackrod, which all will allow (his reverence excepted) who knew any thing of the matter, to be dark and dubious, if ever there went any at all; and because he does not clench his guesses with that notable hammer, *it must be so.*

He finds fault with the same gentleman, for taking the ruins of a castle at Blackrod for the remains of a Roman station.

He supposes Mr. Watson was mistaken in this, because the area of it was not large enough to erect shippons on it; and that it wanted room for soldiers to lay down their shields and knap-sacks.

But how often does this Momus not only build fortresses, but whole market-towns, with few or no ruins at all to help him?

Witness his northern Bremetonac; his fortress at Colne, at Castle-shaw, in Saddleworth, at Windybank, near Littleborough, his British Mancenion, Roman Mancunion, and many more airy and inchanted castles, which I'll leave to the reader's own observations to find out.

Mr. Percival, he tells us, "has a wild way of asserting, "without mentioning proofs; has a wilder of supposing, with-"out advancing reasons: he asserts without argument, and "imagines without warrant; by which means the multiplicity "of Roman stations is easy, and the fate obvious. And had he "been left to the guidance of his own untutor'd genius, he "would have stocked Lancashire with an infinite variety of "stations."

Here we see a portrait well painted;—but at the same time, behold also an oddity!—The painter here knows not the person of whom he has drawn a striking likeness! He fancies he sees another man's face in a glass:—stares attentively on it, and takes himself to the life! For the truth of this assertion, I refer the reader to what is already said, and to what shall come after, in the following remarks.

I had thoughts of producing particular proofs, that this whole impeachment laid on the shoulders of Mr. Percival, and the Rev. Rector (the first is no more,—and the latter, if worth his while, is able to defend himself) ought to be totally saddled on our author's back: but when I begun, the crowd of allegations started up so thick, that the most laconic recital of them, would swell these short remarks beyond the limits I at first fixed them.

However I dare challenge any one to produce a book of the same number of pages with our author's, that contains more tautologies, more bombast sentences, and more prolix, ridiculous phrases: that contains more assertions without proofs, suppositions without advancing reasons; castles, towns, and fortresses, built on the airy foundations of fancy, or more mock-

antiquities, proved by so futile an argument, as simply, *it must be so.*

Page 120. This page is only remarkable for one short but wonderful anecdote; for he tells us gravely, the Roman road from Manchester to his Rerigonium, descended one hill in order to ascend another.

Was not this queerly done of this Roman road? For why should it go down one hill on purpose to rise another, when his reverence would have it to have gone the shortest way, and flown in horizontal lines from one hill to another?

Page 138. In this he mentions a Roman road that went from Mancunium into Yorkshire, and says, "Leaving Street-"fold, and the parish, the road must have proceeded by Street-"bridge and Street-yate; and was lately dug up near Rochdale, "about a quarter of a mile to the right, and near the road "from Oldham to it; the way was cut through in making a "marl-pit, and appear'd several yards in breadth, and deeply "gravell'd."

Here's a fine particular story, and told without stumbling, of a Roman road being discovered by sinking a marl-pit near Rochdale.

I have been in that neighbourhood to enquire after the fact, both in Rochdale, and a mile in the road to Oldham; and of the most intelligent and likely persons to inform me, but in vain. — Nothing could I hear of it: — no, not the least hint in any manner whatsoever.

If the rest of this gentleman's positive assertions, of which we are ignorant, and cannot disprove, be like this; where is the wonder that he should dare to perch upon the shoulders of Richard and Ossian, or to palm fictions, and the dreams of his own fancy, on his credulous readers?

This indeed may be call'd the antiquarian's dream

——For like the baseless fabric of a vision,
there's not a wreck behind!

After this, will not our mighty antiquarian blush, for blaming Mr. Percival, Mr. Watson, and many more, for being too credulous?

Pages 206 and 207. Our author tells us here, "That about "forty years ago, the old town of Aldporton lost its name by "means of one Hooper, who constructed some buildings there."

Here's another peremptory assertion I can contradict, as I liv'd there above forty-three years ago: and it was then as commonly and universally known by the name of Hooperton (or Upperton) as the Hyde's-cross was then, and is now, known by that appellation: nor did I ever hear it call'd otherwise, before this great luminary arose in our firmament.

Page 207. "The chiefs of the Britons built seats that "peeped over the tops of the surrounding trees."

But I say, most authors common sense, (and this author too) agree, that the surrounding trees peep'd over the clod-made cots of the Britons.

Pages 218 and 219. The names of rivers were generally retain'd, and the same that was given them by the Britons 2000 years ago: and his favourite river Medlock, signifies Fair-stream.

Now to humour this antiquarian, the brook Derwent ('tis but a brook, tho' perhaps five times larger than this famous river Medlock) has chang'd its name Matlock, which it had in times of yore, from a gay mountain-village of that name (gay are thy fancies, O Ossian the second!) into its present name Derwent; and this purely to help him out in his Welsh derivations; and because Med and Mat have something of similar sounds: but at the same time does not know, or take notice at least, that there is a district, village, or chapel, called Derwent, near its head; which is much more likely to give name to it, than that it should lose its old name, and find a new one. But I presume neither of these notions are so probable, as that the village or chapel of Derwent took its name from the river, it being seated on its banks.

Page 227. This fifth section is very curious, and treats on the dress and fashions of the primæval Britons; and so particular, it does not omit an iron ring, or a button, and is worthy the attention of all future British antiquarians (tho' one spiteful critic or other may possibly entitle it, *Laugh and be fat*). I shall only mention a few particulars.

"The hair of the Britons was generally yellow, turn'd back "on the crown; was long and bushy, and fell down in a long "wreath behind."

Long;—bushy:—and a long wreath behind!

Gentle reader; how wilt thou squeeze an idea out of this description?—I know thy thoughts are on the rack: so I will help thee at a dead lift.

Fancy to thyself, that thou sees a huge, bushy, curl'd periwig, such as was worn by that mighty gruff monarch, Charles the Second: then compare it with a little smart toupee, tagg'd with a large pigtail of the present mode. Now the medley is compleat; I feel thou hast it; and thy ideas are as perfect as—can be! The mountain is swallowed!

"The beards of the Britons were suffered to grow to a con-"siderable length; but were entirely confined to the upper lip."

O fancy!—Thou powerful director of antiquarianism? What grotesque figures dost thou make of these naked old Britons! Thou bestowest on them long beards; but, alas! thou blunderest as to the place of their residence. Thou makest them to grow not on their chins, like the rest of mortal men; but all on the upper lip! What pity that his reverence has not given us a copper-plate of a few of our primæval Britons, as well as he has done plans of the old Mancenion, summer station, &c. But there are more volumes behind: let us banish despair—let us live in hope, to see bare chins with long beards!

"The trunk of the chieftain's body was sheath'd in a tunic, "which was plaided and open before."

This must be a curious tunical-plaid sheath indeed! And

the trunk *must* be sheath'd in it with a witness! Yet for all this, the trunk was not sheath'd in the tunic open before, for part of it, he tells us, was sheath'd in plaid trowsers.

He derives coat from *cota* British. But why not from *cote* Saxon; or *cotte* French? He will answer, you are young and ignorant: they *must* have it from the Britons.

Breeches he also derives from the British *brages:* but why not from *brecce* Saxon, or *broech* Dutch? Vid. the last answer.

"*Brac* or *brag,* he says, signifies a chequered shoe, from "whence the Irish word *brog:* the Britons had shoes upon "their feet, which *must* have been party-coloured as the rest "of their dress."

Thus our reverend author (in his fancy) indulges the poor, old, naked Britons: dresses them in gorgeous plaids and stuff-shoes; which is a stretch beyond our *Jemmy-smarts* and *Beau-fribbles* of the present times.

But for all this effiminancy here, in the next page he strips them of all their finery: for he says, "they frequently made "their shoes of hides like our half-boots."

In short, our author makes no difference between the dress of the men and the women, and says, "The men had "generally yellow hair; always long and bushy; turn'd back "on the crown of the head, and fell down in a long wreath "behind. Beards of a considerable length, all confined to the "upper lip. The trunk of the chieftain was sheath'd in a "tunic or plaided waistcoat reaching to the middle, open "before, and long sleeves reaching to their hands. They "had plaided trowsers, on their thighs and legs. Over their "waistcoat and trowsers, a loose plaided garment, called a "sack, button'd on, and bound under the breasts with a gir-"dle, round the naked neck a large chain hanging on the "naked breast; a gold or iron ring on the scond finger on "each hand; plaided shoes, and a round bonnet on their "heads."

Notwithstanding this minute description; he says in p. 227, that the common people in general *must* have been clothed in skins. And p. 229, their shoes were frequently made of hides, like our half-boots: and concludes (as customary) with his round-about fustian: "thus the plaided drapery of the Britons *must* "have still display'd its sober variety of colours, and its multi-"plicity of little dyes in the streets of Mancunium; and have "form'd a pleasing contrast to the dress of the chief; the uni-"formly darksome mantle of the Italian climes."

Stop, reader; let you and I reflect a little.—Was not the above garment one of the most miraculous garments that ever was heard of? For it was a sheath, loose and open before; tho' at the same time it was button'd on, and bound fast under the breast with a girdle. March on, O mighty antiquarian, for this is climbing the heights of description! This *must* be accurately defining: this *must* be illustrating antiquities: this *must* be opening momentous events, and clearing up the obscure?

Now methinks I dimly see the ghosts of these ancient Britons, dress'd in plaids of a sober variety of colours; one foot deck'd in a beautiful chequer'd plaid; the other in the bristly skin of the prowling wolf; peeping at our author through a varying deep misty cloud, striking the trembling strings of their hollow sounding harps; and in one of the ravishing tunes of the old Caledonian Homer, softly—sweetly—and gratefully uttering,

How beautifully upon the mountains dost thou make the feet of thy favourite Britons, O thou profoundest of antiquarians.

And in an opposite slow-moving mist, the spirits of the old Irish, with Cathmor at their head; adorn'd in a multiplicity of little dyes, horrooing aloud this antiphone:

How easy upon our bogs dost thou make our plaid-bounden toes, O thou never-to-be-forgotten historian!

Notwithstanding all this bustle; this mighty farrago of dress;

the greater part of his readers will (I think) still retain the more probable opinion, i. e. That the primæval Britons went naked (some few chiefs excepted): that they not only painted (or rather stained) their hands and face, but their bodies too; which would have been to no manner of purpose under plaided garments; and these stained figures, Tertulian, the old African doctor, had heard of, and calls them *Britannorum stigmata.* I say, had they not gone naked, these various colour'd figures had been of no use or significancy, either for ornament or terror to their enemies in war.

It is most probable therefore, that they were ignorant of all kinds of dress, before the Allobroges or Belgæ invaded them, a few of the south, and south-western chief Britons excepted; and those could have no plaids, or white flannel waistcoats with a sober variety of colours, except the py'd, or spotted skins of beasts, as taken from the carcase, carelessly thrown over or about them: and even this was not done purely for warmth, but to avoid the scorn, laughter, or offending those who came to barter with them. Plin. hist. 1, 22, c. 1. Cæsar Tacitus vit. Agric. Hor. &c. &c.

But there is another little mole-hill to remove, which our author has jump'd over in this volume, that may prove another *Philosopher's stone of antiquities,* unless he illustrates, and proves to satisfaction, the following points.

Whether there were among the old Britons, combers, carders, weavers, dyers of wool, &c.

Or whether these curious variegated plaids and white flannel waistcoats were brought them by the Belgæ of the Continent, Tyrians, Carthaginians, or others? If the first, whence had they their combs, cards, looms, and an hundred more curious and necessary utensils, which require great ingenuity in making of them? But that they had not the making or manufacturing of flannel, plaid, or other woollen-stuffs, is demonstrated by reflecting on their clod-buildings, and those clumsy rough-hewn

tools, the British celts, and comparing them with the curious instruments quite necessary in making the coarsest woollen goods.

And if he asserts the latter, that they had them by way of traffic, we must swallow that worn-out proof of his, *it must be so:* for I presume, he will find it a Herculean labour to twist any creditable author to the point, so as common sense can rely on the proof.

This well consider'd, we must necessarily conclude, that the primæval Britons went generally naked: so our antiquarian may dress up that new-found nation the Hottentots, in his shoes and garments of plaid, as they sit, hang, or lye so awkwardly on the painted bodies of the old Britons; or lock them up in the wardrobe of his fancy, which seems capacious enough for many such like antique curiosities.

But again: so far was the art of weaving woollen from being known in this island, in these ancient times, that I presume it would be another Herculean job to prove a piece of woollen cloth or stuffs made here before the fourteenth century: for our wool was sold to the Flemings, and others, before the third year of Edward the Third, or 1331; at which time one John Kempe brought the art from Flanders, and to whom that King granted his protection; and invited over weavers, dyers, fullers, &c. Vid. Rymer's Fœd. tom. IV. pa. 496.

Page 230. Our author tells us here, "That the subuculæ "(or shirt) was not only productive of bodily elegance, but "*productive of bodily complacencies.*"

This expression of *bodily complacencies,* seems to me as affectedly obscure as most in this history: for surely he cannot mean, that the Highlanders shirts (mentioned in the next article) would make them complaisant to their enemies: if not, 'tis an ænigma to me, unless these two lines will unriddle it.

O comely church, where females find clean linen,
As decent to repent in, as to — —.

Page 232. "The custom of fighting naked among the "Britons was so far retained by their decendants the High-"landers of Scotland, that even as late as the battle of Killi-"cranky (or 1689) the latter threw away their plaids and "fought in their shirts."

I suppose his reverence will not allow these linen garments to be real substances, but *absolutely* made of the spiritual yarn, and woven in the same aætherial looms with the robes of the cloud-haunting ghosts of Ossian.

However that be, to mortals eyes it must be a strange sight, to see an army of Highlanders fighting naked with their shirts on.

Hold—for all this queer way of fighting naked, it proves at last, that they pull'd them quite off, and threw them away.

Why surely, then our antiquarian was in the right to say they fought naked.

No, no; his reverence happens to be in the wrong still: for Dalrymple in his memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, who is more accurate and particular in his account of this action, and the manner of their fighting, than any historian I have seen, affirms, "they threw away their plaids and *under* "*garments*, and fought in their thick cloth jackets." Book 2d, part 2d, page 54.

Page 234. Howel, he says, tells him, that the breeches of the court-apparitor were of linen: if so, says our author; "his shirt *must* have been so too."

Must it so, Mr. Positive? The jewish high-priest had linen breeches, was his shirt so too? No; no;—good sir:—the right reverend priest in God, at that time of day, had no shirt at all.

Page 294. He tells us the Britons were *certainly* proficients in the art of making annulets, beads, and other utensils of glass. Yet there is good reason to doubt this assertion, as I could shew, would my intended brevity permit. As to those

found in the barrows on Salisbury plain, they were more likely brought hither by the Sidonians, Tyrians, Phenicians, or others, than the manufacture of the Britons; and that those who brought them, might take back, by way of barter, tin, lead, &c. But admit for once his reverence to be right, and that the Britons were such artists in glass-making, his reverence is *most certainly* no adept: for the proof of this, see his high-fancy'd process in this page; and his composition of which he tells us glass is made; where instead of an absolute fixed salt, not to be evaporated by an intense heat, he says, they mix with the sand three-fourths of nitre.

Page 311. Here he tells us, that he *himself* dug up fir under the *roots* of a Roman road, going over Failsworth-moss: and that he had two pieces of fir, that were not *oak*, and were bedded three yards below the *crown* of the Roman gravel.

Whether the reader's spleen or laughter will be more excited here, I cannot tell; but when I first read this lofty fustian about fir-hunting; the *roots* of the Roman road, and the *crown* of their gravel, so tickled my fancy, that I laugh'd;—and alas—(pardon my weakness)—cry'd too!

But this gentleman seems determined not to express himself like any other writer; and as a mighty monarch looks down with scorn on the style of all English writers who went before him, Macpherson excepted, whose loftiness he thus ridiculously murders. I may perhaps select some few specimens of his phraseology for the reader's diversion, but there start up so many in almost every page, 'tis scarce possible but he must see them.

Page 312. Our author tells us here, that the Romans added several plants to the British garden, and says, "these "must have been the cherry, the plumb, the pear-tree, &c."

Come up old Sternhold,—and sing us an old-fashion'd stanza, in thy old-fashioned style, in a psalm-singing tune, on these new-fashioned plants.

If these be plants our tongue decrees,
Old men are infants young;
And that small twigs are lofty trees
Which rooks do croak among.

Page 314. Here we meet with an article a little uncommon, for 'tis all truth: he says, "corn *must* have been originally "the spontaneous produce of the new-created earth."

Pray sir, were not onions so too? Is this coming up to the puffing hopes of this hopeful work hinted at in your preface? Is this your clearing up the obscure, or unfolding a dark clue of history.

Again, "pounding of corn for bread did actually continue "among the Romans till below the era of the reign of "Vespasian."

For this our author quotes Pliny, and he can believe him too, when he pleases, let probability be ever so strong against him; and that it is so, we plainly see, by considering, that the Jews had *the grinding power of the mill-stone* very early, by the precept Moses gave them, not to take the upper or lower mill-stone to pledge. That the Jews paid tribute to the Romans long before Vespasian's time is certain, and the conquerors *must* consequently be soon acquainted with the manners and customs of the Jews, and immediately see the great advantage the *grinding power of the mill-stone* had over the *pounding power of the pestle.*

Page 313. "The Damascene (plumb) had been long taken "from the vicinity of its native Damascus."

Is this not telling us, when English'd, that the noble and ancient city of Damascus, which was born, bred, grew or was brought forth in a plumb, had been long robbed of the place of its birth? For the plumb had been long taken from that city, which the said plumb had brought forth.

If this be not the sense and true meaning of it, it is destitute of any in my judgment. Reader, construe for thyself.

He also tells us in this page, "that the Roman garden "lent its friendly assistance, and transmitted plants and "flowers into Britain."

Who can deny but that this was a good garden in the literal sense, for sending us these useful, pleasant, and necessary things of life? Nay, it was *absolutely* as good a garden to Britain, as ever Britain was to the Roman Pontif: for we taste the benefits of the Roman garden every day; but Britain has robb'd poor Pontifex Maximus of all!

Again, in the same page, "These plants and flowers, be- "neath the greater moisture of the British soil, and fainter "liveliness of the British sun, took root."

In page 20 and 32, he tells us the Britons had two or three suns at once, but here they are dwindled into one, and that alas! almost wore out with age; for (ah! what pity) a faint liveliness was all that remained of it.

I wish his reverence had told us what difference there was between a British, and an Irish sun; whether had the greater fainter liveliness; and whether Ireland was ever favoured with two or three suns at a time.

But here, as usual, he clears up the obscure, by leaving his readers in the dark glare of a British sun.

Page 324. "The great household dog (he says) is blest "with no powers of sagacity at all." But in the next lines, he tells us, that "he is good-natured, honest, and faithful."

This appears, in my judgment, another self-contradiction: for whether any creature can have these good qualities, or dispositions, without any understanding at all, wou'd be another Herculean labour for our author to prove. But this point is so plain, I will refer it to that old-fashion'd judge, called common-sense, and speak to matter of fact.

I knew one of these sort of dogs who wou'd commonly follow his master (a farmer) into the fields, woods, &c. where the master had strip'd off and left his coat, a corn sack, or

the like, which the dog wou'd never miss taking notice of, and without bidding, or any other token, wou'd lay himself down by, or on it, and has not left it for that day, or the next night; neither wou'd he suffer a stranger, or another dog to come near it; but when one of the family has been sent for it, he wou'd suffer it to be taken away, yet wou'd not return back with them, but wou'd follow the same track his master had gone; and if not found before, wou'd hunt, and follow him home. Neither wou'd this dog suffer a stranger, or hardly a neighbour to come too near the house in the night (when all were in bed) without awaking most part of the family; yet in the day was almost as quiet as a lamb.

Was this creature void of all sagacity? Nay, rather, did not he do more than our sagacious antiquarian cou'd have done, or still can do himself?

In the same paragraph he says, "There is just such a dog "represented on a coin of Cunobeline, and a person appears "mounted sideways on its back, waving its tail, and turning up "its face with a sensible satisfaction on its rider."

Here we see, when this gentleman is in a humour to think so, the very figure of this dog appears sagacious: yet the living animal is without sagacity!

What strange mortals are those who are bit by an antiquarian-tarantula! How they blend and twist ideas! affirm and deny the same thing, in the same breath! Just now the dog had no sagacity at all when alive: but now again, upon an old rusty coin of Cunobeline's, he can see a sensible satisfaction in its very looks, and almost see it laugh with pleasure in its very rider's face! Nay more, he saw the very tail of the dog to wave on the coin!

—— Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?

O ye clumsy statuaries — and you fumbling painters: what have you been doing these fourteen hundred years, that none of you all cou'd make one of your dog tails to wag!

Page 325. "In the desert plains of Patagonia, where the "European horses have lapsed into *absolute* barbarism, the "European dogs have lapsed with them."

Has not his reverence coupled these barbarians bravely and lovingly together? If these quadrupeds were not as *absolute* barbarians, as the lion who slew the poor old prophet, and spar'd the dull ass, they must be under the greatest obligations to our author, for coupling them so cordially in the same yoke. — Let us pause a little. — But studying signifies nothing: for 'tis not possible for me to find out, from what degree of learning, gentility, and politeness, these horses and dogs fell into this *absolute* barbarism. Had they been either learned or polite, they *must absolutely* have heard of Adam's fall, and wou'd not (surely) have been so barbarous to themselves, as to have split on the same rock.— Reader, I must *absolutely* leave thee to thy own sagacity;— the blind cannot lead the blind.— I cannot grope the way myself.

Pages 330 and 343. "The hare cou'd never have been "hunted by the primæval Britons."

But why cou'd they not hunt the hare, and with their own original dogs too? for I have seen the hare hunted by this sort of dogs.

You tell us, p. 327, that the British chieftains had hare-parks: did they keep these creatures pent up, as we do throstles, purely to sing? For admit the Druids had prohibited them for being eaten, they might hunt them as we do foxes, for their skins, or for diversion. But the reason why they never hunted the hare before the Romans time, might be, lest they shou'd hurt the character of his new-made Tuscan dogs, who, he says, cou'd only hunt the hare: but here his reverence has lost the scent again, for I have seen these his Tuscan hunters not only hunt that creature, but also the fox, the badger, the otter, the buck, and his foulmart too, which is the same creature with his pole-cat, tho' he is pleas'd to split them in two. Vid. p. 327.

I had no thoughts of touching his poetry, tho' it is uncommonly notable: no, not even those four blustering lines, p. 211. So adapted to our author's taste and style, that at the first sight, I really took them for his own, because he quotes no author for them: but he had them from Pope's Homer; and they are perhaps four of the worst lines in the Iliad, both for poetry and sentiment; and with the help of them, our author plays a drawcansir with a witness, in his forest of Arden, and makes it hurl its own oaks headlong down — down — nobody knows whither! And where the brown thickets groan, — then rustle, — then crackle, — then crash, — then come thundering down, like a,— like a muff, that has a terrible fall from off her ladyship's lap. But ridiculousness and nonsense are the same, whether they be the productions of a Homer, a Pope, or an antiquarian.

I say, I had no thoughts of making the least observation on the poetical part, till I came to p. 326, where I met with this line, translated from Martial.

For thee alone, the greyhound hunts the prey.

This of a hunting greyhound I thought a mistake either in the Latin, or the English poet, in which I was confirm'd, when he translates these two lines from Gratius in the next page.

But shou'd the game elude his watchful eyes,
No nose sagacious tells him where it lies.

Here's an *absolute* contradiction in the sense; for the first metamorphoses the greyhound into a Tuscan hunter, and the latter turns him *statu quo*.

Page 328. The terrier is here spoken of in three lines from Oppian:

"Crook-limb'd and black-eyed all their frame appears,
"Flanked with no flesh, and bristled rough with hairs.

"But fenced each jaw with closest teeth is found."

Speaking of the Tuscan hound.

"What tho' their form be shagged with roughening hairs."

Of the spaniel thus,

"Praised are the father's of Pannonia's brood,
"And praised the Children of Hispania's blood."

Bravo!—Here are poetical feet!—soft and smooth, as the jogging of mill-stones! Besides the easy sweetness of the numbers, here are the brood of a spaniel, and the children of a spaniel! But where is the wonder of this, when in p. 237, he calls a litter of pigs, the infant brood of the wild-boar: this is a note above Ela! For the spaniel might possibly be of the feminine gender; but there it looks as if he was determined to make the wild-boar lay eggs, and be a hatcher of chickens. Yet this must not be confounding the animal species, it *must* be refining our language; it *must* be defining a subject accurately, and a clearing up of the obscure! Ah poor old English! How he racks thy veins and sinews.

There is no doubt, but in one of his next volumes he will huddle up in his high-carded fustian, the spawn of an owl; and the whelps of a cuckow.

O Apollo!—do thou, in thy wisdom and care for the muses, send that daughter of Jupiter Calliope, to suckle and nourish this bard, and safely saddle the old nag of Bellerophon, that he throw him not,—break his neck,—and crumble him into atoms.

Page 234. It may be observ'd, that whenever our author comes on the stage in the character of a hunter, he murders his part. In this paragraph he tells us, "the way of hunting the "fox in the eight century, was only by unearthing him."

This is a shred of that thread-bare linsey-woolsey garment, one half improbability, and the other contradiction: for who can swallow this assertion that ever saw a fox hunted? Does his reverence think that creature was never hunted by the old Britons, or first Saxons, before or after he was unearth'd? If so, he must think they never had any chase after him on the face of the ground; and then, where was their hunting him?

Where ?—Why ignoramus, the thing's plain enough ; the recreation lay in unearthing him, as our author asserts, or which is all one, in hunting him under ground at the *roots* of Roman *roads*, and three yards below the *crown* of their *gravel*. For this article of *fir-hunting*, see p. 311.

Page 333. " The Gauls produc'd the largest and best *hog's-* " *meat* that was brought into Italy."

This assertion at first glance puzzled me, as not perceiving what sort of stuff this large *hog-meat* cou'd consist of: but reflection soon light up the candle, by which I perceiv'd what it might, and what it cou'd not be. It was plain it cou'd not be beans, pease, or any sort of corn, no not even acorns, these being too diminutive in their size. Then as to potatoes, or cocoa-nuts, it never appears the Gauls had any knowledge of them. So I conclude, this large and good *hog-meat, must of necessity* be either parsnips, carrots, cabbages, or pompions : for we can hardly suppose his reverence wou'd call the *hogs* themselves, the best and largest *hog-meat.*

As to the Gauls being such adepts in making sausages and black-puddings, that wou'd keep sweet and sound from Northern-Gaul to Calabria, which Gauls, he says, supply'd the whole compass of Rome (not the citizens) and great part of Italy with them, and which for all their age and mustiness, pleas'd the nice palates of the Romans in the time of Augustus. This is certainly a curious anecdote; and it is to be lamented that neither Varro, Strabo, or our author, has hinted at the secret of pickling puddings for long voyages, as they *must certainly* have that art, as well as the Britons had the art of pickling birds and beasts; for the Britons, he tells us, p. 334, *must* have added birds and beasts to the good *hog-meat* sent them from the Northern Gauls ; (i. e. the Scots or Irish) and they *must* have been pickled, unless we can suppose the Britons sent them alive into Italy, and that they were fed there: I confess this might be easily done, if they cou'd feed beasts and other fowls,

as easily and quickly as our author tells us they fatten'd their cocks,— merely by the act of castration.

Page 334. Here he says, "After the coming of the Romans, "geese were no longer prohibited to be eaten:" and the next page he confirms it, that the Druids had prohibited the eating of them to the Britons. Yet for all this, a few lines before, in this page, he says, "The British cheneros, or wild-goose, was "*actually* esteem'd a great dainty, and preferr'd by the Britons "for the table to most other animals in the island."

Reader,— behold this great antiquarian's judgment, his consistency, and infallibility! Mark at the same time my ignorance and stupidity! for till the moment I read this page, I always took a wild-goose to be a goose.

Page 334. "Hens and *cockrels* were first fatten'd by the "Romans in the manner we do now."

Pray, how is that, do you think, gentle reader?— must I tell you? No, no, I need not; he tells you himself;—it was with meat!

"The method of fattening a cock, by the act of castration, "was a Roman invention."

I deny the affirmative: the act of castration never fatten'd a cock, nor a eunuch neither; for that manner of fattening never was invented.

Page 335. "The Britons were not only prohibited hares, "geese, and poultry, (a goose we see here is not a goose still, "neither is it of the species of poultry) but also all sorts of "fish." Again, "beneath the shelter of this prohibition, the "*fishes* had hitherto continued for ages in peace, (i. e. without "any war) neglected and unknown, and had multiply'd into "infinite numbers."

Rouse up thy faith, O reader: its assistance here will be wanted: for who can believe, without its mighty aid, that a nation ignorant of agriculture, surrounded by the sea, inclos'd with rivers full of fish on all sides, who had nothing to support

life but hunting, fishing, and the wild fruit of the woods, did not partake of the finny race with all other people, or so much as know a fish when they saw one!

Here is on this side common sense, the reason of things, and the strongest probability: there stands our author perching on the shoulders of Dio, who commonly wrote by report, oftner by guess, and who we see is still copied by some of our modern historians.

Still again, "The *fishes* (query Sir, are not *fish* and *sheep* "plural?) were now first pursu'd into their watry element, "and now first received their particular appellations."

Here is another curiosity lugg'd out of rusty ruins of time, enough to make Camden, Selden, Verstigan, and other old antiquarians snuff in their graves; and all that living tribe to blush, that a new member of the antiquarian society, a meer Tyro in the study of antiquity, should first discover, that before the times of the Romans, the finny tribe inhabited the mountains and plains, woods and forests! For in, or on some of them, they *must absolutely* inhabit, otherwise it was impossible to pursue them into the sea!

But here is another rub in the way, not easy to slip over; and enough to damp all exultation on finding out this momentous event: for methinks I hear some ignoramus ask, how comes all sorts of *fishes* to be neglected and unknown for ages to the ancient Britons, if they liv'd on hills and plains, woods and forests, promiscuously with the Britons? This is a choak-pear of a question, which I think no mortal sagacity can answer, except our oracular pendragon of antiquarianism will please to do it in the next volume: and in expectation of this, here I'll leave it, and only observe,

That as to the *fishes* running into the sea to be christen'd, it *absolutely* proves they *must* have lived *somewhere* with our progenitors for ages; *because* they *absolutely* could not have thought at it, had they not been a little humaniz'd.

Page 336. "There were no plovers, turtles, partridges, phea-"sants, or cuckows in Britain before the Romans time; they "were all imported hither by those people."

What a misfortune it is to all lovers of antiquarianism, that this gentleman does not tell us who did us this peculiar favour by importing these birds! For certainly his name ought to stand in the list of fame, equal at least with his, who built the Picts Wall; for to build such a rampart as that, wou'd be as practicable now, as transporting a hundred cuckows from hence back again into Italy, to say nothing of their sister companions. —Hold! I recant opposing our antiquarian in his point; I had forgot the Romans in the time of Vespasian, esteem'd a new-fledg'd cuckow a most delicate dish; and that at Rome they kept all their cuckows as tame as we do now hens and chickens.

Page 337. "The general face of the island was every where "tufted with large woods: one of these lin'd all the central "hills of the Highlands of Scotland."

I have lately been informed by an intelligent native of that place, that there are hundreds of hills in those parts on which neither tree or brown thicket ever grew since Noah's flood, neither did he think that either of them would grow there till that flood came again. But a negative cannot easily be prov'd, and my informant ought not to stand on his tip-toes before an infallible antiquarian.

Page 342. "The bear was even transported to Italy from "hence, and publicly hunted in the Roman shews, and fur-"nish'd great diversion to the Roman people."

This is another curious anecdote which is pluck'd out of the ruins of time by his reverence, and all sensible men *must absolutely* acquiesce with him, that it *must certainly* furnish great diversion to the spectators: nay it was impossible but it must give more pleasure than any spectacle that was ever before exhibited in Rome.

Shut thy eyes reader; that thy ideas may be expanded!— Think that thou sees an English bear, hunted in a Roman

amphitheatre! What scouring over the Downs!—What questing, what hunting through the woods! What hallooing over the forests there *must be* in this ravishing chase! All in thy sight!—All in thy hearing!—Without danger of breaking thy neck in the pursuit, or being torn or devoured by a sudden double of the wild beast.

Hold, hold—not so fast—now I'm running a bear hunting indeed; and am lost (antiquarian like) already! Why, when I stare about me, I perceive I'm within doors! There cannot be a bear hunted in a place a little more than half a Lancashire acre.*

But is there no hole to creep out of this bear-trap? Yes, yes, and a large one too: for the Romans when they transported our bears, took along with them (on purpose to hunt them in) two spacious plains which lay S. W. of Cornwall, and were part of the great tin-island mentioned by our author p. 385, and 441, and at that time join'd the county to the Scilly Islands: Three large woods and one forest, which made the east side of Kent; and which some foolish historians and antiquarians think were once the lands of Earl Goodwin, and that the shoals there, from him, are still called Goodwin's Sands: but alas! they were gone to Italy long before he was born; all of which some wise-acres think were swallowed up by the sea.

But as these antique curious anecdotes may possibly be disputed by some ignoramus's, I'll leave this ravell'd skein to be untwisted by infallible antiquarians; and from my bear-hunting, slip to my

Page 343. "Hawking, among the Thracians (our author tells "us) was a recreation that was only pursu'd by a particular "district."

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* Nero's amphitheatre was 525 feet long, and 135 feet broad. Danet's Dic. under Amphitheatrum.

The area of the Colisieum, or Vespasian's amphitheatre, contain'd about 4132 square yards; that of Verona was not so large. Marquis Scipio Maffei's hist. of amphi. A Lancashire acre is 7840, a statute 4840 square yards.

And a particular greedy district it was indeed, thus to engross the whole recreation of hawking all to itself! But this, like the last article, passes my understanding, if it must be taken in a literal sense: and how to find a spiritual, or any other construction for it, I cannot conceive: So I'm forc'd to leave this Thracian district to follow its diversion of hawking, and go to the derivation of the word,

Page 348. Bleak, which our author says "imports the deep "gloom of a considerable wood."

By this he allows it does not mean the deep gloom of any wood: and if it was possible for his reverence to be mistaken, I shou'd think that never was the meaning of it: for bleak comes from the Dutch *bleeck;* which signifies cold, plain, windy, or chilly; and is always taken in that sense, and no other in Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c. and I presume through his majesty's English dominions.

Page 356. "Manchester *must* have been a market-town, "from the first *actual* moment of its commencement."

We must here suppose it below this reverend divine to play with words, and that he does not mean it begun to be a market-town when it did begin to be one. And if he does not, then it is a most singular instance of a town starting up a market, on building the first cottage!

All other market-towns have a kind of natural growth: their beginning, or infancy; their youth, their prime, and decay: but we find Manchester was not subject to these dilatory modes of coming to perfection; it started up a market-town as soon as a boy (with his lead ready melted) can cast a lead farthing.

O Manchester!—how happy art thou in thy almighty antiquarian! who elucidates such profound secrets of art and nature! "who lays open the causes and circumstances of such "momentous events," and says; Let there be a market-town; —and lo!—one starts up!

Ah! that our blind, blundering governors knew but one

half of his wisdom and power! They *must of necessity* dub him a bishop, and send him to our south-western colonies (who now desire one so ardently) to raise them market-towns; as he can do it without cost (a main article this) in so little time, and without materials: nay sooner than a statue can be set on a pedestal.

As to his diocese, they need not take a single thought about it, he will soon construct one for himself, and a cathedral too; the windows whereof he will make *absolutely* more admirable than those of St. John's in Manchester; for he is such an adept in a glass-house, he will make them of metal, the which shall be as diaphanous as the best crown glass.*

Page 356. "The Romans *spread* pavements over the face "of their roads, and they *must spread* them in the streets of "the British towns."

Come—Sternhold:—Here thou art wanted again—coming, coming;—hum!

STERNHOLD, loquitur.

I did not know till this I read,
But pavements had been pav'd;
And not like butter, with thumb spread
On crust, which Bob had sav'd.

Page 377. To prove the early making of woollen cloth, our author quotes Gen. 14, 23. where Abraham tells the King of Sodom, he will not take so much as a thread or a shoe-latchet of him.

By which he concludes and says, that "Wool appears "*actually* to have been *combin'd* (not woven) into vests within "a few years after the dispersion." As this conclusion, which he draws from the word *thread*, is a *genuine chip* of the old block, or his style and method of reasoning, from first to last, let us sift it a little.

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* See pages 294, 295, and 359, where our philosophical antiquarian calls glass a metal.

I presume it will be granted, that it is impossible but thread, or yarn, must be twisted or spun, before it can be combin'd (or woven) into cloth or vests. If so, then thread might be twisted or spun two thousand years before it was combin'd either into cloth or vests (read waistcoats). What is become of his positive word *actually*, if there may be, and is uncombin'd thread? Besides, were it possible to add one mite to his present stock of knowledge, I cou'd tell him, that there might be threads of silk, of flax, of goat's hair; the bark, or even leaves of trees, before the twisting or spinning of sheep's wool was thought of. Thus, this thread, by which he literally hung, proves the thread of a spider's web.

But let us not boast on putting on our armour; for to make the argument indubitable, he brings 38 and 12 of Genesis to corroberate it; where Judah is said to go up to his sheep-shearers to Timnah.

But let us try to dissolve this mountain in his Roman Lachrymatory (p. 22.) without breaking the bottle: for tho' a wild-goose shou'd not prove a goose, we can prove that sheep-shearing is not woollen-weaving; and that sheep are sometimes shorn before the usual time, purely to ease them of their fleece, when it is too hot and fatiguing, which is done by some Mancunian dogs at present, without *combining* the hair into vests. But when his reverence turns hunter or woollen-weaver, he seems to be as much out of his element as a fish out of water.—*Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*

Page 378. "On the coming of the Romans into Lancashire, "the *Sistuntian monarch must* have invited artists and imported "(read brought) implements from the south. Each *Sistuntian* "*baron* probably had a loom in the offices of his house, work'd "by his own servants, &c."

Who that reads this, and considers the times he speaks of, can forbear smiling at this *Sistuntian-cotton*? 'Tis below notice! However, if the reader thinks it worth his time, he may find

this point of woollen-weaving discuss'd in the 25th and 26th pages of these remarks.

As our author knocks down, and then treads on the necks of all antiquarians that went before him, so, like a mighty monarch he looks down with scorn on the style of all former writers, Ossian excepted: after whom he skims in the clouds of whim and fancy, till common-sense leaves him; which falling down, dashes itself to pieces on the rocks below.

I know these remarks will appear dry, and unentertaining to the generallity of readers who may never see the work remark'd on (because of the price); for which reason, I think it may be diverting to some of them, to give a specimen of this author's round-about dogmatical style; where he describes Mancunium and its skirts; and where, in the space of eighteen lines, he parades it with his well-beloved, and never-to-be-tired positive word *must*, no less than eight times, and each assertion the chimerical spume of his own fancy. For this see p. 238, where he tells the reader how the country round Manchester appeared fifteen hundred years ago, as particularly as if he had been there at that time, and taken minutes, and draughts with his own hands and eyes. His words swim thus,

"At a greater distance *must* have been the spreading circuit "of the meadows, cornfields, and pastures. The pastures en- "liven'd with the sweepings of the town, and the marl of the "daub-holes, *must* have put on a better covering of their own "native grasses, and have been more gayly painted with their "own native flowers. And the meadows *must* have been con- "siderably enrich'd with the foreign trefoil, the one only "*artificial* grass of the Romans at this period. The former "*must* have been filled with flocks of sheep, and herds of cat- "tle. Here and there *must* have appear'd little hovels among "them, in which some *Ambacton must* have regularly watch'd "with their attendant mastiffs, for the nightly protection of

"both against the inroad of the wolf and the boar from the "neighbouring woods. And the flocks and herds *must* have "rang'd at this period all over the site of the present town, "have nibbl'd upon the slope of the Market-street-lane, and have "grazed along the course of the Smithy-door; and the bleat-"ings of the one, and the lowings of the other, *must* have "been loudly returned by the eddying *ecchoes* (his own ortho-"graphy) of the surrounding woods."

Here I'll leave the reader to measure Hercules by his foot; for if the reader be not sick,—I am.

I say the readers (and perhaps his reverence too) may think many of these notes mere whiffling observations; I allow it; but then what are the words, phrases, &c. remark'd on; I think them below serious criticism myself, and treat them accordingly; and that they want a Doctor Busby more than a judicious remarker. But where is our humanity, if we see the blind man out of his way, and refuse going through a little dirt to put him in the right road again?

Page 383. "The salt-spring at Northwich (he says) rises "into light." His reverence in this may speak the truth once again; but then its in a quibbling sense; i. e. when the engine and buckets bring the brine into day; for when I was there about eight years ago, the brine-pit was about twenty yards deep.

"The spring at Condate (his now Romaniz'd Kinderton) "flow'd *actually* within the area of it." What a treacherous memory has this writer! It was but four or five lines before, that he told us it was sixteen or seventeen yards deep. This flowing under ground, seems to be half-cousin to his fox-hunting (in page 332.) Let them squeeze truth and sense out of the above premises that can: I shall leave it to them.

Page 385. This antiquarian says, "Lancashire was first "inhabited some years before the time of Herodotus, and "about 500 years before the æra of Christ."

But in the fourth page of the conclusion, he says, (in his round-about new-found-style of Ossian) "We have seen the "shades of this Arden selected by the *Monarch of Lancashire* "for the seat of a station in the woods; and a station *actually* "planted in the center of it." (Pray Sir, how do you know it was just in the middle?) "This was the first early period "of the population of the parish. This was the first early "commencement of a town within it, The rude out-lines of "a town began, (I thought it abstarted up all at once) the "faint principle of population commenc'd, about fifty years "before the christian æra."

Here are contradictions saddled with contradictions: However, let us throw out the fustian, and try to translate it into English.

Lancashire was first inhabited five hundred years before Christ's birth: but the parish of Manchester was not inhabited till fifty years before Christ: therefore, this same parish was not inhabited till 450 years after the rest of the county. Yet in the 6th page he tells us, "The parishes of Ashton, "Manchester, Flixton, &c. *must* have been the first inhabited parts of the county."

Now reader, who must we believe? The parson, the antiquarian, or the chronologist? In truth there is no believing any one of them. There's no consistency;—little truth;—and less shame!

Page 387. "The Britons *carried* their loaded *carts of tin*, "*directly* across the isthmus that joined Hampshire to the Isle "of Wight."

Can our author possibly believe, that his general mode of expression through this history, can be refining our language? Is it in the power of infatuation to think it is sublimity of style, to throw out proper words which the most polite writers have, and still do use, and thrust in ridiculous words, by which it is made nonsense?

I know I have beaten this bush before more than once; yet cannot but here observe,

That in his description above, the Britons did not draw these loaded *carts of tin* themselves, or caused them to be drawn by any sort of beasts: but *actually* carried them loaded as they were.

That these British carts were not made of wood and iron, as ours are at present; but the wheels and all other parts were *absolutely* made of *tin*. Yet what they were loaded with he does not tell us, but leaves it to be guessed at by the reader.

That though the road might be a little crooked, yet they did not turn with it, but kept straight forwards without loss of time. This is accurate description!

Yet this is but a mole-hill of a specimen!—The whole history is the mountain!

Page 388. Here he describes the meales in Lancashire, and says "They were made loose by nature." Again, in the same breath, "They were made quaggy by the overflowing of the "tide." Yet it happens so, that neither of these assertions are true; for he proves they are neither loose nor quaggy, but sound ground at the last: for, says he, a parochial church, and a village too, are built on them.

Good and patient reader, which of these assertions wilt thou adopt? *Must* all of them be *absolutely* true? Suffer me now to borrow one single thought from Hudibras, for I feel the potent spirit of rhyming strong upon me,

> What *priest* like this, was ever found,
> To build a *church* on quaggy ground:
> Or did a village ever stand
> So very fast, on such loose land?
> But this our *priest's* omnipotence
> Is not enslav'd by common-sense:
> He can build greater towns than this,
> With,—let it be:—and straight, it is!

See page 202, 203, 356.

Page 396. "Under the government of the Druids, the learn-
"ing of the island consisted in the knowledge of astronomy,
"geometry, geography, metaphysics, botany, and mechanics.
"And with these the Britons seem to have acquired a compe-
"tent degree of acquaintance. In mechanics they were particu-
"larly learned, as the great temples of Aubury, and Stonehenge,
"and the various cromlechs* and logans‡ of the kingdom
"sufficiently testify. With the mere tackle of leathern thongs
"they raised such enormous loads, (not weights) as would
"strain the stoutest (not strongest) tackle of the present times."

That the Druids were so well skill'd in all the before-mention'd liberal sciences there is great reason to doubt: but that they understood the nature of herbs and plants, and mechanics especially, is very probable. As to mechanics, his reverence twice mentions them, and says, they were particularly learned in that branch.

But mark his inconsistency or self-contradiction: for in the two next lines, he says, "With the mere tackle of leathern "thongs they raised such enormous loads, as would strain the "stoutest tackle of the present times."

Now I ask, has not his reverence played a mere hocus pocus trick with all their mechanical knowledge? For metinks I saw him this moment standing behind a table (juggler-like) flirting his fingers, and saying: Behold, gentlemen, here you see all the implements of the old Druids, by which they wrought all their incomprehensible miracles. Imprimis gentlemen, behold I shew you their balance: handle this their old lever, and wonderful pully! Look on their screw, and examine their wheel, and feel the weight of their wedge! But then in the twinkling of an eye (clean-birch-like) with another flirt of his finger, vade—begone! When lo!—to the amazement of all! He draws slowly out of the palm of his hand, a white,—slender,—tough thong

* Heaps of stones, earth, and rubbish, thrown over graves, as monuments.
‡ Rocking stones. See Borlace.

of whit-leather! and to compleat his legerdemain, he knits his leathern thong about a stone twenty-four feet in length, seven broad, and three and a half thick,* and standing on a cricket, lifts it up, and sets it perpendicular on its base, and the feat is compleated, to the great surprise of all the spectators!

Here I'll leave the plain application to the reader's own judgment, with this short observation, that this *must absolutely* be the *philosopher's leather thong, or leather thong of all antiquities.*

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* This is the dimensions of one of the greatest in *Stonehenge*, and it was 16 feet in compass, and about 12 tons in weight.

These four circles of rude stones is the most surprising monument of antiquity in Britain. It is situated on the plain about six miles northwards of New-Salisbury. Inigo Jones says it is 110 feet diameter, double-winged, with a trench round 30 feet broad. It is a glaring instance of the infatuation of antiquarians, that this great architect and antiquarian, should take *Stone-henge* to be a Roman work and temple of the Tuscan order, and dedicated to *Cælus* or *Cælum.*

This Inigo Jones was employed by King Charles the Second, to examine into its form and manner of construction, which he did very accurately; and laid bare the foundations of most of the stones, by which he discovered their true dimensions better than Cambden had done, or any other before him.

Soon after this he published a treatise, entitled *Stone-henge restor'd;* in which he endeavours to prove it a Roman work as aforesaid.

Doctor Charleton not chiming with Jones's opinion, wrote his *Chorea Gigantum*, in which he endeavours to invalidate the reason Jones brings for its being a Roman work; and endeavours to establish his own more puerile whims: for the Doctor would needs have it a work of the Danes, and a place erected for the election of kings. But this notion needs no confutation; more especially, as Nennius in his *Hist. Britonum*, mentions *Stone-henge;* and he flourish'd 200 years before the Danes had footing in England.

One Webb writ a vindication of *Stone-henge restor'd:* and shewed the futility of Dr. Charleton's notions; which was much easier done than to make Jones's and his own incontestible.

The premises consider'd; I think it would be as difficult a task to find out what could induce his reverence to say, that these giant-like pillars, those of Abury, and others, were brought to, and set up in their respective places *merely with the help of leathern thongs*, as it would be to find out who, when, and for what purpose those monuments were erected.

After all this leather thong-conjuration, it is very probable, that the Britons, or their rulers, the Druids, had more variety of mechanical tools, and ways of using them, than we know of at present: and it is as consonant to reason, that they had imported many of those arts and implements from Egypt, by which that people rais'd the enormous pyramids, obelisks, and other stupendous stones. It must be own'd, that the Egyptians had much greater advantages of moving heavy bodies than the Britons: they cut their obelisks and other massy stones out of the marble-rocks, on, or very near the banks of the Nile, and transported them on rafts as near as possible to the destin'd places: and as the lower Egypt was a flat level country, when the Nile could not bring them any nearer, they cut canals in divers directions for the rafts to go up as near as they could to the site where they design'd to place them. *See Norden's Travels, Pocock, &c.*

Page 398. "Christianity was introduced into Britain as "early as the times of the apostles; and a little before the "insurrection of Boadicia, in the year 61." For which he quotes Eusebius.

Now (in my opinion) there is not the least probability of its being introduced into this island so early, since most other authors agree, that it was Gregory surnamed the great, (who was the first pope of that name) who sent Austin, with other monks hither, to convert Ethelbert the fifth King of the Saxons race: which Austin, with the assistance of Bertha, Ethelbert's Queen (daughter to the French King) did first introduce the christian religion, and convert the said king and many of his subjects. Ethelbert died at the age of 56, A.D. 616. And pope Gregory 12 years before him. *Bede, and many others.*

But as his reverence seems determined to establish his infallibility, and have things his own way; it is but fair, that I, and the reader too, shou'd think and judge for ourselves in this, as well as other disputable points.

Page 419. Here our author says, "Severus had the whole "collected power of the empire under him, when he attempted "the conquest of the Caledonians."

Is it not surprizing that a scholar, a reader, and a studier of antiquities, shou'd so roundly assert this, and many other things he has done; when not only facts, but the very nature of things contradict him. The above affirmation needs no confuting.

O self-sufficiency!—What a height of stilts dost thou, in thy fancy strut on! How despicable art thou in the eyes of others! —And into what dilemmas dost thou pull thy votaries!

In the same page he tells us, "The Caledonians were then "subject to Fingal, the vind-gall, or head of the Gauls; the "son of Comhal, the grandson of Trathal, and the great "grandson of Trenmor: a *pendragon* worthy to be the antago- "nist of Severus! A chief worthy to be the hero of Ossian!" Further,

"Severus had pass'd the two walls, and entered the country. "The Caledonians perpetually hung *unseen* upon his army "during their march; attack'd him vigorously at every ad- "vantageous turn, and frequently drew his parties into artful "ambuscades."

Here is another string of dubious affirmations, built chiefly upon that solid foundation, that favourite, and model of his style, Ossian.

The Caledonians at that time were subject to the great *Pendragon, Fingal;* so there was no probability that Severus, or any other mortal, could stand against such a *Pendragon* as he was; who with one stroke of his sword (that son of Luno) cut in two at the navel, the ghost or spirit of Loda, the god of the Scandinavians, who wrangled with him from a cloud. But, query,

What occasion had the Caledonians, with their demi god Fingal at their head, to take advantages? What reason to draw

the Romans into artful ambuscades? Surely this antiquarian had forgot (as usual) that one line before, he had turn'd all his *Pendragon's* men into an army of fighting spirits, which hung *unseen* perpetually upon the Romans! They could not possibly want any other advantages, or need any other ambuscade than invisibility! Where then is the wonder that this new-found *Pendragon* should be victorious!

Indeed if this gentleman had been what he pretended, an honest, and impartial historian, he would have metamorphos'd the Roman army into ghosts; set phalanx against phalanx; and then he had done justice to both sides, and pitted his cocks fairly.

Considering the premises, the wonders vanish, that the Romans should be so greatly distress'd; or that the Emperor should lose fifty thousand men in the expedition. But this again he has made very impropable a few lines below; for he says, "that the Britons (his new-made conquering spirits) were "forced to cede a considerable tract of ground to the Romans "for the sake of peace." Thus according to custom, he builds up with one hand and pulls down with the other.

Page 425. "Upon the western side of the isle of Mull, and "at the head of Loch-Levin, is still a place denominated "*Bingael*, or *Fingal*."

Here is another, and the last proof I shall mention of our author's omnipotency! For if he was not able to do just what he pleases, how could he twist, or bend the head of Loch-Levin to the west side of the Isle of Mull, when they are above thirty-five miles asunder?

Now I have finish'd these cursory remarks on the history of Manchester; not doubting at all, but in a little time some one will start up, more equal to the task; who will sift its inconsistencies, its self-contradictions, and fabulous fancies, in a more serious, judicious, and perhaps a more gentleman-like manner: for I own myself of such a stubborn, rough-hewn

temper, that I cannot help throwing all ceremony out of the doors: and I have just so much sense, as not to expect any (on account of these observations) from any person or persons whatsoever.

I doubt not but the author thinks he has merited much of the public; that he has been so happy as to bring into light out of the ruins of time, more curious and wonderful things, than ever mortal did before him; and has been so profoundly sagacious in rubbing off the rust, that every thing he has touch'd shines like a new gilded ball; and believes he has prov'd himself the Phœnix of *historio-antiquarians*. Let the public judge of these things: and I, who scorn to lift my foot on one step of that ladder to preferment *flattery*, will tell him once more my opinion of his style or mode of expression.

It appears to me to be affected! of a mongrel py'd kind; produc'd by the dregs of Ossian, and the lofty fustian of a proud Oxonian.

Humph!—I'm afraid I've catch'd this *fustian-yuke* too, either of his *Manchester Pendragon*, or his tutor *Ossian:* I feel my elbow itch already! so I'll march off. — Reader, go thou thy way, and be *happy*.

MORE FRUIT

FROM THE

SAME PANNIER;

OR, ADDITIONAL REMARKS

ON THE

HISTORY OF MANCHESTER.

To point out mistakes is a justice due to History and myself.

HISTORY OF MAN. Pa. 464.

Let the Public examine freely, compare candidly, and judge impartially, that Truth may triumph. T. B.

PREFACE

To be read, *or* skipped over *by the*

Reader.

Observing that none of my friends or acquaintance have given me the least hint that I had been too rude and blunt in my first remarks on the Mancunion Antiquary (except a shake of the head from the bookseller, and a squib thrown at me by a pensioner and placeman) and the sale exceeding my expectations it determined me to add a few more remarks which some friends whispered me, I had too carelessly omitted; though they deserve a fillup on the nose full as well as any I had remarked on, merited a rap on the knuckles.

I hinted in my former remarks, that it plainly appeared our author thought he had laid the world, and especially the antiquarian part of it, under great obligations; and I think no one should deny him a small pension of praise for endeavouring to please them; more especially as some parts are commendable, notwithstanding his arrows may not always hit the mark: for he has given such a loose to his fiery genius, as seems inconsistent with the gravity and exactness of an historian, and taken a resolution to ride a gallop over every obscurity and leave all doubts and hesitations behind him, without the least diffidence of his capacity or the fountains of his information. He relates and decides with a dogmatical assurance, and appears certain that every reader will admit his ipse dixit with implicit confidence of their truth, and without the least remark or examination. But the world has more eyes than he seems to think it has; and to please this squinting Centoculi, an author who pretends to write books of value and consequence, should not write at

random, but be careful what he writes. If he advance any thing new, his reasons should be forcible and adequate to the thing advanced. He ought not to depreciate and commend the same author with the same breath; or set him up for an oracle in one page, and shew him ridiculously false and absurd in the next. He ought to be consistent with himself, so that what he affirms in this line should not contradict what he has asserted before in others. He ought not to broach new doctrines and such as run counter to all former writers, and pretend to support them with weak and dubious authorities, or the slender tottering reeds of his own fancy; and make these his private opinions the sole rule and standard for the rest of mankind; but allow the same liberty he takes; a power to think for themselves.

This author seems to be of a quite different disposition to that ancient philosopher who read his works to the old woman who swept his house and made his pottage: or Longinus, who insisted that his friend Terentianus should revise his work on the sublime: for he thinks his genius so all-sufficient, that, as I hear, he thrust this hopeful child on the public without so much as one of his friends perusing it; turned it into the world without a godfather to take care it should not turn heretic either in history or antiquarianism. Its very backside was so beautiful, he scorned to make use of a tailor for its breeches: perhaps the bookseller will be the first to tell him the contrary-----with----I have them all still.

When I began these remarks, I could not but think such a dogmatical writer deserved little or no candour, but jumped directly into his own notion in page 464, where speaking of the mistakes of the HEAVY *Mr. Carte*, and the SUPERFICIAL *Mr. Hume* (as he calls them) he says, "to point out mistakes is a justice due to history and myself." From this I concluded, that to come at truth I must be obliged to use

contradiction in many articles; and buffet many more with irony and ridicule. I find no pleasure in these: but if an Æsop sets up for a beau, 'squire Morgan for a wit, or N---h and G----n for patriots, do they not set themselves as marks to be shot at? If there be no pleasure in irony or contradiction, yet there is a pleasing satisfaction in vindicating some, and undeceiving others: and 'tis possible these remarks will serve as a guide post to keep some from imposition, and others from following will-with-a-wisp into pits and quagmires.

I know my expressions are rugged; but what have smooth and polished periods to do in this case? 'Tis better to be severe and a little useful by pointing out truth from error, than to be politely engaging and of no use at all. And I think rustic honesty with this author, is preferable to any flattery or formal complaisance I could have shewn him. If these short observations will but stand, as a scarecrow in a corn-field, and keep rooks and daws from plundering, and imposition, I have my end.

FAREWELL.

ADDITIONAL

REMARKS.

I shall refer the reader to my prior remarks for a few observations on the ostentatious preface, and only observe some particulars in this hopeful work which my then intended brevity caused me to omit: still leaving a good and ample foundation for a structure of any size to be raised by some more judicious remarker who may think it worth his while to follow me; which I still hope to see, and go to page 20th, where, speaking of the site of the old British Mancenion, he says, "A gentle declivity "to the south would give the Britons the WHOLE UNDIMINISHED "REFLECTED WARMTH OF OUR BRITISH SUNS."

Whole and undiminished too? High flown English indeed! —Here my infantile knowledge of our mother tongue stares me in the face. O that I had Johnson's or some other wit-dispensing dictionary!—Vain wish:—for nothing less than an Oedipus, or an oracle can answer the following question;

Is a whole apple an apple before any part is taken from it?

"Reflected warmth of our British suns!"——This is also above my capacity——for alas, my sight is so weak and dazzled with the glare of these suns, that I cannot see from what body or medium their hot rays were reflected upon the primæval Britons——humph——, now I have it; as I think: for these SUNS shot their rays reciprocally in one another's faces, till at last by reflection, they darted on the heads of the old Britons: for we do not find that the moon and all the other planets to help her (though assisted by the best burning glasses) are able to melt butter.

In the same page he goes on, "and the extraordinary aspect "of its western termination, so much more formidable than "that of the Roman ditches DOES OF ITSELF BESPEAK the whole "to be British."

It is something extraordinary, that the Romans should conquer the Lancashire Sistuntians so very easily, when these last so far excelled the former in the art of fortification, that there was no comparison of a Roman fortress with his British Mancenion. Yet this formidable fortress, which he tells us "had so "steep and scarped a mound on the medlock; he could also see "by the marks of the pick-axes, that the scarping was British, "page 22, a rising eminence for its bank; and a broad extent "of a ditch," could not so much as give a stop to the Romans. For he makes his bold Lancashire Sistuntians such dastardly cowards, that they gave up all their fortresses in the woods; their impregnable Mancenion; and some of their chiefs for hostages, without a battle, a skirmish, or sally from the fortress; whilst on other occasions he is so particular and prolix in mere trifles. But a reader with half an eye, cannot miss observing, by what slender threads of consistency and probability this whole account of his Mancenion hangs together; and that his ostentatious description of this fortress and its site, springs chiefly from the overflowings of his own fancy.

Page 21. "The southern bank ALL AT ONCE falls away in a "long slope towards the north."

This is a chip of the same block with that in page 227, where he tells us "the hair of the Britons was long, bushy, and fell "down in a long wreath behind:" and here the bank falls away all at once, in a long slope!

Has not our author given us here a specimen that his fancy can stretch a little beyond possibility; and can infallibly make an oblique, or slope line the same with a perpendicular?

Page 38. "And the human constitution as such, must have "naturally affected a southerly position in the cold bleak, and "wooded state of our island at that period."

This is another instance of this author's inconsistency: for here the word BLEAK means cold, plain, windy or chilly: but in page 343 he tells us "it means the deep gloom of a considerable wood." Does not this with many more such instances demonstrate the infatuated idea he has of his own abilities! Nay he seems to think his readers are obliged to believe him both ways, when he first affirms a crow to be a magpye, but before we can say---humph----at the assertion, the magpye is a crow again!--- Thus a glowing heater and a lump of ice are synonymous terms of our antiquary.

Page 51. "About fifty years ago was thrown up by the plough, "a large sword of iron in good conservation. This curiosity is "undoubtedly Roman."

I allow this sword a large two-handed one; but not a Roman sword: and I presume whoever thinks it worth his while to examine it, will be of my opinion, for the following reasons. Tho' it might be found in a dry and gravelly soil; yet as the blade and the handle were so little rusted when I saw it (1771) that it could not, by the nature of things, have lain one third of the time since the Romans left this island. Then again, the soft wood of the handle appeared sound, and very little discoloured; nay, the leathern-thongs which are plaited round and bind on the wood at the extremities of the handle, appeared to be little decayed or corroded by time: so that considering the iron, the wood and the leather, it is every whit as probable that it was Guy of Warwick's sword, with which he killed the dun cow, as that it was ever seen, or came in the hands of a Roman. In short it is very probable, that it is no older than the middle of the seventeenth century, and was a two-handed weapon in that fanatical war (for they were true fanatics on both sides) where arbitrary power, prerogative, and priestcraft on one side; and liberty and property on the other, lugged one another by the ears: and the ambition of Church and State, pulled an old steeple on their own heads; and many think to this day, not undeservedly.

Page 54. "The Itinera which Richard has presented to us "ALL OBVIOUSLY UNITE to form one entire Itinerary. No single "part stands forth of a different texture from the rest. One "uniform colour plainly tinctures over the whole."

What reader that sees this character of Richard's Itinerary, but must believe that his Reverence thought it the most perfect work that man could produce? Yet for all this absolute perfection, in the notes of this section, page 58, his Reverence tells us, "that in the first, the third, the fourth, and the eleventh "Itinera, there is plainly seen the interloping hand of the "monk." And mentions the dissonant parts with an &c. after them; which may include 400 more cobbling blunders of this his most infallible author.

Now supposing, for argument's sake, that this work of Richard's was genuine; it is no easy matter to give reasons how Mr. BERTRAM's and Dr. STUKELY's editions of this work should so materially, and so often vary; as the Doctor's was printed from a transcript sent him by Bertram: but this last seems to have the best plea for the truth, as Bertram's modesty left blanks where he could not, or would not fill them up: but the positive Doctor made no baulks at a blank; his pregnant fancy filled them up without hesitation. Witness the following examples, given by our author in his appendix.

Page 18. Icianos has only a vacancy in Bertram but inserted by Stukely.

22. Doctor Stukely gives the numerals m. p. 70 which Mr. Bertram omitted.

24. Dr. Stukely by a strange mistake, reads AD TINES instead of AD FINES, and therefore idly fixes the station upon the North Tyne, instead of the Tweed.

34. Stukely fills up with these numerals m. p. 27, the blank in Bertram's edition.

38. The names of these two stations BREMENIUM, and BRANNOGENIUM are taken from Stukely. *Only blanks appear in* Bertram.

46. The name Præsidium and the number 7 opposite Croco Colana, are taken from Stukely's copy.

48. These numerals m. p. 10, are taken from D. S. a large blank left by Bertram.

56. The numerals m. p. 30, answering AD FINES, do not appear in Bertram.*

But let us proceed a little further, to shew what method his Reverence takes to prove this famous Monk's infallibility. In p. 59. he says, "Richard the learned scholar and deep antiquarian I found sunk into an ignorant novice. Deprived of his "Romans aids, Richard shewed himself to be as ignorant and "injudicious as any of his illiterate cotemporaries about him."

Had his Reverence forgot what he had affirmed in the 54th p.? for there he says "All the embodied Antiquarians of the "fourteen and three succeeding centuries, could not have forged "so learned a detail of Roman Antiquities."

But still he contradicts this again, for in his 256 p. he says "that both Dio and Richard are inconsistent and mistaken."

Again in p. 58. Richard's map of Roman Britain is of little value; it is frequently inaccurate: it contradicts his own Itinerary.

In p. 100. he tells us, "That the distance from Mancenion "to Condate is fixed by the 6th Iter of Richard, at 36 miles, "but in the 10th at 23, and makes a remarkable insertion of "a station betwixt the one and the other at 18 miles from both, "and at the boundaries of the two provinces Flavia and Maxima. "But certain as we are concerning the course of the road, the "very mention of these bounds shews the number of miles to "be greatly erroneous."

* And in our author's 430 page, where he is busy peopling Ireland with no less than eighteen tribes, chiefly from Richard's account and map, and the poems of Ossian; one of which tribes were the northern Scots (a nation as he says, that had engaged for 150 years, two WHOLE NATIONS OF ANTIQUARIANS in war) he tells us, Stukely had copied seven mistakes from Richard, and added many more which he there mentions.

Also in p. 135 he says, "Richard was quite mistaken in think-
"ing the river Mersey to be the æstuary Seteia of Ptolomy, and
"his map is also wrong in this point."

Again in p. 392, speaking of the Cassiteris Silures, or Scilly Islands, he says, "What Solinus has said concerning the Silura
"or chief of them, Richard has strangely applied to the Silures
"of Wales, he being deceived by the likeness of names."

And in p. 463, he tells us, "Richard in his 28 p. places the
"Mœate in Valentia, whom I have shewn to have inhabited Ves-
"pasiana."

In the 50 p. his Reverence says, "Richard calls Diviaticus
"the king of the Ædui, when he was king of Suessones."

In p. 52, he finds fault with Richard for calling London a colony in the days of Boadicea, when Tacitus expressly declares it not to have been a colony; and also for his saying that Agricola subdued the Orcades; when as Solinus tells us (c. 22) they were not then inhabited.

And lastly, in his 448 p. he tells the reader that Richard's map of Ireland has some inaccuracies in it. And Dr. Stukely's copy has more.

Now, good and patient reader, judge thou if this Westminster monk was not almost as infallibly fallible, as our Manchester historian? And tell me if all the embodied antiquarians of the fourteen and three succeeding centuries, could not have forged or matched this miraculous work?—Do all things OBVIOUSLY UNITE in this one entire Itinerary? Does no single part stand forth of a different texture from the rest? Or does one uniform colour PLAINLY tincture over the whole?

Thus I have produced some of the many contradictions that stare in the face of the most common readers on this prime subject of Richard's Itinerary. Can we call our Mancunion historian's way of writing by any other name than either stupidity or infatuation? And does not this author when we think we have fast hold of him glide away like an eel, and leave us

defiled with the mud and slime of self-contradiction, and the stench of conceited infallibility.

Page 56. "Inverness as the utmost bounds of the Roman "Empire, is the most northerly point of accessible ground in "Scotland, and where Ptolomy or some of the Roman officers "made their astronomical observations."

To this affirmation I shall only ask a question, where were those parts that now constitute the counties of Sutherland, Strathnaver, and Caithness, in the time of the Romans? For part of these counties lie north of Inverness; and it seems very probable that they were accessible to the Romans, as they are at present to the modern Caledonians: and that they are accessible at this time, is probable for one particular reason—there were cities, towns, and villages in them about a fortnight ago.

Page 95. "To settle the particular position of Condate hath "long embarrassed the antiquarian critics. Settled originally at "Congleton because of some remaining sameness in the name; "that only guide in the infancy of antiquarian learning."

Here we see with what a despicable eye he looks upon this old-fashioned rule of similarity of names, practiced by all former INFANT ANTIQUARIANS:—what a futile argument it was and how wide they shot from the mark in thinking Congleton was the old Condate, because there was some sameness in the name.

This brings to view another piece of our author's inconsistency, and the treacherousness of his memory. Four pages further, (99) he tells us, "The name of Condate is PRETTY "LOUDLY ECHOED in the name of Kinderton."

Hush——good reader————be as still as a mouse——. So; now help me a little————reader, do thou shout CONDATE

READER.

CON——— ————DA—— ————TE——

ECHO.

K I N——— ————D E R——— ————TON—.

Is not this similarity, and harmony in perfection, and sweetly answered by madam echo?—Now for't again——Bawl aloud the same word

READER.

CON——— ————DA—— ————TE——

ECHO.

C O N——— ————G L E—— ————T O N—

Humph————————Lady echo's pipe is out of tune; she's certainly tir'd, or in a cross temper, and too surly to speak ————————here's some little sameness; but nothing to the purpose; but in CONDATE and KINDERTON there is as much unison, harmony, and sameness of sounds echoed forth as TACHY and RACHEL, GRAMMAR and GRAMMATICA, RICHARD and DICK (see p. 106) and these are as similar to the ear as two beans are to the eye; i. e. to one who can think as he will, and cares not what he says: who can make echo answer SPARROW-BILLS after a hoarse voice that has croaked PLUM-PUDDING.

Here we see that tho' this author despises those who judge of British towns and Roman stations from the similarity of names and calls it, "the only guide in the infancy of antiquarian learning;" yet we see that when he wants it he eagerly mounts, and rides this old-fashioned guide; this paltry hobby-horse, himself, without the least scruple or hesitation whatsoever.

Again, in p. 156, he has these words, "The certainty of a "station at Warrington, and the great similarity of the name of "Veratinum to it, form together a sufficient evidence that the "former is meant by the latter." Thus he mounts and gallops this despicable hobby-horse again, but cannot endure that another should ride a foot's pace. But inconsistency, and self-contradiction are no blots in his reverence's 'scutcheon, and the reason is obvious; a true bred antiquary cannot err.

Page 98. In this page he tells the reader, "That the Roman "road from Mancunium to Condate leaves the sandy waste of "Rudheath a little distance on the left, and Newton, near Mid-

"dlewich less distant on the right the Kind-street passes "through Ravenscroft into Kinderton."

Tho' I have two maps of Cheshire, yet I have not seen a good one: this point then cannot be elucidated as I could wish. However, let us take old Speed (as coming nearest the truth) for want of a better; by which it will be very diverting to the inquisitive reader, to see how this author makes this Roman road to leave Ravenscroft (about half a mile from Kinderton) on the left hand; carries it to Newton above a mile and a half further; then brings it close by Kinderton back again to Ravenscroft; and then drops it into Kinderton at last.

Query, did not this Roman road, and its guide too, lose their way?

Page 110. In this page he ends the Roman road, which he has traced from Mancunium to Coccium, but as all former antiquaries blundered as to the particular site of it, he tells us, "the town, as it seems, having been very early destroyed, the "traces of its ancient dignity are *almost* ENTIRELY erased, and "exist only at present in the faint retrospect of traditionary his- "tory, and in the vague generalities of a winter's tale. The "town, as it seems, having been entirely demolished, and after- "wards built upon a different site, almost all the vestiges of its "Roman masters have been long obliterated by the hand of "time, and even the very existence of them forgotten in the "chronicles of tradition."

Let us try to squeeze this prolix description into a little compass.

The town was early destroyed; the traces of it ALMOST ENTIRELY erased; the tradition of it vague like a winter's tale; the site removed and its Roman masters forgotten even by tradition.

In the very next page, he says (when abbreviated) "going on "we come to the river Douglas, at the bottom of a brow going "to Preston, near the extremities of which, TRADITION has "erected the original Blackrod."

Again, in the 116 p. he says, "the distance, the site, the TRA-"DITION, and the remains, all agree to carry it to the banks of "the Douglas."

Here again;——in the first place it may be observed, that his reverence finds madam Tradition asleep——"for the very exist-"ence of the vestiges of the town were forgotten even in the "chronicles of tradition." She was here snoring in an easy chair, and consequently dumb, that his sagacity may appear more conspicuous, and his exquisite scent extolled for its hunting out a Roman station where there was none.

In the next place, when he wants his foster-nurse tradition, he gives her drowsy ladyship a jog or two on the elbow, and makes her start up, to make affidavit to whatever he is pleased to advance, "For the distance, the site, tradition, and the "REMAINS, all agree that the town stood on the banks of the "Douglas."

Does not his reverence, here again, play at JACK-O'-LENT with his readers? Does he not metamorphose us into children, and make us to grasp at the reflection of the sun, which, with a mirror, he makes to dance around us; and when we think to catch the bright appearance,——whip——its on the ceiling!

Page 113. The Setantian Port of Ptolomy (in the river Ribble) he says, "is placed in 57. 45. North Latitude: Rerigo-"nium in 57. 30. and the mouth of the Mersey 57. 20."

Now as these three latitudes coincide one with another these cannot be a mistake of the printer, or in the author in using one figure instead of another: so that it is a matter of wonder to me that his reverence can say they necessarily confine us to the southern parts of Lancashire! How can he make or even overlook such egregious blunders without noticing and correcting them? Or believe Ptolomy, or infallible Richard to help him, when he says the before-mentioned places were in their respective latitudes here assigned them; when they would throw the mouth of the Mersey 80 miles, Rerigonium 90, and the

Ribble above 100 miles north of Edinburgh; or about 14 north of Inverness, or into that country which our author tells us was inaccessible to the Romans. Yet for all this, his reverence can boldly affirm these latitudes necessarily confine us to the southern parts of Lancashire, when the least skill in geography will demonstrate that Hawkshead the most northern town of this county, doth not exceed 54. 30.

By this it appears, his reverence is no better a geographer than a chronologist; and is another proof what true-bred antiquaries can say when they have banished truth, and sent shame a begging.

Page 123. "From the ÆSTUARY of Sabriana (or Severn) the "coast goes directly to the west for 180 miles &c."

It is very diverting to examine his reverence's geographical descriptions. Let us suppose here that he reckons this Æstuary to begin at the most south-easterly point of Glamorganshire in the Bristol channel; it is not 100 miles from thence to St. David's Head; so that that the other 80 westward would carry him over St. George's channel, and beyond Wexford in Ireland: by this it appears, that antiquaries, like beggars, can never be out of their way.

"From Brachypult-point, in 80 miles more to the north, the "geographer goes 150 to the east."

Bravely done geographer!—By this Ptolomy with his reverence behind him, must ride the ship thro' the air, like witches, on a greased broom stick; otherwise they must carry the ship on their shoulders, over the Welch hills, and thro' the counties of Carnarvonshire, Merioneth, and Denbyshire; over Shropshire, Stafford, Derby, and into Nottinghamshire: which feat, Ptolomy, or his reverence either, never performed: tho' I confess the bounds of infallibility are very large.

Page 127 and 128. "The great difference which now appears "in the flow of the tide (up the Ribble) could never have been "occasioned by the pressure of the interior Ocean (St. George's

"channel) and by the gradual settlement of the sands at the "mouth of the river. Had the difference been thus occasioned, "the Mersey upon one side, and the Lune upon the other, MUST "have partaken of the same fate, and have been blocked up with "the same sands. IT MUST have been produced by a cause as "partial as the effects appear to be. And TRADITION which his- "tory has overlooked or forgotten speaks confidently of such a "cause: ascribing the final ruin of Ribchester to an earthquake; "confined like its cause *to the stream of the Ribble.*"

This quotation the reader may perceive is still round about, tho' I have lopped off some of its most luxuriant branches: he may also see plainly that our author is not in a humour to relish and adopt the most probable and rational causes why the mouth of the Ribble is choaked up; and he gives this reason, "because "the Mersey on the one side, and the Lune on the other MUST "have partaken the same fate."

But, reverend sir, were there the same reasons for the mouths of the Mersey and the Lune to be blocked up with that of the Ribble? Were there one hundredth part of the crumblings and devastations on their banks, as there were on the high and loose banks of the Ribble? But an antiquary can never be at a loss to prove any whims, whilst he can command tradition to raise an earthquake to help him out at a dead lift; and such earthquakes too as are confined to the particular stream of one brook, and by such tradition as history itself had overlooked and forgotten. This must be a queer earthquake indeed! For tho' it made such violent havock and devastations in the channel of the Ribble, it was so quiet and harmless every where else that it could not, or would not roll an egg off a table at a rood's distance from the banks of it; so that the old nurse Tradition having hop-shackled it so close, that the Mersey and the Lune were safe enough from being disturbed by its tremulous and violent motions.

Thus we see what strange feats our antiquary can perform,

with the assistance of a traditional earthquake just ferreted out of its sleeping abodes! But let us sift this argument through a little finer sieve.

"The difference of the flow of the tide into this Æstuary "(says he) could not have been occasioned by the pressure of the "interior Ocean."

This is profoundly deep; and must be granted him by all philosophers! But if not the pressure of the interior Ocean, the non-pressure of it might be one cause of beds of gravel and sand lodging in its channel: for it is rational to suppose that the pressure of more water, one wave urging on another, or a few feet of higher tides would have opened this watercourse, and carried both sand and gravel into the sea.

In his 388 page, he has these words, "In Kent the sea "has retreated from the shore of Sandwich; has sunk the "Æstuary of Solinus (this was barbarously done of the sea, "thus to sink one of its own arms) into an insignificant cur- "rent, and has converted the fine harbour of Rhutupœ where "the Roman fleet was regularly laid up, into an expanse of rich "pastures, and a valley watered with a rivulet." Was not this port of Rhutupœ barred up for want of the pressure of the sea?

Again, "In Lincolnshire the sea has added ground and shrunk "from its original boundaries, and left many thousands of acres "betwixt the old bank of its waters and the present margin of "its shore; and in Lancashire the sands which originally "formed the beach of the sea, and were originally covered every "tide with its waters, are now regularly inhabited."

Does not his reverence prove here, that this port of Rhutupœ and this land in Lancashire, was gained for want of the pressure of the sea? And were not these things as incomprehensible as the sand-banks lodged in the mouth of the Ribble? Yet all was done without the help of a channel-earthquake, which history had overlooked and forgotten, which our author rouzed up here on purpose to throw up a few sand banks.

Tho' it is granted that the pressure of the interior Ocean could not stop the mouth of the Ribble, yet we will endeavour to prove that the gradual settlement of gravel and sand was the principal cause of this obstruction, tho' his reverence will not have it so: and this we will attempt to do, by making our author's arguments to buffet and undermine one another, and then (as usual) blow themselves into the air.

In page 130, he says, "The Neb of the Nese has been long "washed away: the western horn has certainly no Neb existing "at present: and this equally appears from the ravages the "water has here made upon the banks. That conspicuous "point which is still denominated the Neb of the Nese, for it is "still here tho' it went down the river hundreds of years "ago, has lost nearly two acres of ground within 40 years; "and from the broken and mouldering condition of the bank "both on the east and south appears to be losing every day. As "the Roman station therefore must have been upon the extrem- "ity of this promontory, the site of it and its remains must have "long melted into the channel below." And in page 131, "Great, says he, have been the encroachments which the *Ribble* "has made upon the bank of the town within these 60 years "only: and one whole street of houses, and a range of orchards "and gardens have been carried away by the stream. The earth "daily crumbles and falls away into the channel: and the "Church itself, raised as it is upon a lofty bank, and placed at a "little distance from the margin of it, is likely to be swept "away in 60 years more."

Again, in p. 133. "This Rerigonium; this Caer of the Bri- "tons, and the Castrum of the Romans, must have been totally "carried away and the *visible* and *invisible* remains of both have "been equally buried."

This is strange?——very hard indeed!——That those parts of this Caer, and this Castrum that remain and are visible, are absolutely buried and gone, equally with those swept away by

time and invisible!——O time!——O antiquarianism! What dreadful havock do you make among poor, old, innocent ruins!

The last quotation I shall produce from our author on this subject, is in page 134; his words are, "About this part of the "river in general (i. e. below Ribchester) whole pillars, broken "capitals and vases, and Roman coins, and Roman inscriptions "have frequently been discovered within the channel."

Now it is all these washings and meltings, these ravages, devastations, and encroachments, upon the broad, high and loose banks of this river here mentioned from our historian, I take to be a great and sufficient cause of the shoals and present sand-banks which lie in the mouth of this æstuary; and that the sea in high spring tides brought up the loose sand, which abounds on the coast for near 30 miles north and south of this river completely finished, and left them in their present state.

Thus I have finished this gravelly point, but will leave the reader to judge for himself, and either take the reasons here specified, as the most natural causes of these gravelly and sandy beds, or the closely fettered earthquake of the antiquary.

As to the seeming retreat of the sea from some coasts, I presume that was never a matter of fact, in the sense it is generally taken; but that the coasts of Lincolnshire, Kent, Lancashire, &c. are raised by the weeds, sands, &c. which the sea in high tides throws upon such low beaches; and by the vegetables, sand, gravel, and loam, brought down by floods and rivers in length of time from the mountainous parts, and high grounds in their respective countries.

Now were it possible for me to have the vanity to think that these my skimming remarks would ever attain the honour (tho' as a livery servant) of attending this noble Mancunion history, then would I never grudge the pains I have taken in giving it so many monitorial jogs on the elbow, with this whisper,——— Have a care————.

However as despair is the characteristic of a cowardly disposition, I will banish that, cherish hope, and proceed to a new-

found Roman road, which his reverence tells us, page 134, "Goes from Cambodunum, stretches visibly over Stainland-"moor, passes thro' the townships of Barkisland and Rishworth, "crosses the Devil's Causeway (on Bleakstone-edge), and the "Roman road from Manchester to Ilkley, and *must* therefore "have ASSUREDLY terminated at Coln."

This account is positive, and plain as a pike-staff, and the places here mentioned I have seen: but must confess my antiquarian faculties were too weak, to perceive the least vestige of a Roman road that went over any of the places here mentioned. That it did not come over the hills in Rishworth and cross the old high-way over Bleakstone-edge, (which it must do if it had existed) at the Devil's causeway is certain: this, I think, no one would dispute on viewing the hill on the side of *Rishworth*, and the great hill of Bleakstone-edge, whose summit divides the two counties of York and Lancaster, with the great and deep glen that divides it from *Rishworth*. Then again, the tops of many of these hills over which this road must necessarily pass had it pointed this way, are in many places so very mossy, boggy, or quaggy, that the black spungy surface will shake a rood or more round a man, and is entirely impassable for a horse. So there is not the least probability that ever any British, Roman or English road ever went that way.

But to make this point incontestible: had a Roman road taken this course, it was impossible but it must have been intersected or cut thro' in 1766, on making that excellent and beautiful way, now called the new road, and which the Romans never excelled for the length of it. I say this Roman road must have been cut thro' and discovered, as on performing it, the soft turf or black earth was cut to the very bottom all the way over, which was sometimes rock, gravel, or hard blue clay mixed with stone: and the mossy turf was in some places twelve feet deep; being all or the most of it washed away by means of artificial reservoirs of water, which when opened swept it into the rivers

of Yorkshire and Lancashire, which fall into the east and west seas. Yet for all this, neither gravelly road, stone pavement, or any other vestige of any road appeared.

Besides, what corroborates the notion that no Roman road ever went this way, is, that their roads generally passed in straight lines to their destined endings; but this supposed road from this new-found Cambodunum (or the old one either) must strike directly west to come at Bleakstone edge; but Colne lies north-west; so that this course would not only be the worst way, but near one mile at three about.

The old Romans never understood, or at least practiced so good and perfect a method of making or constructing roads as those Lancashire gentlemen, the late overseers of the new road over this hill of Bleakstone-edge: for the truth of this, I appeal to any that have travelled that way, and read the 5th satire of the first book of Horace, where he speaks of the ruggedness of the Flaminian and the Appian ways.

Suppose we make a little further digression.—

On reflecting on the first forming of our English high-ways, several reasons occured for their present curvity, or the round-about lines they proceed in; the which, as mere conjectures I will lay before the reader.

Before the time of the Romans and during their stay in this Island, it had in general the appearance of one extensive waste or forest. In the first constructing roads, there were few or no large enclosed manors, fields, orchards or gardens; and consequently no lawyers to argue on, or decide private property; which was then in its infancy and entirely overpowered, and almost annihilated by the Roman power. So that in general, their roads were laid out in direct or straight lines, (see our author p. 165.) They turned not aside for a bank, a hollow, a small lake, or a miry place. Nothing stopped them, but high and steep mountains, deep rivers (for we hear of few ruins of Roman bridges) boggy mosses, marshy quagmires, or steep

rocky glens between hills. Now all these obstructions occur here (rivers excepted) in the course of our author's pretended Roman road, which should have gone over Bleakstone-edge, and crossed the Devil's causeway there: all which, makes the very notion of a Roman road to vanish into air.

On the withdrawing of the Romans, and the stealing in of the Saxons; property and agriculture began to be a little better understood: for the old Britons had very mean notions of property prior to the arrival of the Romans and the Saxons; notwithstanding all the bustle Macpherson makes about the poems of Ossian and their sumptuous hospitality. I do not mean but their petty kings and chiefs knew tolerably well their own boundaries; but that the common people had not, or knew little of any lands they could properly call their own; for this reason the Saxons on their first settling here, found it no difficult matter to cause the most fertile parts; and even to encroach on the best open lands of their neighbouring Britons: which lands they began to enclose with banks and ditches, which not being claimed in a century or two, became Saxon property, and thus were settled, or vested in them and their heirs.

On the increase of population and trade, the roads became of more general use, were now better made, and more care taken of them. But the first enclosures above-mentioned, intersecting, or rather hindering the roads from proceeding in straight lines, they were obliged to turn them first round one, then another enclosure, till they became as crooked as we now see them.

Then again, on the coming of the arbitrary Normans, the nobility (especially the Norman) became possessed of enormous estates; so that these and the lesser Barons turned the roads round their parks and manors, and brought them to their towns, castles, and manors, in what direction they pleased; not consulting the general utility, but their own fancies and arbitrary humours.

Some natural causes also intervened; the roads could not always proceed in straight lines, because of the intervension of mosses, marshes, woods, lakes, hills, &c. these, and other reasons, obliged many roads to proceed in crooked or indirect lines.

Many of the same reasons may be assigned for the irregularity and straitness of the streets of some towns and ancient cities: for being at first generally built without plan, or consideration (except our author's most regular Mancenion) for the first comer built a lot here, another house or two there, and perhaps end to side; so that in a little time they stood so confused, no regular streets were or could be built; but were hemmed in by back-yards, narrow streets, &c. These things with the loss of trade, and the diverting of roads for convenience of travellers, I look on as the chief reasons why some towns have changed their old situations.

If the reader disapprove these flying conjectures of the cause of our winding and crooked roads, he is at liberty to guess for himself; for I will not steal our antiquary's *rivetting hammer*, and *clench it by saying these things were absolutely so.*

Page 134. Speaking of Coln his style flows thus, "This the "British appellation of the town, *this* the concurrence of a road "from Cambodunum at it, *this* the voice of tradition, and the "appellation of Caster, evince to have been the site of a station."

Again, "There appears the evident skeleton of a Roman "station at present; a regular Vallum encircled by a regular "Fosse. And standing on the summit of a lofty cliff, it com- "mands a very extensive view of the country around it."

Positive——plain——and mighty laconic! But hear him what he says only two pages further. Page 136. "The late "Bishop of Carlisle and myself, were both at Coln very nearly "at the same time, and both failed of success in our searches "tho' the name, the remains, and the tradition are so striking."

This way of writing *must absolutely* tire the most patient of readers———the affectedly fustian flights of his style———the

incoherence of the matter——the inconsistency of his periods ———his frequent self-contradictions both vex and puzzle me. ——Could the remains of this Roman station be so striking, its skeleton be so evident at present; could a regular Vallum encircled by a regular Fosse appear, and yet for all these evident tokens and remains of a station, none be seen or felt by this reverend or right reverend father? Surely his reverence dreamed of all these evident indications of a station, or he, and the right reverend father too, dreamed in their searching.—— Blind we cannot reasonably suppose them to be:——and they would hardly have been at the cost, and taken the pains to ride so far, and instead of peeping eagerly about for the Vallum, the Fosse, and the plain skeleton of a station, fall to winking!—— Is not this then a most puzzling article!———

But so it is:——thus he makes us to stand like statues gaping for information; for truth and consistency: when lo! there starts up a phantom: a mere vapour:—the ignis-fatuus of his own creative brain!

But let us see what Camden says in contradiction to our author's positive account of the evident skeleton of this station at Coln, who surveyed this town, and its vicinity 168 years ago. He tells us, (vol. 2, p. 972) "That except some Roman coins, there is no great appearance of a Roman town or station here, such as fortifications, altars, boundaries and the like: which made Dr. Leigh in his history of Lancashire, &c. to conclude, and very rationally too, that the coins might be hid thereabouts by the Roman soldiers: or lost, or laid there on some other accidental occasions."

The above article, appears to me, another specimen of infallability: for we see here, our reverend antiquary can build evident ruins of a Roman station a hundred times easier and cheaper, than some of our whimsical Noblemen can huddle up the new ruins of old castles in their parks and chases: unless we must conclude against reason and common experience; that

the older Roman stations grow, the younger they are; and not only so, but the more they are diminished, the more of them remain and are plainer to be seen.

Page 139. "The Wherf flows briskly in the front of Ilkley, "and washes the gentle eminence on which that town is erect-"ed." Further, "And this river remarkably beautiful in its "appearance, was particularly formed into a Divinity *by the* "*Britons*, and a large handsome altar has been found near "the bank of it, consecrated by a *Roman Officer* to Verb-eia, the "Goddess Nymph of the current."

Here we see another instance of the power of this author's creative fancy; or at least his peculiar art in magnifying objects, and twisting them into whatever form he pleases. To prove which, I will give the reader Camden's own words, in vol. 2, p. 896. 'I have seen this altar now under a pair of 'stairs, and inscribed by the Captain (or Prefect) of the second 'Cohort of the Lingones, to Verbeia, *perhaps* she was the 'Nymph or Goddess of the Wherf, and called Verbeia *I suppose* 'from the likeness of the two words.'

Thus is Camden's very modest opinion metamorphosed into what he neither said, or thought positively: is this buckram puppet as here dressed up by his reverence, any thing like Camden's genuine offspring? For first he makes the river remarkably beautiful; then creates it a Goddess: the altar then thrives into a large one (and handsome too) when Camden has no such expressions. Neither does he say it was found near the bank of a river but that he saw it there under a pair of stairs; and out of his modest guesses, his *perhaps*, and *I suppose* his reverence has built this notable superstructure.

Here it may not be improper to confess my ignorance: for before I read this paragraph, I did not know the art of making Gods and Goddesses out of rivers, had been a trick of the old sagacious Britons, but of those wiseacres the Greeks and Romans; who made laughter into a god under the name of

Ridiculous; and Cloacina the sweet-smelling goddess of sinks and common sewers. Now admitting that the primæval Britons might worship the flourishing oak and adore the massy column, (which I much question) I never heard of their idolizing their currents before. For though Gildas might say the ignorant Britons paid divine honours to some rivers or headsprings; he did not say, or mean they did so before the Roman invasion; for this was a ridiculous extravagance introduced by the Romans and adopted by the Britons.

But let us return and peep at the proof of this deification of this Yorkshire river Wherf. He tells us, "That an altar "both large and handsome was found near the bank of it, "and consecrated by a *Roman Officer* to Verb-eia."

Had Heraclitus been alive and heard such a clenching proof as this, must he not have laughed? For because a Roman officer dedicated an altar to Verbeia, the Britons must *absolutely* have worshipped the Wherf as a Goddess! Does not the spirit of antiquarianism here jump over the bounds of reason and all probability, and fly like the down off thistles, as the wind of fancy pleases? But let us observe a little further.

Camden to prove that the second Cohort of Lingones were quartered at Ilkley (the old Olicana) mentions this altar in the words before quoted. The Inscription Camden gives of it is

VERBIAE SACRUM
CLODIUS FRONTO
PRÆF. COH. II. LINGON.

But his learned Editor (the Bp. of Lond.) points out an inaccuracy of Camden here, whose words are, 'It seems rather 'to have been the first Cohort; as the last line of that inscrip-'tion being not II. LINGON, but P. LINGON, in the original 'as appears from Mr. John Thoresby's papers late of Leeds; an 'eminent antiquary who accurately transcribed it, being very

'critical in his observations upon inscriptions and original 'coins, of which he had a valuable collection.'

Camden also tells us, this original altar is removed to Stubham, but by Dr. Leister's letter to the Royal Society, mentioned by his editor afterwards (p. 959) it appears to be at Middleton Grange near Ilkley. But the stone which Camden says supports a pair of stairs there (as at this day it does in the very road) is but an ill copy of it and not the original; is it not more likely the latter to be the original altar, and the other two to be copies? Its awkward workmanship, and the place of standing, are both in its favour, for who would counterfeit an altar to support a *pair of stairs.*

Page 170. "The Castrum at Littlebrough *must* have given "denomination to the village, and seems to have been fixed "upon the ground which is about half a mile to the east of it; "which is immediately to the left of the new road, and which "is popularly denominated Castle. This is directly under the "steep of Blackstone-edge, nearly adjoining to the course of "the Roman road and upon the margin of a brisk stream. "And the fortification which gave name to the ground is of so "ancient a date, that both the remains of it have vanished from "the eye and tradition has forgotten its existence."

The second, and the third sections of the sixth chapter are worth a curious reader's observation. Let the admirers of this pompous history, if any such there be, seriously peruse them; and if they do not see a bombast, prolix, and futile description of trifles, without bringing any argument to prove such trifles ever existed: suppositions without any foundation, and things started and affirmed without probability, they *must actually* shut the eyes of their understanding. At the same time they cannot but observe this author's fancy so flamingly keen, that because he believes them probable himself, he thinks all his readers are obliged to swallow them, as some folks do subscriptions, and believe them as the articles of our faith.

Page 333. In this page his reverence tells us, "The Gauls "produced the largest and best *Hog-meat* that was brought "into Italy."

This article put my brain on the rack in my former remarks, to find out what this largest and best *Hog-meat* could be; for I did not perceive then, that the antiquary's torch had lighted up the mystery; and by which I now perceive the dulness of my penetration and ignorance in the science of fattening hogs. As this curious anecdote may be of general utility to all future hog-drivers, and teach them to feed their hogs as they travel from one town to another, with little or no cost, I will here repeat the secret in the author's own words: more especially as it may serve as another specimen of his flowingly-sublime, and inimitable style.

"*The one whole township of Broughton and Kersal* MUST in the "time of the Romans have been all covered with one extensive "wood, as covered it remained even to the period of the Nor- "man conquest. And the cattle which the Romans *must* have "kept within it, were their hogs. For such cattle the yearly "falling acorns of the oaks would afford a luxurious food. For "such cattle the wood appears thro' many ages to have shed "the annual produce of its trees, and two or three fields that "are near to Kersal-moor, and close to the present bowling- "green are still denominated the Hog-heys. And for such "cattle a right of pasnage even along the unwooded extent of "the present moor was recently contested in a court of Justice, "the township of Salford asserting a claim, and the Lords of "Kersal repelling it. The soil being still friendly to the "growth of oaks, the many acorns the provident crows reposite "in tufts of grass along every extended waste, and which being "in winter forgotten and lost, shoot up in little plants, are "skilfully rooted up, and eagerly devoured by the observant "hogs. Thus was Lowcaster designed to protect the cattle of "the Romans that fed in the wood of Broughton."

What a pompous rhapsody is here? What a ridiculous harangue on something below trifles! Is it not a pity that tradition so very good natured to our antiquary, had not placed a few horns on the head of some of these Roman cattle? But alas, we find it left them, as nature left some Caledonian cattle, alias Scotch-cushes, quite without any at all!——Not one horn adorned the head of any one of these hog-cattle that fed in the wood of Broughton!——

I confess it puzzles me more than a little to find out how this antiquary can tell that the *one whole township of Broughton and Kersal must all* have been covered with one extensive wood in the time of the Romans, and remained so till the conquest. I have consulted what authors I can meet with, on this subject; I have purposely viewed several parts of this ONE WHOLE township; but cannot see any more reason to think it *all* once covered with wood, than I can see the castle-field was a wood at the same time.

But how his reverence could smell the *hog-cattle* out, or knew that the Romans never kept any other cattle than hogs in these woods, is no less wonderful. O——now I ask this antiquary's pardon. These wonders and doubts arise from my not looking far enough——: for in the following lines this point is demonstrated; for he says, two or three fields near Kersal-moor are called the Hog-heys to this day——! So here I knock under, for who but a true *Pendragon* in antiquarianism must not fall down under such a forcible argument as this is?

Yet the greatest wonder is behind, i. e. how these trees of oak should know that these *hog-cattle* were under their branches! He tells us, "for such cattle the wood appears thro' many ages "to have shed its annual produce." By which expression we may fairly conclude, that the trees would not have shed their acorns but purely for the sake of the *hog-cattle* under them.

Further, he informs us, "that the *provident crows reposite* the "many acorns in tufts of grass in the winter, and then forget

"and lose them." Surely these *provident crows* were the most improvident animals that ever existed; thus to lay up stores to no manner of purpose, and without the least benefit to themselves; and came much short in good sense of the Broughton oaks that fed the *observant hogs* under their branches, whilst these *provident crows* had not wit to feed themselves.

"But the acorns are reposited in tufts of grass, thro' every ex-
"tended waste which shoot up in little plants, which are *skilfully*
"rooted up and eagerly devoured by the *observant hogs*."

Now who laid these acorns in these tufts of grass before the hogs found them out, and before the crows had hid them, (for he says the crows reposited them) or who or what took them away the first time, his reverence says not: but after being thus reposited by the crows, they sprung up into little plants. This smells of the miraculous order again; that these acorns should spring up without being planted in the ground, or the least earth or soil about them, is another anecdote SKILFULLY rooted up out of the ruins of time by our antiquary: for who ever before this dreamed that our English acorns so far excelled the West India Semper vivum, thus to flourish without the least assistance from our common mother the earth.

But behold the cunning *observant hogs!* Who peeping from behind the brown thickets, marked where the crows *reposited* them; or else they were found out by the hogs hunting for them, and then *most* SKILFULLY rooted up and devoured.

Now were not these hogs the most wonderful hogs that ever were recorded in history, thus to root up acorns that never were planted in the ground———! Is it not a pity that all these saplings should be thus annually devoured by these cunning swine? There well may be a scarcity of oak timber about Manchester; but let not this melancholy thought affect the reader too much; for to his comfort I dare affirm that his reverence, or any other *porker* in Britain, never saw a young oak thus grubbed up and devoured, since an oak grew in the one whole township of Broughton and Kersal.

But again, to chear up your drooping spirits O ye Mancunians; remember, the crows are annually planting you acorns in tufts of grass along every extended waste; so that instead of wanting timber, you are much more likely to be all woods again, as in the time of the Romans. But when you perceive this likely to happen, the remedy is at hand——; turn in your *skilful hogs*, gentlemen, to root up and devour the plants before they are planted; and then your ground is safe from being overrun with oak timber again as in the time of yore.

Speaking of the river Irwell, he says, page 178, "The waters "pursue the direction of the ground, and escape round Salford "to the Town of Manchester."

How complaisant can this author make any of the four elements;——they tremble at his nod, and come or go at his pleasure! Other rivers, to be sure run up hill; but the waters of the Irwell are so submissive that they pursue the direction of the ground, run down brow and escape!——Whither? Why from a higher ground to a lower; and round Salford to Manchester. No, no; not quite so, neither, for when I came from Warrington in December, 1771, I got into Salford without the assistance of bridge, boat, or wings, and did not wet a shoe latchet neither. So that the Irwell is a little short of running round Salford to Manchester, tho' it is nearer doing so now, than ever it was since it was a river; and I suppose its antiquity is not a whit behind that ancient river, the river Kishon.

Treating on what he calls the *Castra Æstiva*, or the summer camps, he says, page 181, "The Romans therefore, naturally "constructed an additional camp for their station in summer, "for this they necessarily selected some advantageous site, such "was apparently the general reason for which the Romans con-"structed the summer camps, such was consequently the "general principle upon which they selected the proper positions "for them. And every station in the kingdom that has a south-

"erly aspect in itself, and any advantageous ground near it with "a northerly one, *must* have regularly claimed the pleasing ap- "pendage of a summer camp." Further,

"The station at Mancunium having both the former, *must* "*certainly* have had the latter. A summer station *was absolutely* "*necessary* at Mancunium, as the warm beams of the summer "are uncommonly fervid and scorching upon the slope of the "Castle-field."

If the curious reader has not time to peruse the whole of this prolix history, the second and third sections of his sixth chapter may serve as an epitome of the whole. He may have a peep at the all powerful fancy of a thorough-bred antiquary.—A method of representing trifles as articles of moment, and the mere-off-spring of imagination——. A pompous round-about way of describing puerile whims; and a dogmatical mode of expression. For these summer camps must not only necessarily *exist;* but they must *absolutely* have existed on the place where this gentleman's FANCY is pleased to place them.

As the station at Mancunium had a southerly aspect *in itself,* and a piece of ground with a northerly aspect that pleased the antiquary, just there *must certainly* have been the summer camp. And to make this camp more necessary, he tells us without hesitation, that the warm beams of the sun (which have now more than a greater fainter liveliness) are *uncommonly fervid and scorching* upon the slope of the Castle-field. But alas, I found, on trial, that the fervid fancy of an antiquary, adds but little heat to the beams of the sun. For I was on the slope of this Castle-field, in one of the hottest days of the summer this history was published (1771) but either my coat threw back the rays of the sun, or my crocodilean-hyde would not suffer these *scorching beams* to enter it: for I could not perceive this slope any hotter than it was in the next field to it.

Page 236. "The Britons must in all probability have pre- "viously *planted bee-hives* near the abodes of the chiefs——The

"Britons *must assuredly* have planted them near their plan-
"tations, fields, and own houses as at present."

This *most certainly* is most elegantly expressed! —— But still it falls vastly short of the notable action it celebrates. For though it must be allowed that willows are as apt to take root, and sprout up as any plant or tree in Britain; yet that they should take root, and sprout up after they have been twisted or combined into baskets and bee-hives, is something of the miraculous order again; especially as they did not grow up in twigs as at the first time of sprouting, but in complete bee-hives! For we must not suppose the old Britons such natural fools as to have set or planted these admirable bee-hive-plants, if they had not expected a good crop from them.

Page 237. "The Turnip was particularly used in Gaul
"and was even dispensed as food to the Gallic cattle in the
"winter; an application of roots which has been vainly esteem-
"ed the result of modern genius, and which is really one of
"the greatest improvements of modern agriculture."

Here his reverence tells us, if I take him by the right handle that giving turnips to cattle was vainly or falsely esteemed the result of modern genius, i. e. it is not of a modern invention, but was practiced anciently by the Gauls: then again in the identic period he says "it is one of the greatest improve-
"ments of modern agriculture."

If this is not a saying and unsaying it again, I must acknowledge it is too mysteriously expressed for my capacity; and must refer to the reader's judgment.

"The taxes imposed upon the provincial Britons consisted
"of four or five different articles. One was an imposition
"upon burials, which is particularly urged as a grievance by
"the spirited Boadicea. Another was a capitation tax, which
"was likewise insisted upon by that British heroine. A third
"was a land-tax which amounted to two shillings in the pound
"or a tenth of the annual produce of every thing that was

"raised from seed; and to four shillings in the pound, or a fifth "of the produce in every thing that was raised from plants. "And all the commercial imports and exports were subject to "particular charges."

What these impositions upon burials, the capitation tax, or that upon cattle were, our author does not mention: but that they lay very heavy upon the poor Britons is certain, by the two first-mentioned being particularly complained of by the British Queen before her revolt; and very probably were greater than two shillings in the pound land-tax, and the four shillings in the pound on herbs and plants put together.

To pass by this reckoning of the Roman taxations by our pounds and shillings, which is curious enough; because there were no coins adequate to our money then existing. But supposing the Britons were taxed as is here stipulated (which appears to me incredible) it is easily seen, that they must have been so excessively oppressive (those times considered) that they could not bear up under the weight of them: and yet our author tells us roundly a few lines below——"They were by no means "oppressive in themselves:——and the weight of them was "certainly light, and but equivalent to the duties they had for-"merly paid to their own Sovereigns."

Here it seems our author took it into his head to palliate and diminish the oppression and slavery of the Britons purely to shew the great lenity and generous souls of the Romans, tho' his own account falls out (as usual) with itself: which noble character how well they merited will be seen a little further.

I have often hinted at the mean opinion his reverence seems to have of other men's faculties, that he thinks them so purblind as not to see one clashing, or contradictory account in this his infallible history: had it not been so, he *most certainly* is short-sighted himself: otherwise could he think his readers *must absolutely* credit both these assertions; "That the Britons were

"thus heavily taxed, and yet these taxes be by no means "oppressive."

Whether these taxes were oppressive to the old Britons or not, it is my opinion that had this nation been saddled with the like, either before, or in the reigns of the three first Stuarts, a revolution would have reared its hydra-crest before the year eighty-eight: and as more numerous and more oppressive taxes now gall this nation, if no relief or change for the better intervene, I shall not be surprized if another wheel-about should raise a dust and stifle a few caterpillars before eighty-eight come again: and bring others to an account who now loll and bask under the shadow of a crown, and nestle in the down of the regal-wing.

But waving politics which always raise irksome thoughts of weak and corrupt reigns, let us admit the above account of the heavy taxes of the Romans laid on the shoulders of the poor Britons to be true, nay, suppose one half to be so, the wonder vanishes that the Britons were so weary of the Roman yoke, or that they should combine together to regain lost liberty by revolting. But still they had greater grievances, more piercing oppressions to complain of, which raised their fury to the highest pitch. For, Prasutagus King of the Icene dying, leaves Nero the Emperor, and his own two daughters coheirs of all his treasure; purely to procure that tyrant's favour to his family and subjects. This proved of no advantage; for the Roman officers seize all the great treasure for the Emperor's use.

Boadicea, the widow of the deceased King, a woman of a high spirit and heroic courage, opposes these unjust proceedings of the Roman officers; but meets with no relief; but instead of that, fresh contempt and more galling vexations: for they cause her to be whipped publicly, and then suffer her daughters to be ravished by the common soldiers!

Besides all these inhuman acts of tyranny, the Britons were thrust out of their possessions by the Roman veterans and colonists. The procurator, Catus Decianus, confiscated what

estates he pleased to his own and the Emperor's use. The flower of their youth were taken for soldiers and dispersed in distant provinces of the empire; and no relief to be had, for all petitions from what quarter soever were rejected. Nay, Seneca, that right reverend philosophic doctor, whose tenets and maxims and his practice, give one another the lie, helped to promote the insurrection. For tho' this great priest of his time preached against worldly mindedness, praised moderation and contentment, had, at this time, (if we can believe Dio Cass.) to the value of 300,000 pounds out on usury in Britain. And as usurers always keep a sharp look out for their own interest, he perceived that the cruelty and oppression of his countrymen, on the point of raising a storm; so hastily recalled and rigorously exacted his money out of the hands of the Britons, which helped to push them into mere desperation.

Now what people under the sun could bear the taxes beforementioned, and suffer such insults and tyrannical oppressions without endeavouring an adequate revenge?

Accordingly the Iceni as chiefly concerned began the revolt; the Trinobants joined them, and immediately after Venutius, king of the Brigantes (our author says Jugantes) and all the rest of the oppressed Britons (the Londoners excepted) who groaned under the iron yoke of the Romans. The whole combined army under the British heroine Boadicea, as Dion says, amounted to 230,000: but Dion's spectacles generally magnified too much; however, most authors agree it consisted of 100,000 men.

When this insurrection began, Suetonius Paulinus was governor of Britain, and was just then finishing the conquest of the Isle of Mona (now Anglesea in Wales) where he cut down all the consecrated oaken-groves of the Druids. When hearing of the revolt, he hastens from Mona, and with quick marches soon arrives in the south-east parts of Britain. But before his arrival the exasperated Britons under Boadicea had slain great numbers

of Romans who were dispersed in their colonies and stations. They massacred all of whatever age or sex; not one Roman they could lay hold on was spared. They had likewise taken, sacked, and destroyed the two strong and populous towns of Camulodunum and Verulamium; defeated the ninth legion under the lieutenant Petilius Crealis, forced the procurator Catus to fly beyond the sea; and slain says Dion, 80,000 Romans; but Tacitus allows that 70,000 of his countrymen at this time lost their lives.

Here it is worth observing, with what surprizing expedition the politic Romans colonized and peopled their new-conquered provinces. It was but about eighteen years before this revolt that Claudius had conquered Britain: and we see what numbers they had sent hither! For allowing a reasonable increase by their intermarrying with the Britons, they grew in so short a time far more than 80,000: for, besides the army under Paulinus, there was some part of the defeated legion under Petilius another detachment under Phœnius Posthumus who refused to assist Paulinus; with many other garrisons in the north, and other parts where they had fortresses; which the Britons had neither time to reach or power to conquer.

Another proof that the Romans were very numerous in this Island at the time of this insurrection is, the quantity of their coins, which are still, and always have been found in many parts of this country ever since Honorius renounced all Sovereignty over it; which was in the year 410; and the last legion that ever was here, left Britain about sixteen or seventeen years afterwards.

The issue of all was, the Romans who had but 10,000, and the unfortunate Britons ten times that number, the latter were defeated with the loss of 80,000; and the Romans triumphed with the loss of only 4 or 500 men! Thus the Britons sunk into their former slavery:——Boadicea for grief took poison: ——and Pœnius Posthumus who denied his assistance to Paul-

inus stabbed himself!——Ah, what a pity that this mighty struggle for native liberty had no better success!

Page 255. In this page our author speaking of the crowns worn by the ancient kings of this isle, says, "We have a very "curious and ancient delineation of it upon the tomb-stone of a "British monarch that reigned in the 5th century. The stone "was discovered in the Isle of Anglesea about the reign of "Charles the second, lying no less than six feet under ground. "And as the edge of it bears a remarkable inscription to the "memory of PABO, so the plain of it exhibits the figure of a "king, dressed in his armour, grasping a sceptre and wearing a "crown; the *sceptre was a strong weapon of iron* and pointed in "the form of a lily, and the crown being a circlet studded with "stars, and fringed with three flowers above."

This is another instance of the strength of antiquarian fancy; for admitting that the figure on the stone represented a Welch king of the fifth century; yet that the sceptre he grasped in his hand, did not represent a sceptre that was originally made of wood, ivory, or some other curious metal is something above common ken: but his reverence, to shew his penetrating faculties, soon smelt it was iron; and that being so awkward and cold a substance for a royal hand it makes the relation more curious: especially in these our more effeminate times, it would be next to a miracle for one of our kings to handle a weapon made of iron.

However, let that be as it will, I always thought till now, that a sceptre had been an emblem of royalty, and not an instrument of war: but what puzzles me most is, how this author or any other antiquary, should know that the original sceptre was made of iron; unless the figure was so exquisitely carved, that the strokes of the smith's hammer was to be seen on it: and he who could find out this criterion at this distance of time *must absolutely* be a most penetrating genius, and ought to entitle him to the honour of F. S. A.

Page 271. "Lancashire *must* have been parcelled out into "districts coevally with the first plantation of it."

Is not this heroically done of a parson?——Thus to parcel out a county into districts above 1300 years before that county had a being!——But this is much short of going through stitch; for in the next page he says, "Thus did our little dis- "tricts of our townships in Lancashire commence with the first "colony that settled in it." Again in page 273, there starts up another clencher, for he informs us, "That the counties of "Durham, York, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster "*are expressly declared* to have been uncommonly populous, even "before the settlement of the Romans."

But this clencher not doing the job perfectly, he rivets the point a little faster; for treating of the wild face of the country in the time of the Romans, he expresses himself thus, "The "great forest of the Coritani which contained several towns and "the seats of a whole nation within it, and which *straggled* over "the whole *five whole* counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Leices- "ter, and Rutland and even such parts of Northamptonshire as "lie on the north of the Nen."

He who reads this, and many other sections of the same manufacture without risibility, *must absolutely* be a perfect stoic.—— 'Tis like the baseless fabric of a vision!——For to pass by this vagabond rambling forest that *straggled over five whole counties* that were but four and a bit; yet that his reverence should represent England, Wales and Scotland, as divided into counties and lesser districts in the time of the Romans, is more than a little surprising!——Yet this ridiculous notion he adopts and fosters from first to last of this hopeful work. This is seen in too many places for me to enumerate: and where he thinks he can elevate even bombast, tells us of the Sistuntian monarch of Lancashire.——Towns and fortresses built on the crown-lands of *Lancashire.*——Lands consigned by the king of Lancashire (p. 272) &c. &c. when at the same time he must know on the least reflexion there *absolutely* was no such a division in being.

This may be a proper place to give the reader a specimen of this historian's exact chronology: in p. 385 he has these words, "Lancashire was inhabited some years before the time of Her-"odotus, and about 500 years before the æra of Christ." Now by his own account, and by knowing that England was not divided into counties till Alfred's time, or about the year 885; the reader will perceive his reverence was crooked in his computation above 1380 years.

But to be a little more particular: Alfred the great about the time above-mentioned, finding that the numerous descents of the Danes and other civil wars, had produced such a number of vagabonds and strolling thieves that all manner of crimes were committed with impunity, by Englishmen under the name of Danes; it being so easy for the criminals to shift their quarters and lurk in other places. Alfred seeing his honest subjects thus preyed upon by such vagrants, put him upon parcelling England into shires, or counties, which were subdivided into hundreds and these again into tythings, and made each tything answerable for its own respective inhabitants: and consequently each person was made to belong to a certain district: and he that could not, or would not tell to which he belonged, must give security for his good behaviour: or the tything in which he was found, threw him into prison, to prevent paying the penalty it was subject to, if he committed any crime. By this it is plain that England was not divided into counties till more than 400 years after the Romans deserted Britain*: and to talk of shires and counties before or in the Roman time, is glaringly ridiculous. But the castle-field (which in those ages was no field at all) the Roman summer camps, Ribchester-street, &c. &c. are chips of the same block; or sparks struck from the fervid fancy of a fanciful antiquary.

But to make this point more evident, that this was the time, and not before, that England was divided into shires it may be

* Rapin. Ingulp. Malms. 1. 2.

observed, that Spelman who wrote the life of Alfred allows him to be the first who fixed the number and limits of shires; and Dr. Howell allows the same.

Camden also in his division of Britain, p. ccxxv, says, 'That 'while the Heptarchy continued, England was not divided into 'what we call counties; but into several small partitions with 'their number of hydes:' and also confirms my first account hereof.

Also, in vol. I. p. 434, he tells us, 'All we can safely conclude, is, that there is scarce a possibility that the British divisions should include exactly so many counties, since the bounds of the counties were set long after the British times by king Alfred; who no doubt had rather an eye to the convenience of the kingdom, than the exact limits of the Britons.'

Again, in p. 617, 'The inhabitants of this part (Worcestershire) with their neighbours in the time of Bede, before England was divided into counties, were called *Wiccii*.'

The reason of stretching this point so far, is, because our antiquary is so constantly harping on this jarring string, of shires and counties existing in the British and Roman times: but the proofs here advanced, I presume may be sufficient to shew, that whenever he mentions shires or counties, or applies them to times, or things, before the reign of Alfred the great, he is leading the reader into the region of error and non-entities. And that it is both natural and rational to conclude with Camden, that it is almost impossible that the British divisions should include just so many counties. If so, what must become of all the antiquarian dust his reverence raises about shires and counties existing before the invasion of Julius Cæsar. The foundation of which is chiefly built upon the infallible Itinerary of Richard the Monk; which, if it be erroneous, (as I have proved it is) this fanciful-dust evaporates into the air, and flies beyond the clouds.

Now to the next article, in which it may possibly be diverting

to the reader, to point out to his observation, in what venerable esteem our author holds the poems of the Caledonian poet, Ossian.

In the 290 page, he treats of the chariots of the ancient Britons, and has these words, "We have the picture of one of them "sketched out by a British hand, and *engraven* upon a coin. "There we see the charioteer mounted on his carriage before "us, a quiver of arrows peeping over his left shoulder, and a "spear portended from his left hand, his feet resting upon the "pole, or on a foot-board annexed to it, and his body leaning "over the horses in the act of accelerating their motion."

Now as this description is taken from the coins of Camden and Borlace, we must allow it to be as authentic as the nature of such things will admit.

Nevertheless I think few readers can peruse this paragraph without taking notice in what a queer manner the fricassee is tossed up.——In the first place, this *picture* of a chariot *was engraven by a British hand.* What olfactory nerves but those of a F. S. A. could possibly have smelt out, that a Briton *engraved* this coin; and not a Roman, a Gaul, &c. But dark and remote as the whole of this was, 'tis demonstrated after this author's manner here, before a man can say—*Jack-o-lent.*

But this British hand *engraved* it too!——If this were so, it was *absolutely* the most curious unic that ever *rust was rubbed off:* for then it could not be stamped, embossed, or protuberant from the plane, or surface, as all other coins are; but it was *engraved, sunk,* or *cut in;* somewhat after the manner of seals.—Next the charioteer was mounted on his carriage *before us:* i. e. the coin when viewed, was not behind the person who looked on it: by which this fair conclusion may be drawn, the eyes of an antiquary does not stand in the back part of his head. And lastly, "A quiver of arrows peeped over his left shoulder." This *must absolutely* have been a great curiosity *in itself!* and pity it is the antiquary did not tell us whether the peeping eyes of this quiver stood before, or behind.

In the next page he says, "And we have the description of "another chariot which is equally authentic *in itself*, very similar "in one or two particulars, and more circumstantial. There we "have the car of a British Regulus, *bending behind*, and drawn "by a pair of horses; its sides being embossed with sparkling "stones its beams of the polished yew, and its seat of the "smoothest bone, its sides being replenished with spears, the "bottom being the foot-stool of the chief, and his red hair flying "from his head behind, as bending forward he wields the "spear." *Ossian* vol. I. p. 11.

These two quotations are produced as I said before, to shew how authentically true his reverence holds the poems of Ossian and mimicks that style.

This strongly paints to my fancy, his reverence eagerly busy putting two or more British coins, with sense and reason into one end of a pair of scales; and the poems of Ossian, wrapt up in his own fancy, into the other; the balance is in equilibrio for a moment, but at last the chariot of Ossian with its sparkling stones, mixed with spears, subsides!——Is it not a pity that either English or Caledonian fustian, mixed with these brilliants and spears, should ponderate in our author's scales against these coins; all probability; and that solid thing called common sense!

Page 200. In this page also, he laments the indelible disgrace put on his dear brother and fellow-labourer, Doctor Stukely. "I am sorry," says he, "to observe that Mr. Pegge "has sullied his useful treatise on the coins of Cunobeline, "with a rude stricture on the late Doctor Stukely. Let the ex- "travagances of Dr. Stukely be all corrected. They ought to "be. But let not his character be held up to the public, as the "mere fantastical enthusiast of antiquities. This, justice, gra- "titude, and politeness, equally concur to forbid."

Now if Mr. Pegge has committed any fault, or treated Doctor Stukely with more severity, or indecency than he ought to do;

I shall be obliged (and will too) to ask pardon of our author, for remarking on this most hopeful Mancunion history; in which, perhaps, I have thrown out more rustic and blunt strictures than ever Mr. Pegge shot against Doctor Stukely. But if the candid reader do not see the reasons adequate to my ironical rusticity, I have no apology more, than that I am sorry we differ in our sentiments.

As to the first part of this quotation of our author, I agree to it; that the extravagances of Doctor Stukely ought to be corrected.—That this gentleman was a fantastical enthusiast in antiquities, our author, I presume, will not deny.—That he has advanced mere whims, conjectures, nay things improbable, and taken much pains to palm them on the public, and establish them as truths few will deny. I allow whatever disputes start up amongst antiquaries, do not affect our morals, our religion, or society in general: nevertheless, as truth is always the antagonist of falshood and error; and finds a secret pleasure in detecting and exposing them whenever they meet: who but an enemy to truth can possibly take it amiss in seeing Doctor Stukely held up to the public, as a fantastical enthusiast of antiquarianism.

That Doctor Stukely was a bigoted antiquary our author himself allows, and proves by two particular instances in page 169; where his reverence very justly observing the defects of the Roman roads, (which the Doctor's dotage admired, purely because they were Roman) for want of bridges, when they came to cross rivers has these words——"Doctor Stukely in the genuine "spirit of an antiquarian, commends the wisdom of the Romans "for preferring *durable fords*, to *perishing bridges;*" and quotes the Doctor's Itin. Cur p. 72. Again, "See also a similar awk-"ward expedient for crossing the rills of valleys, mentioned "p. 82."

Now, must we not allow, that Doctor Stukely first shut the eyes of his understanding; and having thrown reason and

common-sense out of doors, falls down and worships that rusty god antiquity? Had it been otherwise, the Doctor's judgment could never have preferred fords to bridges, considering their unavoidable inconvenience in winter, by floods, &c. but to proceed.

I am so far from thinking Mr. Pegge has sullied his treatise on Cunobeline's coins with any ill-natured, or severe remarks on Doctor Stukely; that in my opinion he had made himself accessary, and an abettor of his falshood and extravagances, if he had not detected and exposed them to the world. And who but one that was conscious of being a chip of the same block with the Doctor, could think and affirm, that justice, gratitude and politeness equally concurred, to forbid exposing him!

What an idea of truth and justice has his reverence, if he think error and enthusiastical falshood should not be detected and exposed to the public, but ought to be indulged and pampered? Does not this smell strongly of the musty rags of Romish priest-craft.

Then again I ask; which way is the law of gratitude broken, or affected by telling truth and exposing error?

Is it ungrateful to set a traveller right who is going wrong; or to lend him a lantern in the dark? Does not this whisper ——an antiquary with a strong intellect, an enterprising spirit, a flaming desire to rise in reputation and to establish his own vague conceits, cannot do wrong but is infallible?

As to politeness, I know little of it: but my notion of it is, that it cannot be polite to conceal extravagances, falshood and knavery, except at court; there indeed our author's notions of justice, gratitude, and politeness, are adopted, believed, and practiced;—thither, perhaps his reverence aims to travel:—there lies the fountain of preferment: thither let him march as he may possibly prove as useful in the hierarchy, as Sir Bull-face Double-fee is in the state.

Page 292. Here he speaks of earthen vessels, and says,

"Under the direction of a Roman, or Roman Frisian-master, "the Mancunians learnt to model their vessels with a lathe, to "give them the *soft polish* of a glazing, and to flourish them with "carvings, and emboss them with figures."

Omitting the extraordinary phrases of a *Roman Frisian pot-maker at Mancunium*, and the *carving of flourishes* in *pot-metal*, I cannot but think the *soft polish* of a glazing still more curious: but perhaps it is an error of the press, and the printer instead of *hard polish*, inserted *soft polish*: but supposing it so, yet I presume the *smooth polish* of a glazing* would have been most proper, and the best English: but because other judicious writers would have so expressed themselves his reverence thought it too low and grovelling for an antiquary. But after all, a *graver carving* wooden vessels into elegance (as in the next page) is not a whit behind——it is elegant——sublime indeed!—— Yet is but a herring of the same tub with that of the picture of a chariot sketched out by a British hand, and engraven on a British coin: or that droll pun of the chimney-sweeper, who coming to draw his wages of a certain right reverend and who thought the money too much, because earned in so short a time. ——Please your grace, says sweep,——we *Black-coats* always get our money easily.

Page 302 and 303. "The primæval Britons *must have cer-* "*tainly* used Coal.——The Britons *could not* have remained "unaprised of the agreeable combustible around them.——The "number of pieces of coal found under the road to Ribchester "were no less than 30 or 40: these *must* all have been *derived* "*from the same quarry by the same hands who lodged them on the* "*spot.*"

This getting of coals out of a stone quarry *must absolutely* have puzzled all the coal-miners that ever worked at Newcastle; and

* They were very seldom glazed at all, but worked like our red teapots, but rather brighter coloured and better polished——I speak of the urns and beverage vessels——possibly they might glaze like as the coarser sort and the mosaic pavement.

is another curious structure struck out of the gloomy caverns of antiquity, by the pure fire of our author's genius: and which to his honour be it spoken, was never so much as dreamed of before: neither was it possible for any future antiquary to have discovered it!——But what secret is there so deep; what mystery so profound, but the rays of his bright intellects can throw a light upon it! Had there been any things in nature that could have put him to a nonplus, this getting coals in a quarry, and knowing that the very man who *derived all of them* from the quarry, went without losing a minute of time, and laid them just on the spot where they were found, *must absolutely* have puzzled him.

If any antiquarian genius in Europe can go a step further, I will blow out my candle, slash my pen, and never dip another in ink again.

A few lines further he gives another stroke of his profound intellects, saying, "This ground where these 30 or 40 bits of "coal were found, being in the immediate neighbourhood of "Mancenion, the *Britons* had there *reposited* a quantity of coals "for the use of the garrison: and many of the smaller pieces "and some of the slack (read sleck) were *naturally buried* in the "soft sand upon which they were laid."

Now I wonder how his reverence could tell but that the Romans had *reposited* these 30 or 40 bits of coal there, (two or three of which he says were as large as hen eggs) and not the Britons! But his sagacity knew at the first peep that the Britons had *reposited* them there: and not only so, but that they were intended for the use, not of a Roman, but of a British garrison!

Ah——how happy should I think myself, if I had such an antiquarian nose as this!——that can hunt such minute particulars, on such a cold scent; and after the hare had slipped by above 1400 years.

He goes on in the same page, "Coal *is certainly* not Saxon; "and *is as certainly* British; which must have been transmitted "from the Britons to the Saxons and us."

If I durst argue against such learning, penetration, and such clenching assertions as these; I would flatly tell him that we had it *absolutely* from the Saxon col: and for this reason—— because the Dutch have *kol* in the same sense to this day.—— Hold, gentle reader.——I have thought better of it now:——for the Welch transmitted it to the Dutch, as well as to the Saxons and us.——Thus I knock under: but alas, every man cannot be infallible!

Page 302. "As early as the year 852, a grant was made of some lands by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the reversion of certain boons and payments in kind to the Monastery; one night's entertainment; thirty shillings and one horse; ten vessels of Welch ale; six hundred loaves; two oxen ready killed; and two casks of common ale; sixty cart-loads of wood; and twelve graefan fossil or pit-coal."

For this our author quotes Dr. Richardson's letter in Leland and Sax. Chro. but it is possible this may be taken in a wrong sense; and that graefan fossil may not mean pit-coal, but the black heavy turves, such as are dug out of the bottom of the turf-pits in the Chat-moss and other mosses in England. In Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other counties, graefe or grave is still retained, and means to dig or delve with spades or shovels: and I presume that coal, tho' a fossil, is not to be come at by delving with spades.——So that graefant fossil means delved turf, as I think: and the geard (or the earth) mentioned in page 305, I take to mean what in some parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire are denominated flaights, being the parings, the sward, or thin clods of heathy, or moorish ground; or a mixture of soil and moss. And the Saxons had stheard in this sense, meaning the outside, parings, or rind of any thing; and from which many in the north have the word green-swarth to the present time. These are my conjectures, which I dare not clench with that antiquarian hammer, IT MUST ABSOLUTELY BE SO.

Page 314 and 315. "The pounding of corn for bread con-

"tinued in use among the Romans till below the reign of "Vespasian."

I have beaten this bush a little in my former remarks but give me leave to ask:——Where is the man that would not think by this quotation his reverence thought the Romans were ignorant of grinding their corn with mill-stones after the reign of Vespasian? Yet nothing is less so: for a few lines below he tells us, "Water-mills were pretty common in Italy before the conquest "of Lancashire."

Now I presume that one of these two affirmations *must absolutely* be false: for Titus Vespasian died about the year 83, and the Romans pounded their corn after his time: but the Romans had water-mills pretty common in Italy before the conquest of Lancashire, and that was conquered by Agricola in the year 79, so the conclusion is, the Romans pounded their bread corn I know not how many years after water-mills were common amongst them.

Whether there be any probability or consistency in this, I'll leave to the reader's reflection.

But to make the inconsistency more glaring his reverence tells us,——"Both the Gauls and the Britons appear to have been "*familiarly* acquainted with the use of hand-mills before the "period of their submission to the Romans." And most schoolboys know that Gaul was under the Roman yoke long before they conquered Britain.——Yet these politic Romans pounded their corn below the reign of Vespasian! Nay, a little further, he makes his own assertions fly like puffs of wind; for says he, "The use of mill-stones was probably the invention of the ante-"diluvian world, and *was certainly* used in some of the earliest "ages after it."

Does not our historian here metamorphose this mighty people, these truly politic conquerors of the world into a nation of mere idiots; thus to make them prefer a mortar and pestle, before the grinding *power* of the *mill-stones*? Further,

"For the discovery of the useful invention of water-mills, the "world is pretty certainly indebted to the improving power of "the Roman genius."

If any reader whatever without the gift of inspiration can find either truth or consistency in such a labyrinth of words and confusion of sense, I *must absolutely* submit to his superior intellects; for to me it appears a tool without a handle:——a mere gallimaufry of inconsistencies.——Nay, does not self-contradiction stare in the face of the reader? For it was impossible that the world could be indebted to the Roman genius for the use of water-mills and mill-stones before any Roman existed; which was not till after the year of the world 3300 when their city was founded: and if the Romans invented them as his reverence says they *pretty certainly* did; then how can he say that they were probably the invention of the antediluvian world: and *very certainly* used in the earliest ages after the flood; when 1644 years past after it, before one Roman had a being! Thus he rolls his mill-stones about and tells us, that they were not invented by the antediluvians, nor by those of the earliest ages after the flood; nor yet by the Romans, for they pounded their corn after the reign of Vespasian: and yet they were first invented and first used by all three!

Page 323. "The consort of Nero kept a train of 500 milch "asses in constant attendance upon her, and had her bath con-"stantly replenished with their milk."

Was not this Roman lady most pompously attended? What an equipage was here! What a gay, what a grand appearance she would make at the head of such a large number of long-eared drowsy chambermaids, or ladies of honour! What a beggarly belle did the Greek and Latin poets make of the beautiful goddess of soft desires, who allowed her but three waiting maids, whilst our author, with Pliny's assistance, is so generous as to allow Madam Octavia 500 graces to attend her? Not in their turns as in these our scrubby times, but constantly and at

all hours! What a notion must this give the considerate reader of the grandeur of the ancients, and the magnificence of the Roman court, when this single lady not only took 500 asses with her, but her baths also wherever she went; and had more attendants than all the empresses and queens in Europe put together!

Here a sort of merry thought has started up, and I will try to make it visible to the reader!——

For let us suppose that out of these 500 she-asses, only 40 or 50, should have taken it into their heads to have burst out into one of their natural chorusses——What a unison of sounds; What a melodious harmony must these Roman choristers make! —And such chorusses *must absolutely* break forth now and then: either from pure whim (for I have seen a whimsical ass) or from the thought of their foals. For tho' old Pliny should affirm and our author should start up and make affidavit in his cause, that these grave attendants, these rough-haired ladies of honor, durst sing without the empress's permission, there is no person of common sense could or would believe them; but must be of Mr. POPE's mind, whom I take to be a more competent judge of asses than either Pliny or his reverence; who says in the 82d page of the Dunciad, that the milky-mothers will bray for their foals, and set the rest within hearing, on braying too. But take his own beautiful lines.

'As when the long-ear'd milky-mothers wait
'At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
'For their defrauded absent foals they make
'A moan so loud that all the gild awake:

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

'In Tot'nam Fields, the brethren in amaze
'Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.

When I said that few or none could or would believe but that asses would every now and then bray for their absent foals, perhaps I should have excepted some antiquaries, who seem capable of swallowing the pills of any quack; and that they believe these

long-eared choristers durst not warble one of their natural notes without leave; that our author believed this, is probable, from the serious and important manner in which he produces the quotation, and from an author too, whose guess-work writings are so well known that I need not point out their character here. However, had this our historian been forced to have parted with one of these three, Richard the Monk, Ossian, or Pliny, I think it would have puzzled him to have known which to discard: and the dilemma would have set him on scratching where he did not itch. Methinks the very thought would make him cry out—— Ah—my poor history!——

Page 324. "The bull-dog enjoys *equally* a sagacity of nose "and a bravery of spirit." In the next lines he thus proceeds: "This dog has a larger share of *true genuine* courage than any "other animal in the world."

Supposing that *true genuine* is not tautology, what will be the consequence of these two assertions? For the bull-dog has *a larger share* of courage than any other animal, and his nose is equal to it: the answer is very plain:—for the bull-dog has *absolutely* a better nose than any other dog in the universe, and can hunt the stag, the hare, the otter, &c. &c. much better than than any other hound or beagle in Europe!

What an idea must a sensible reader have of any historian who can assert such things as these, which are universally known to clash with truth, experience, reason, and common sense.

Yet for all this, our historian could not be content with the above self-evident inconsistencies, but dashes on at the same rate, and quotes, and believes Strabo; who commends bull-dogs in general as incomparable dogs for the field.

Another auxiliary is Gratius; he wrote in the days of Augustus, and helps our author to metamorphose the bull-dog into a Tuscan hunter, by saying

'O what great gains will certainly redound
'From a free traffic with the British hound!'

But Claudian is to spring the grand mine:——which *must absolutely* blow all opposition to this argument (of hounds being bull-dogs) beyond the clouds, for he says

'——— ——— the British hound
'Which wrings the *bull's big forehead* to the ground.'

In this point our author's *infallible judgment* is so pliable that it is warped or converted to a belief, that a bull-dog is the best hunter in the world: for his courage exceeds any other animal, and his nose is equal to it; and the hound is the best of bull-dogs, as his strength and courage can *wring the bull's big forehead to the ground.* This doctrine is so new and singularly curious, that it was never thought on, or mentioned by any English historian or antiquary before, *must certainly* entitle him to the honour of a statue in the grand saloon of the antiquarian society.

But after all, perhaps the reader may ask;—how comes it that all these authors should concur to turn a British bull-dog into the best of hunters? I answer, that it is not so strange or difficult a point for all these poets with an historian or two, as journey-men, to make one single dog into another of the same genus: as it was for a brother poet of their own, to metamorphose Cygnus into a swan, and all the sisters of Phæton into poplar-trees!

But grant there are no truth, reason, or philosophy in our author's quotations (the main ingredients in this hopeful history) the fault *must absolutely* lie on the backs of these Roman writers; for our historian is——hum——sackless Sam:———i. e. without fault——always in the right.

But should his reverence say, he was not speaking of the Tuscan hunter, or hunting hound that thus pulled the bull's big forehead to the earth; but of the bull-dog mentioned the page before: then I say his case would be much like a fly in a cobweb, which the more it struggles the faster it is. For there he says,

"The Romans exported the bull-dog from Gaul for the uses of "hunting, and Strabo commends them in general as incompara- "ble dogs for the field."

By what is gone we may fairly conclude, that neither Claudian, Strabo, Pliny, or his reverence knew much of the genus or species of dogs: or else our author's mode of expression confounds my ideas; for the whole of what is here advanced, appears to be nonsense; and confirms my former assertion, that whenever his reverence mentions dogs, or hunting, inconsistency, with crooked and muddled phrases, are always coupled with them. So that here, let him turn which way soever he will, he is fast in his own bird-lime; and it would prove an herculean labour to extricate himself out of it: for in the 325th page he metamorphoses bull-dogs into hunters; and the next page hunting-hounds into bull-dogs.

Is this such a decisive way of writing that the argument carries every degree of conviction with it?——Does this hopeful work, here, open any dark entangled clue of history?——Is this illustrating antiquities?——doth this ascertain the doubtful? ——retrench the false?——or clear up the obscure——?

Page 348. "The name of Blackley is derived from the great "woods which, at the period of the Saxon establishment among "us, lined the sloping sides of the hills, and ranged along "the narrow levels of vallies thro' the whole compass of the "township. The Saxon bleak, black, or blake, imports the "deep gloom of a considerable wood."

Tho' this is an article which I have touched on before in my former remarks, I cannot omit here pointing out another instance, what slender regard this author pays to consistency—; his own assertions—; or even to truth itself—; and the mean opinion he entertains of other men's capacities. For the proof of this, let the reader see his own notes in the 38th page, where he has the word *bleak* in quite a different sense than he here explains it; and in the very sense and derivation too which I

pleaded for. There he says, "And the human constitution as "such *must* have naturally affected a southerly position in the "*cold bleak* and wooded state of our island at that period."

Is not this another demonstrative proof, that his reverence is so buoyed up with the notion of his own infallibility, that he thinks he cannot err? And that whatever his pen puts down it is quite below him to revise, correct, or alter; tho' a contradiction stares him in the face? He thinks himself blest with the eyes of a lynx—others with those of bats and moles.—But alas he hewed out this prop to support his notion, that Bleakley was *absolutely* covered with wood at the arrival of the Saxons: so *bleak* must here mean, contrary to his own meaning (which was *cold, windy,* or *chilly)* the deep gloom of a considerable wood.

He drives on like Jehu, thus, "*Hence* we have so many places "distinguished by this epithet in England, where no circum-"stance of soil, and no particularities of water gave occâsion "to it. *Hence* we have the villages of Blackburn, Blackrod, "Blakely, &c."

But for all these *hences,* if no circumstance of soil, or peculiarities of water, gave reason for the former part of their names, their situation might, and in all probability did give occasion for them. I know all the villages here mentioned, and they have all elevated situations; which of consequence, from the nature of the elements makes them *bleak or cold.* Our noted hill Bleakstone-edge, I have found out lately to be so called from a great quantity of large rough stones which lie on the summit, or ridge; and are not called Blackstones; but the heap is popularly called the *Bleak-stones,* and from which, this mountain seems plainly to derive its name. This hill therefore, and all the towns above-mentioned, ought to be written and pronounced *Bleakley, Bleak-rod* (or rather *road) Bleakstone-edge, &c.**

* Possibly from the colour of the turf——*Blackley,* a black or heathy posture. Blakeburn, a brook whose water may be black, or tinctured with moss.

Page 393. "Beneath the Roman government did the sun of "righteousness arise upon the benighted inhabitants of Lanca- "shire. The religion of an atoning Jesus was now proclaimed "in the streets of Manchester. The religion of an accepting "Jehovah was now proposed to the inhabitants of Mancunium. "And they were called upon to turn away from that deep night "of ignorance, and to shake off those heavy chains of depravity "in which they had unhappily continued from their first settle- "ment among the woods, and mosses of this district."

What a multiplicity of words—! What round about phrases for the same thing, which might have been expressed in one single line—! This is *absolutely* prose run mad.—For first the sun of righteousness arose in Lancashire (and before the name or thing existed, too) then it was proclaimed in Manchester streets (before the houses were built.) Then it was proposed to the inhabitants of Mancunium (I wonder by whom, at this early period). And last of all called to shake off their heavy chains of depravity. O Milton, how thou grovelest, like the serpent thou celebratest!

O Longinus—! How art thou over-shot in thy own bow! Hadst thou but seen these new-fashioned towering phrases, wouldest thou not have burned thy mutilated tract on the sublime——? Who that ever perused thee could imagine that this polite author should take this frothy tautology—; this pathetic fustian, for a rill drawn from thy pure fountain!

Yet so it is——. This is the favourite—the delightful string which is harped on thro' every part of this historical performance.——Reader, I must leave it to thee—: make of it what thou pleases, for it is above my ken, that any man of sense should mistake this stuff for sublime writing.

Page 395. In this page we have another specimen of this author's divinity: his words are, "If the Deity had not known "man to have fallen from his original perfection, if heathenism "had not believed a taint of corruption to have stained his

"original purity, the former *could not possibly* have enjoined, "and the latter *could not possibly* have retained these particular "observances at all."

I have omitted hitherto, and shall not much animadvert on his reverence's flighty divinity: but this sketch if I understand him, is the quintessence of metaphysical whims, and absolutely wants a little sifting.—For here are two conclusions drawn from two suppositions; the first of which is a downright impossibility;—and the other, false in fact.

As to the first, it is impossible but that if man fell, God must know it; and consequently requires no sort of supposition whatsoever. Nay it is a sort of stupid blasphemy to say *if God had not known man to have fallen!*—But to draw this conclusion from it, *that God could not possibly have enjoined priests and sacrifices* had he not known of man's fall; is an assertion, if it contain any sense, that would defile the mouth and blacken the character of an atheist, if ever such a creature existed! It is setting bounds to his power by the futile dreams of a fanciful bigot; it annihilates his omnipotency; and lays the Deity grovelling at the feet of his own creatures—it is an expression, in my judgment, more atrocious than saying—*There is no God.*

As to the second affirmation, *That man could not possibly have retained these particular observances* (i. e. priests and sacrifices) if they had not been sensible of the guilt of original sin: if this be the meaning, as it must be if it have any; what a piece of incongruous delusion would this divine palm upon his readers, by making them believe that the heathen world had knowledge of the mosaical dispensation and fall;—that they believed themselves tainted with original sin. To this knowledge alone, he ascribes the retention of priests and sacrifices among the heathen; at the same time it is well enough known, that none but two or three itinerant heathen philosophers had so much as in a whisper, heard that a serpent had out-witted our first parents. Now what are these two or three philosophers to all

the millions of men who lived and died as ignorant of the Jewish tenet as the wild ass on the mountains. Yet for all this their ignorance of the fall, a mode of sacrificing was practiced, and immolations offered to different deities after divers modes and customs.——They retained deluding priests and priestesses—: had their oracles: and offered execrable, as well as ridiculous sacrifices to their respective gods in most parts of the then inhabited world; from the Mexican deity Vitzliputzli to the Chinese god Fohe. Nay the Holy-land cannot be excepted; for some of these chosen people passed their children thro' fire to Molock: and there are good reasons to believe that not one tenth part of mankind believe themselves to be the least tainted, by Adam's tasting forbidden fruit, at this day.

Further, I presume it would puzzle this sagacious divine to prove, that the ancient Jews believed, or the modern Jews still believe our doctrine of original sin: or ever expected any spiritual purification, satisfaction to be made, or their depraved nature restored by the coming of their long-expected Messiah. ——Nay, so far wide from the truth is this divinity of our author, about the universal knowledge of original sin, that God's favourite people (if he had any) knew nothing of sin in general, any more than the Peruvians, till their priest and law-giver pointed it out to them: For St. Paul himself tells us, '*I knew not sin but by the law.*' Rom. 5, 13, and 7, 7, 8, 9.

What now must become of this strange doctrine, and these positive affirmations, *That God could not* possibly *have enjoined, nor the heathen retained and practiced sacrifices* had they not known and believed that a serpent was too cunning for, and cheated the first woman into perdition, by persuading her to taste of an apple; and that this woman by means of the same fruit, drew her husband and all their posterity into the same eternal damnation; tho' Adam at the same time was *absolutely* the most wise and perfect of men!

In the same page his reverence goes on thus, "The ap-"pointment of interceding ministers, and the institution of

"conciliating sacrifices *must certainly* have been made on account "of *and must as certainly* have pointed out in their observance "*some fixed but erasable* principle of impurity in man, and some "*permanent but appeasable principle of anger in God.*"

The meaning of the appointment of *interceding ministers* is very plain; so that he who runs may read, and understand it too; as it smells of the *jure divino* power and right of the hierarchy; and has a smack also of the Pope's tub of absolutions, indulgencies, and infallibility. But the words, *fixed but erasable* principle of impurity in man; and some *permanent but appeasable principle of anger in God*, if there be any sense at all in them, soar far beyond my understanding.

Fixed and *erasable* too——! a *permanent* but *appeasable principle of anger in God——!* How differently constructed are the brains of one man from another——! How various our opinions in some points——! Yet for all this, I presume they who read this quotation will agree that the writer of it thought it sensible, sound, and sublime doctrine; but alas, my intellects are too blunt and grovelling to see these perfections——: or indeed any sense or consistency in it at all: for I ever thought till now that *fixed* and *erasable* had been heterogeneous principles or qualities: and that *permanent* had been synonymous with *durable;* and fixed as the hills. But alas my mistake is glaring; for I find that *fixed* means *loose;* and that *permanent* is any thing moveable and fleeting as the wind!

But thus it is——; and his reverence is not the only divine who tears, as it were, the being and natural liberty of his own species to pieces; and robs the Deity of his attributes! Measuring his infinite perfections by their own line and plummet: making him as weak as themselves and subject to all our passions: for hear them, and he is partial, hateful, changeable, angry, &c. These I know are scriptural expressions, tho' vastly improper; but were adopted to the most ignorant and perverse of all nations. But whatever vents such ridiculous epithets;

such puerile doctrines either in his writings or pulpit, should be cashiered from the sacred function; as this mode of expression is mean and ridiculous: it sows the seeds of ignorance in weak minds; destroys those sublime notions we ought to entertain of the Deity; makes himself despicable by exposing the meanness of his own ideas; hurts religion; and levels himself with those ignorant enthusiasts the Methodists; or those seven-fold blinded members of the *Unitas Fratrum* of the Germans.

Page 410. In this page the historian makes a small geographical blunder; for he confounds Buchanness with Kinnard's-head as if they were one place; when they are two small promontories in Scotland, and above ten miles asunder.

Page 430. In this section of eighteen pages it is very diverting to see how seriously busy his reverence is in peopling Ireland with the Belgæ, the Lancashire Sistuntians, and others; how and what parts the different tribes possessed; and with much particularity too, as if he had been planting cabbages in squares. What battles were fought between the Belgæ, and the North-british Scots: till at last Cairbar king of the Belgæ, with his brother Cathmore, proved victorious, and took possession of the whole country.

The smiles of fortune glanced not long on the Belgæ; for that mighty monarch!——That sovereign of Selma——! That heroic Caledonian pendragon, Fingal, who possessed those wide extended regions that spread along the coasts of Argyle, Lorn, and Lochaber, went with his brown son of Luno (alias a sword) a second time to the assistance of the Irish-Scots "those descendants of the race of his fathers." Two terrible battles were fought! In the first the Caledonian *Pendragon* slew Cairbar the Belgic monarch: and in the second the same hero not only killed Cathmore their general, but every soldier under his command! Not one of the heroic Belgæ left——! None to run away——! None to hear——! Not one to strike the bossy shield——!

I say, it is not only diverting but surprising to me that a gentleman who professes to be an instructive and solid historian, can write such wild trumpery; such a number of more than dubious particulars, that happened above 1500 years ago; and build the facts chiefly upon such a bubbling quicksand, so quaggy a foundation as the Caledonian poet, Ossian, and Richard the Monk!

But as the greatest part of this new-sprung hopeful work, is not above the capacity of common readers to judge of its authenticity in general; so common-sense loudly tells them, that history ought not to stand on vague, dubious and tottering props. And they cannot but see that this historical structure rears its pompous crest chiefly on the *confessedly* erroneous account of the Westminster monk, and the fagg-end of traditionary fictions of an old Caledonian poet, that in all probability never existed.

But supposing there had been such persons as Ossian and Richard; yet to lay the main weight of historical facts on the flighty fabulous expressions of a doting enthusiastical poet, and the fanciful writings of an ignorant monk, is levelling such historian's judgment with those old women and children who believe the fire-side tales of witches suckling dæmons—: creeping thro' key-holes: and riding thro' the air on broom-sticks.

Here then starts up a dilemma—; yet his readers must necessarily adopt one of these two opinions—: either his reverence believed, as real facts what he wrote from these poetical dark hints of Ossian and Richard's Itinerary; or, that he thought them the tail-ends of old romances.

If he thought them the first—; then I ask, what cannot an antiquary swallow?

But if he took them for poetical fictions; what must we think of those virtues that should adorn a preacher of righteousness, his honesty, and veracity in particular, for palming such musty stuff for antique truths on his countrymen in general, and his Mancunian friends in particular?

Page 437. In this page his reverence struts in these words, —"This appellation of Gaelic, or Gallic, which extended over "all our islands, and over a considerable portion of the conti- "nent has been *frequently explained* by the critics both at home "and abroad, *but still lies hidden* in its own original obscurity."

This is either a palpable contradiction, or a surprisingly new-fashioned way of expression! For the word Gaelic has been often made plain and intelligible both by English and foreign authors: yet still it lies hid and unknown in its first original obscurity——!

If there be either sense or truth in this, my brain or our author's intellects are strangely muddled——!

Page 460. "The period was now hastily approaching in "which the Divinity, who had already converted to christianity "all the nations that lay within the pale of the Roman empire, "designed to bring the uncivilized nations of Europe into the "one, in order to convert them to the other."

The period he here means, I take to be about the year 449; and near 40 years after the Romans had deserted our Island. Let us now see how this quotation coincides with what he says in the fifth page of his conclusion: his words run, or rather fly, thus

"But a new scene of sorrow arises. A new invasion is "meditated from the continent. A tribe of idolatrous savages "is hastening from the shores of Germany. Ruin marks their "advance. Ignorance, incivility and barbarity attend upon "them. And the fall of Manchester approaches."

By the specimens in my preceding remarks, and this my last quotation, the reader may plainly see this reverend historian takes pathetic tautological fustian for sublimity of style; without ever surmising that these lofty school-boy expressions are so cold, that the reader starves with looking on them.

If this author ever read Longinus, he utterly despises him: for this fine writer (who flourished at Athens in the latter end

of the second century) tells us 'Bombast or tumour is as 'vicious in writing as in the body. The outside is nothing 'but appearance and deceit, the inside all vacancy and empti-'ness, and has a quite different effect from the sublime;' and then quotes this proverb, 'What is more dry than a dropsical 'person?'

This doubling and trebling of sentences this pathetic straining (tho' the crown wheel of our author's style) is not sublimity: it is rather a raging madness thus to be transported into these vapoury regions; especially when the subject requires no more than a little warmth.

But to pursue our remarks on the two last mentioned quotations. Let us admit that Russia, Poland, and the countries east of the Oder were not conquered by the Romans: yet I hope his Reverence will not deny but that the more western parts of Germany from the meridian of Frankfort on the Oder were conquered by them; and so within their pale; and consequently, *must absolutely*, according to his own affirmation be christians. And Dion Cass. tells us, page 237, that Severus on his going to Rome to claim the empire, had brought under his subjection all the strong places in Europe, except Byzantium. And before, in page 164, that the emperor Marcus Antoninus had conquered, or subjected the Jazygians and Marcomans.

Now here it happens so unluckily, or his Reverence is so ill natured, that he will not suffer those barbarians, our Saxon ancestors, to be either in or out of the Roman pale. *Out* they could not be, because the dutchies of Sleswick, Holstein, with the neighbouring districts were conquered by the Romans long before this period, and so within their pale; and, he tells us, were converted to christianity by the Divinity. And *in*, they could not be; for the Divinity had not converted them, as all were within the Roman pale: for our author tells us, they were a tribe of idolatrous, ignorant, and barbarous savages.

Good and patient reader—; in such a dilemma as this when the scales of common-sense are fast in the centre, and cannot turn either way, what must thou and I believe? But give me leave to turn priest, according to the order of Athanasius for once, and tell thee to believe what I cannot possibly believe myself; believe both ways——: i. e. believe they were neither in, nor out of the Roman pale——: that they were converted into good and sober christians: but were wicked, idolatrous barbarians at the same time; and then thou art sure to be in the right. But if thy queasy stomach will not digest, or suffer these contradictions to slip down, I will not say, THOU SHALT PERISH EVERLASTINGLY: but, GO THY WAY, LAUGH AND BE FAT.

Milnrow, Jan. 1773.

N.B.—In p. 173, l. 10, the sentence "he could also see by the marks of the pick-axes that the scarping was British. p. 22." by mistake is inserted as a quotation from the history of Manchester; whereas it is intended as an explanatory note.

TRUTH IN A MASK;

OR

Shude-Hill Fight:

BEING

A SHORT MANCHESTERIAN CHRONICLE

OF THE

PRESENT TIMES.

1757.

TO THE READER.

On my return the other day from hunting out the names of the persons in the county of York, who by trading in corn, meal, &c. oppress the poor; I called at the sign of the Falcon, in Littlebrough, where I knew was a glass of good ale, and the landlord a friend to travelling quadrupeds. At this place, necessity calling me forth, I blundered into a little room, where my business being soon done, and not caring to defile any thing that was not set apart for that use, I cast my eyes round, and saw in a hole or niche in the wall, a large old folio MS. The back had fallen a prey to the worms, and a great part of it torn off; most of the leaves had lost their quadrangular form and (like our modern heroes) ready to desert their stations. However, not caring to leave it where I found it, I budged it up under my arm and brought it into the house. On asking the landlord where he had it, he answered, "A neighbour of ours dying the other day, forgot to take his goods with him; so that a sale ensuing and I buying a few utensils, happened to have it thrown in at the bargain." I being a dealer in paper, told him, if he'd please to bestow it on me, I'd send him a double quantity of superlative b—m f—r for it; To which he agreed, and I, packing it up, marched away with my new-found treasure.

I was no sooner at home, but curiosity pricked me to examine its contents, which I found was the work of several persons,

and something particular in some of the hands. In short, it was a collection of memoirs by several virtuosos, and was carried down from father to son from the days of good Queen Bess, to these our most miraculous times. In a few leaves at the latter end was the following short chronicle, which seemed wrote lately and in a legible hand; and it appearing to suit the present times, I resolved to thrust it into the world without altering its garb. If it meet with a kind reception, the public may expect more out of the same collection, from the publisher, who is sensible of the madness and ill consequences of a mob; but is still a friend to the poor.

T. B.

TRUTH IN A MASK, &c.

Now it came to pass in the reign of *George* the son of *George*, who reigned over *Britain*, that there were four years of dearth in the land; and there was in that country, a city, and the inhabitants thereof were merchants, and workers of fine linen, and workers of silk, and workers of wool: And there were also in that city, men, cunning to work in gold, and in silver; in brass, and in iron; in purple, and in crimson, and blue, and fine twined linen, and endued with understanding in all manner of work; and that city grew and flourished exceedingly.

2 And the inhabitants of that city waxed rich, and mighty; as the merchants of *Tyre* and *Sidon;* as the merchants, the princes of *Tyre:* And they builded unto themselves houses and palaces; and made for themselves great palaces to be a name unto them: And they gathered vessels of gold, and vessels of silver, and garments, and horses, and mules, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and much riches: and they waxed so vain in their prosperity that they despised the inhabitants round about, and their cities; and gloried in their own city, and called it the City of Men.

3 And in the fourth year of the dearth, when *George* the son of *George*, had ruled the land thirty and one years; when the famine was sore in the land; there arose certain men the sons of *Belial;* and they took counsel together, and said, There is corn in the land of *Chester;* go to, let us buy all the corn in the land of *Chester;* for it will come to pass that the Lord will continue the famine yet three years.

4 And when there is no bread in all the land, and that the people faint for lack of bread: we will sell unto the people, bread for their money at our own price: and when their money doth fail, we will sell unto them for their cattle; and we will give them bread in exchange for their horses, for their flocks, and for their herds, both of great and small cattle.

5 And it shall be, when we have bought with our corn, and our bread, all their cattle, small and great, that they will sell unto us their houses, their orchards, and gardens; their cornfields, their meadows, and pastures; their woods, yea, all their land, and themselves also; and we will buy them and their land, and they, and their seed after them, shall be servants unto us for ever.

6 And the sons of *Belial* did as they had counselled, and they bought all the corn in the land of *Chester*, and the famine was exceeding great: but the cry of the people, for want of bread, did reach the ears of the king, and the king's counsellors; who took counsel together how they might preserve the lives of the people: for they wist not of the deeds of the sons of *Belial*, and that the sons of *Belial* had added by their counsels unto the sufferings of the people. So the king and his councils did order, that corn should be brought from foreign lands to nourish the people.

7 And when the sons of *Belial* saw, that by the wisdom of the law the king and his counsellors had made, that corn was plentiful in the land; and that their counsels were brought to nought, like the counsels of *Ahithophel*, they went unto the merchants of the city, even unto several rulers of the city, and said unto them: "Ye know how that the time of plenty maketh the people to be idle, and that ye can have no more work done for twopence in times of plenty, than ye can have done for one penny in times of dearth and famine.

8 Now therefore as it is not good for you, nor for us, that bread be plentiful in the land; lend unto us upon usury, so

many talents of gold, and so many talents of silver as may be necessary; and we will buy also all the corn that is brought into the land, and will sell unto the people for two talents, what we buy for one talent: and when we have sold unto them till their money fail, we will sell unto them for their cattle, yea, we will buy their cattle, and their land, and themselves also, to be our servants, and we will divide the people, and their land, and their cattle, between you and us; and the people, and their sons and daughters, yea, even the great men and the rulers of the neighbouring cities shall serve us and you; as men-servants, and maid-servants, as hewers of wood, and drawers of water, for ever.

9 Now the chief men of the city did hearken unto the words of the sons of *Belial*, and did make a covenant between themselves and the sons of *Belial;* and delivered unto the sons of *Belial* sixteen hundred talents of gold, and twelve thousand talents of silver; and the sons of *Belial* did therewith buy all the corn which the merchants of the cities of the sea had brought into the land: and they did cause that the famine did increase. Yet was there found amongst the chief men of the city, some that did not worship *Baal*, or go astray after the mammon of unrighteousness, or hearken unto the words of the sons of *Belial.*

10 And the famine did exceedingly increase even unto the time of harvest; for there was not until the harvest found any corn in the hands of any man; but in the hands of the sons of *Belial* was there corn found.

11 And it pleased the Lord, even the Lord God, that the harvest was plentiful; and the hearts of the people were greatly rejoiced; and were glad in the mercy of the Lord, even the mercy of the Lord God.

12 And the sons of *Belial*, and some of the chief men of the city, were exceedingly vexed in their hearts, that the plentiful harvest had saved the people, and the land, out of their hands:

for they said, the people are as wild asses, and strong as mules; fit only to bear burdens, to be our servants, they, and their children; and they gathered themselves together, and consulted what they should do.

13 Then arose *Bramaliel,* one of the chief of the sons of *Belial,* and said; Why are you disheartened my brethren? or fearful, O my friends? or why do your spirits faint within you? hearken unto the words of my mouth, and give ear unto my sayings: follow the counsels I shall give unto you, and it shall not be in the power of any one to deliver them out of our hands.

14 Know ye not that there is no money in the hands of any man, except in our hands; and in the hands of a few of our brethren in this city, who would not hearken to our words, and join us in this thing: now go ye and borrow of your brethren talents of gold, and talents of silver, and it will be that ye will find favour in the sight of your brethren; and they will lend unto you all their talents of gold and talents of silver; yea, all that they have will they lend unto you.

15 And it shall come to pass when you have got into your hands all the gold, and the silver, ye shall go unto the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, and shall say unto them, what shall I give thee for all thy corn? and peradventure one may say nineteen talents: then shall you say, I will give unto thee twenty talents: another thirty pieces of silver, then shall you say, I will give thirty-five pieces of silver for all that thou hast: And thus shall you get into your own barns, and into your store-houses, all the corn in the land, and sell it to the poor at your own price.

16 And when you have for your money bought all the corn in the land, then shall you for every talent receive five talents: and shall for your corn receive back, not only the money ye have paid, but the cattle of the people of the land; yea, and the people also, and they shall serve you for ever: and their chil-

dren shall serve your children even as the children of *Israel* did serve *Pharoah* the king: and ye shall then honour me, and the words of my mouth, as *Pharoah* honoured *Joseph*, and his words.

17 Then answered the sons of *Belial*, and the chief rulers of the city who joined with them, and said: thou sayest well; yea, we will follow the words of thy mouth in every thing that thou hast counselled, and will do as *Pharoah* and *Joseph* did; only in this thing we will depart from the example of *Pharoah* and *Joseph;* that we will not leave the patrimony of the priests untouched: but they also shall be our servants, them and their children; and this because they have been enemies unto us, and said, *Woe unto you, ye bloodsuckers; Woe unto you, ye destroyers of men.*

18 Then arose *Abishai*, whose mother was the daughter of *Jonadab* the priest, and said: Let alone, I pray you, the priests and their land, for the king and his counsellors also, will not suffer that you do so unto them. Then *Finshai* was wroth, and arose and said; Tush, thou fool, knowest thou not that they are a lazy generation, reaping where they have not sown, and gathering where they have not strewed? Then *Othonias*, a Pharisee, arose, and said; Hear me, my brethren; the king, even the great king will not that the priesthood shall suffer; and should you but touch even the hem of their garments, they will carry their complaints to the foot of the throne.

19 Hear then my brethren, the words of experience, and mark the counsels of the wise: Send ye unto the priests, and say thus unto them, We are sorry for your distress, and our hearts are grieved within us at the anguish of your hearts, and the sufferings of the poor: we will put into your hands, or the hands of a man whom you shall chuse, two hundred talents of silver to buy corn for the poor; and the corn bought at two shekels of silver shall be sold unto the poor for two shekels of silver; and ye shall deliver it unto them. And the priests will

rejoice and be glad: and perhaps appoint me to be the man whom they will entrust; and I will buy the corn of our brother *Bramaliel;* and so shall the priests be deceived, and instead of cursing, shall bless our coming in, and our going out, yea, they shall even bless our basket and our store.

20 And they all cried out with one voice, great is thy wisdom, O *Othonias!* wise art thou above the children of men! yea, *Solomon* himself was not wiser than thou. The words of thy mouth are sweeter far than honey, and the honey-comb: let it even be as thou hast said.

21 Then sent they deputies unto the priests, even *Garshubah* and *Artani:* and they told unto the priests the words of the assembly; and the priests were exceedingly rejoiced, and said, now praised be the Lord, who hath at length touched their hearts: and may their charity be returned unto them ten-fold: and the deputies said—*Amen.*

22 Then said the deputies unto the priests, Name ye a man from amongst you, that he may receive the money, to buy the corn, and distribute it: but the priests answered and said, Nay; we may not buy or sell; so name ye a man to buy and sell, and we will take care and see it be distributed as it ought: then answered the deputies what think ye of *Othonias?* Then said the priests, we approve him; and the priests calling *Dantziah* the scribe, caused him to write in a parchment roll the terms of the gift, the names of the givers, and the numbers of the talents each man gave; and did lay it up amongst the records of the temple.

23 And the priests went forth and told these things in the city; and the chief men of the city, who were not confederate with the sons of *Belial,* gave likewise two hundred talents; and the priests caused their names, also, to be entered in the roll: and the priests rejoiced; and the people rejoiced with exceeding great joy; and *Othonias,* the Pharisee, rejoiced also.

24 And *Othonias* went home to his own house, and called on *Elibamah* his wife, and said, come hither and rejoice with me;

for the elders, the priests, and chief men of the city, have extolled my wisdom, and have appointed me ruler over the treasure of the poor; and my name shall be great amongst the chief of the city, and I shall be no longer numbered amongst the oppressors, and dregs of the people: but amongst the elders and princes of the city. But *Elibamah* replied not; she being no enemy to the poor.

25 And the sons of *Belial*, and the chief men of the city who were confederate with them went forth and borrowed all the talents of gold, and all the talents of silver that were to be found in the city, and they were delivered unto them: and the sons of *Belial* went forth into all the country round about, and did buy all the corn of the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, who would sell unto them; and few there were who did not sell unto them for their money: and their store-houses and garners were full.

26 And the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, who did not sell unto the sons of *Belial* said; why should not we also, for every omer of wheat have two shekels? Now wheat in plentiful years, was bought at an omer for a shekel: So that the famine increased in the land, for the grinding of the millstone was low, and the poor waxed faint for want of bread: for as the price of bread grew great, the wages of the poor decreased: for the merchants who confederated with the sons of *Belial*, refused to pay the workmen their accustomed wages for their work: and the cry of the poor reached up to the heavens; but the sons of *Belial* and their associates regarded not; so that the priests were exceeding sorrowful, and their countenances fell: yea, even the judges of the land, and the Tetrarch himself; but it availed not.

27 And the people said, would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the years of plenty, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and did eat bread to the full: for now we shall die, we and our wives, and our little ones. So they went unto the

Tetrarch, and said; Give us bread, for why should we die in thy presence? give us bread at an omer the shekel, or we shall all die.

28 And the Tetrarch was extremely sorrowful, and he lifted up his voice and wept; and reasoned with them, saying, "Why do you thus unlawfully assemble together? or, Why so trouble the city? Is not this the Lord's doing? why will you tempt the Lord?" (for the Tetrarch wist not that it was the sons of *Belial* had caused the famine.) And the people cried yet more and said, *Give us bread.*—Then the Tetrarch spake unto them, saying; "I will call an assembly of the elders of the city, and the chief men, and the priests, and the scribes and the pharisees, and we will hold counsel together, and see what may be done in this thing."

29 So the Tetrarch called an assembly of the chief men of the city, and told unto them the complaints of the people; and did say unto them, That unless the people might have bread, they would all die; they and their wives and their little ones. But the children of *Belial*, and the pharisees replied, they were grieved for the sufferings of the people; but the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, would not sell them more than an omer of wheat for two shekels; and as they bought, so did they sell unto the people. And the Tetrarch, and the priests, and the judges, and many of the chiefs of the city (who had not sold themselves to work iniquity) reasoned with the sons of *Belial*, and their confederates the pharisees: but it availed not.

30 And the sons of *Belial* went on their way notwithstanding all that was said unto them, and followed the counsels of *Bramaliel, Othonias, Finshai*, and *Hothornah*, their chiefs: so the people murmured, saying, *We shall die;* but no man of the sons of *Belial*, or those of the chiefs of the city who were joined with them, cared for these things; but sold an omer of wheat for four shekels of silver; so the peoples money failed, and their hearts fainted within them.

CHAPTER II.

THEN the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* arose, and gathered themselves together. Now the men of this valley are the remnant of the sons of the giant, even the sons of *Anak;* for they are strong, and mighty men of valour. But they had neither sword, spear, or gun: neither was there any man amongst them that was skilled in making of swords, of spears, or of guns: but every man of the valley of *Saddleworth* went down to the city of men, to buy every man his share, his coulter, his ax, and his mattock: neither was there any instrument of war found in their hands.

2 AND the spirit of *Kenuriel* was vexed within him, and he said unto the men of *Saddleworth,* hear me, my brethren, give ear unto my words ye men of the forest; will ye bow down your necks to the yoke of the oppressor? will you lay down yourselves at the feet of those who would make you, and your wives, and your children their bondmen; yea, their slaves as long as any of them endure! You see the harvest is past, and the summer is ended; yet we are not saved from the famine: and this because the men of the city of men have bought (with the money they have gained by the labour of you and your brethren) and heaped in their store-houses all the corn of the land, and will not suffer you to have thereof for the support of your lives, and the lives of your little ones. But will you submit to this—? Or can you consent to become their bond-slaves for ever?

3 THEN the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* cried aloud and spoke with one voice, What! shall we bow down our necks to the proud? to those who have risen to riches by the sweat of our brows? No, we will go down and open their store-houses, and sell unto the people the corn they have stored therein, at an omer a shekel; that we and the people of the land may live.

And we will send to the *Ashtonites*, and to the men who work under the earth, in the hills of *Oldham*, that they may come and assist us therein.

4 Now it came to pass, that on the twelfth day of the ninth month, in the thirtieth and one year of the reign of *George*, the son of *George*, that sixty of the men of *Saddleworth*, went down to the City of Men, and went to the place where the buyers of corn, and sellers of corn assembled together; and did there reason with the sellers of corn, and say unto them: How comes it that ye are unwilling to sell unto us for our money as ye were wont? Was not the harvest as great, and did not the corn stand as full, on the land as in time past? Yea, has not the Lord God blessed you with the most plentiful harvest, and made the valleys to laugh and sing? Why, then, do ye deny to sell unto us as of old, an omer of wheat for a shekel?

5 And the sons of *Belial*, with the Pharisees their associates, were in great dread of the men of *Saddleworth*, and did send unto the Tetrarch, and did say unto him; Come thou and save us, or we and the city shall be destroyed. So the Tetrarch went unto the place where the people were assembled; and when the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* saw him, they said; O Tetrarch! we know that thou art an upright man, one that doeth good and escheweth evil; we mean not to hurt thee, nor thy people, nor the people of this city; no, not even these sons of *Belial;* but we cannot die for want of bread: we, nor our wives, nor our little ones, whilst there is such plenty of corn in the land: now therefore see, that we have it an omer a shekel, and we will depart every man to his tent.

6 And the Tetrarch did reason with the sons of *Belial*, and they did seemingly hearken unto his words: for the fear of the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* was upon them.

7 And when the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* saw that the sons of *Belial* did sell their corn at an omer a shekel, they seperated themselves; and some went to one place, and some to

another, believing in the words of the sons of *Belial;* for the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* were men without guile. And when the most part of them were departed, the spirits of *Othonias, Bramaliel,* and the rest of the sons of *Belial* revived: and they caught each man his sword, and his staff, and fell on those men of the valley of *Saddleworth* who remained, and did beat them, and wound them, and despitefully use them; and some they did imprison, but others escaped out of the hands of the sons of *Belial,* and got them to their own homes.

8 Now when these things were spread abroad and known in the valley of *Saddleworth,* how that the sons of *Belial* had thus despitefully used their brethren; behold on the fifteenth day of the ninth month, they assembled themselves together, and sent unto the *Oldhamites,* the *Ashtonians,* and others, to meet them on the plain of *Newton;* and they met together about the third hour of the day; and the *Newtonians* told them, how that a son of *Belial* had possession of a mill in the country of *Clayton,* and did there grind things hurtful, and sold it to the poor for bread-corn.

9 When they heard this they chose unto themselves a captain of the host, whose name was *Adamah,* an *Oldhamite;* and *Adamah* led them on to *Clayton* mill: and finding therein wheat, mixed with acorns, with pease, and with beans, with chopped straw, and French-whiting, together with dried bones of beasts;* some thereof ground for bread, some grinding on the mill, and some to grind; he shewed the mixture to the people; and when they saw it, they were wroth, and burnt the bolsters, and sieves, broke the wheels, and stones, and destroyed the mill; so that the ruins thereof remain even unto this day.

10 Now it came to pass that whilst this was in doing, there was one *Whitadiah,* (he was of the number of those who licked up the spittle from under the feet of the sons of *Belial*) who ran

* The MS. added, men's bones, and horse dung dried: which appeared so incredible to the publishers, that they erased it out of the copy.

into the city, and told the sons of *Belial*, and the Pharisees, their confederates, that the people of the land were risen as one man; and were coming to destroy their mills, search their store-houses for corn, and would sell the same an omer for a shekel.

11 And the sons of *Belial* assembled, and were in great fear, (for their hearts became as melting wax) and said, what shall we do? O speak ye, that have wisdom! ye, that have the gift of counsel, speak! Speak thou O *Othonias!* Then *Othonias* arose, and essayed to speak, but his spirits failed him, and he trembled exceedingly. And they said, O thou, whom we believed a *Solomon*, art thou void of counsel at this perilous time? And *Othonias* answered, and said, Verily, my brethren, the occasion is sudden, and the peril is great, and I cannot advise ye: but if ye will send unto *Elibamah*, my wife, peradventure she will advise ye; for she is a wise woman, even as a prophetess; and her wisdom and———have set my feet upon a rock. But the assembly answered not, but held down their heads and wept.

12 Then arose *Bramaliel*, and said, know ye not that the Tetrarch, the judges, and the priests, the lawyers and scribes may now help us; and since they know not of our craft, let us, my brethren, act wisely: should we beg their counsel, they would advise us to sell an omer of wheat for a shekel, and that would destroy our gain, which is the goddess we worship: Let us then give them no time for counsel, but some of ye run, and say unto the Tetrarch, the judges, the priests, the lawyers, and the scribes, that the people are coming to burn the city. Others of ye send out your servants to the people, and say, come into the city, and we will join with you; and it shall be that the Tetrarch, and the judges, the priests, the lawyers and the scribes shall be affrighted; and shall call to their aid the men of the host of the great king who dwell in the city; and they will kill some, wound others, and the rest will return every man to his own tent; and there will not be any more resistance to us, or

our friends.———And the spirits of the assembly came again; yea, they were much enlivened and did so.

13 Then some of them ran one way, and some another; crying, Arm! Arm! the sons of *Anak*, with the *Oldhamites*, and the *Ashtonians* are coming, and the city will be destroyed; and the Tetrarch, the judges, the lawyers, and the scribes, were affrighted, and did cry unto the King's host for help: but the priests, trusting not in the arm of flesh, feared not what man could do unto them.

14 And there was in the city of the host of the King, some who had fought valiantly under the banners of the King in *Germania*, and under the banners of *William*, the king's son, in *Flandria*, and they laughed at their fears, and said, Why does this folly possess you? are they not subjects to the king? how, then, can this thing be, that they will burn the city? or, how can they do so, and we see it?—Others they were of the host, who, with *Mordaunt*, had seen giants on the coasts of *Gallia;* and fear dwelt upon their countenances; for they thought, peradventure some of those giant-like men, the *French*, may be here also.

15 And the Tetrarch commanded, and there assembled together the host of the king, and also many of the sons of *Belial*, and the Pharisees, and chiefs of the city who joined with them, in distressing the people, and their sons; and also some of those who had not sold themselves to work iniquity, nor bowed the knee to filthy lucre; and they drew up in battle array, and went out to meet the people.

16 Now there was one *Nicodemus*, a man skilful in the laws of the land, (but whose fears mightily prevailed at this time) said, O Tetrarch, if thou meet not the people out of the city, the battle will happen therein, and the city will be laid in ashes; and how wilt thou answer it to the king, should the city be destroyed? And the Tetrarch answered, and said, O *Nicodemus*, profound is thy skill in the laws, and sound is thy judgment;

I will do so: and he ordered the centurion who commanded the *Flandrians*, to go out, but he refused, unless the Tetrarch gave him the order in a tablet. Then the Tetrarch said to *Nicodemus*, What shall I do? And now the sons of *Belial* cried out, the people had already burned part of the city. And *Nicodemus* was sore afraid, and said, O Tetrarch, do not thou, but let *Bradari*, the judge, give the centurion the tablet: and he did so.

17 And the Tetrarch went forward, attended by some of the chiefs of the city, to meet the people; and did say unto them, Why do you thus, my brethren? nay, verily, ye do wrong in disturbing the city. And the people answered him, and said, O Tetrarch, we mean neither thee nor this city any harm. But one of the men sent out of the city by the sons of *Belial* said, we will murder thee, O Tetrarch: and the sons of *Belial*, who were with the Tetrarch, cried, Fly, Tetrarch, or thou diest: so he fled and met the host, and said, O centurion, I have done all that I am able to prevent the shedding of blood, and appeasing this tumult; but now do thou quell the tumult; and still the madness of the people.

18 Now the servants of the sons of *Belial* said unto the people, ye may go safely into the city: the Tetrarch is fled, and the men of war cannot by the laws of the great king, fire upon you, until the proclamation of the king is read unto you, and ye have disobeyed it for the space of one hour. So the people went on towards the city; and in the entrance thereof the host of the king, who were in the fore-front, and the host of the city, who brought the rear-ward met them: and when the people were now come within 40 cubits of the king's host, the sons of *Belial* cried out fire: but the host of the king refused to fire; but the sons of *Belial* did so, and killed a decurion of the king's host, and two of the people.

19 Again the sons of *Belial* cried to the centurion to order the king's host to fire, and he did so: but the *Flandrians*

fired their shot over the heads of the people, knowing them to be the subjects and servants of their king: for though inured to spill the blood of their enemies, yet deigned they not that an hair of the heads of their fellow-subjects should perish: so it is said there was no blood spilt that day, but what was shed by the host of the city; for though the men of the king's host, who had learned to war under *Mordaunt*, were exceeding wroth with the people, yet they loved not blood; nor was it known that they ever killed men in their wrath, or hurt any in their displeasure.

20 And the men of the city, and the *Mordauntians*, ran out of the battle, and the people ran also. And the centurion and the *Flandrian* host lifted up their eyes, and, behold! neither friend, or enemy was within sight! so they went back into the city without controul.

21 As for the rest of the acts of the sons of *Belial*, and all they did, are they not written in the chronicles of the king at *Lancaster?* And the acts of the *Mordauntians*, are they not written in the records of all the assemblies of the land? And what they did, and did not, are not the reasons thereof to be found in books of the court-martial at *Whitehall?*

CHAPTER III.

Now it came to pass that the sons of *Belial*, and their confederates, met together in counsel, to consider what account they might render unto the king. And, behold, there entered into the assembly, *Clatonijah*, the priest, and *Byromah*, the psalmist, whose pen is the pen of a ready writer. And when the assembly saw them, the young men were abashed, the aged arose, and stood up, they refrained talking, and laid their hands on their mouths; yea, the chief men of the city held their peace, and their tongues cleaved to the roof of their mouths: so awful was the approach of these men, to these sons of *Belial*.

2 And *Clatonijah* being full of the spirit, lifted up his voice, and cried aloud, saying, O ye men of the city, hearken unto the words of my lips, and give ear to the sayings of my mouth, for the words that I shall speak, are they not the words of the Lord your God? The avenger of the poor, and the fatherless, the injured and oppressed.—Oh, that my words were now written: Oh, that they were printed in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in the rock for ever. And *Clatonijah* said to *Byromah*, write the words I shall speak, that they may be a record against these men; and that the city may know when these judgments shall come upon them, and that I have truly spoken the words of the Lord, that he will avenge his people; and that the inhabitants of this city may take warning by these men, and no more offend against the Law of their God, by following the ways of these men. And *Byromah* wrote in a book the following words that *Clatonijah* spake:

3 "O ye men of the city, thus saith the Lord, have ye not broken your covenant with me, and caused the people to rebel? Have ye not set at nought my commandments, notwithstanding that your city was by me blest with increase? Notwithstanding I blessed you with riches, and prosperity? Gave I not gold unto you as dust? and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook? Yea, silver as the dust of the earth; raiment as clay; clothing of silk and of purple, of fine linen and of needle-work, for yourselves, your wives, and your children, as the grass of the field? Vessels of gold and vessels of silver; coaches and chariots; horses and mules; yea, every thing your hearts could desire, gave I not to you in abundance, and made them as plentiful as poplars in the valley of *Ordshall?* Yet have ye disobeyed my commandments, despised my priests, and oppressed my people, the inhabitants of the land. The poor have cried unto you for the wrong you have done them; but you were like the deaf adder: they cried aloud, but ye regarded them not. Ye have defrauded the poor and the needy of their due; have ye

not walked deceitfully? have ye not removed your neighbour's land mark? driven away the ass of the fatherless, and taken the ox of the widow for a pledge? Have ye not taken pledges of the poor, and caused them to go naked, and taken away the sheaf of the hungry? Yea, have not ye caused that they perished for want of bread and of clothing? and, when they complained, did not ye cause them to be beat, to be wounded, and to be killed? The cry of the injured has pierced my ears, the torments of the wounded I have felt and seen, and the souls of the killed are before me.

4 "HAVE ye done this to increase your store already too full? Have ye not made gold your hope? and said unto fine gold, Thou art my confidence? Have ye not rejoiced in your oppressive gains? though your wealth was great, and your hands full? How do ye say we are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us? Lo! the law was made unto you as vain; and the scribes wrote without effect: for ye have despised my law, and set at naught my statutes, and are gone astray after filthy lucre; yea, almost every man, from the greatest unto the least among you, are given to luxury at home, and covetousness and usury abroad. Know ye not that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment; though his head reach up to the clouds, and his excellency mount up to the heavens; though his possessions cover the face of the earth, yet shall he perish for ever like his own dung: they who have seen him, shall see him no more; and, with lifted hands shall say, where is he! He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away like a vision of the night; neither shall his place any more behold him: He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again: the gains of oppression he shall not enjoy sweetly, neither shall feel quietness in his belly: in the fulness of his sufficiency shall he be in straits, every hand of the injured shall come upon him: yea, the heaven reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him.

5 "And as ye have left my laws, and my statutes, and become of the number of those who deal wickedly with me and my people, ye shall travel with pain all your days; yet shall not your riches nor your possessions continue to your sons' sons. For I have vowed, saith the Lord, that the congregation of hypocrites shall be destroyed; and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery and oppression. They conceive mischief, and bring forth vanity: yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine: it shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out within him. The snare is laid for you, O ye oppressors! the snare is laid for you in the ground, and traps are in your way. Terrors shall make you afraid on every side, and destruction wait on all your steps. Brimstone shall be scattered on your habitations; your habitations which you have made unto yourselves, like the palaces of princes. Your roots shall be dried up beneath, and above shall your branches be cut off; the remembrance of you shall perish from the earth, and ye shall have no name in the streets; neither shall ye have son, or nephew, among my people; but your daughters shall be hand-maidens, and the servants of slaves; neither shall any of your seed remain in your dwellings. They that come after you shall be surprized at your fall, as they that went before were astonished at your greatness. Yea, I will visit you in my wrath, and ye shall be for an example to my people for ever. This shall be the portion of the oppressor; the wages of him who grinds the face of the poor: yea, this is the portion God has allotted for him."

6 And the sons of *Belial* were affrighted, and fled from the presence of *Clatonijah*, the priest, and of *Byromah*, the scribe: yet did they not repent, for their hearts continue as adamant, yea, as the flinty rock, even unto this day, notwithstanding the words of *Clatonijah*, the priest, which he spake unto them.

A LIST

OF

THE GENTLEMEN

Who have served the respectable Office of

HIGH SHERIFF,

FOR

THE COUNTY PALATINE

OF

Lancaster,

From the first year of HENRY the Second, 1154, to this present year, 1819.

N. B. One Godefrid was Sheriff from the seventh year of William Rufus, to the first of Henry the First.

HENRY II.

Began his Reign in the Year 1154.

2 Radulphus Pigot
7 Robert de Monthall
11 Geofrey de Villiers
13 Guls. Vesey
14 Idem
15 Roger le Herlebeck
21 Geofrey fitz Bernard
23 Robert fitz Bernard
25 Ralph fitz Bernard
31 Gilbert Pipard and Hugh his Brother pro eo
33 Gilbert Pipard and Peter his Brother pro eo

RICHARD I. 1189.

1 Gilbert Pipard
6 Theobald Walter and Wm. Radclyffe pro eo
7 T. Walter and Benedict Garnet pro eo
9 T. Walter and Robert Vavasor pro eo
10 T. Walter and Nicholas Pincerna pro eo

JOHN. 1199.

1
2 Robert de Tateshall
3 Richard Vernon
7 Roger de Lacy, Richard Vernon, Wm. Vernon, and Gilbert fitz Renford pro eo

HENRY III. 1216.

2 Ranulphus Comes Cestriæ, and Jordan fitz Rogeri pro eo
9 William Comes de Ferrers, and Robert Montjoy pro eo
11 Idem Comes, Gerrard Etwell, pro eo
12 Idem Comes, Adam Eland pro eo
18 Idem Comes, Sir John Byron, Wm. de Lancaster, and Gilbert West pro eo
19 Simon de Thornton pro William de Lancaster
21 Robert de Latham, William de Lancaster, and Simon Thornton pro eo
28 William Lancaster, Richard de Butler pro eo
30 William Lancaster and Matthew Redmain
33 Matthew Redmain and Robert Latham
34 Robert Latham
41 Patrick de Ulvesbey
43 Idem Patrick and Wm. de Pincenna de Bewsey
44 Galfridus de Chatham ut firmarius
48 Adam de Mounhalta and Rob. de Latham
49 Roger de Lancaster
56 Ralph de Dacres

EDWARD I. 1272.

3 Henry de Lea
9 Gilbert de Clifton and Henry de Lea
11 Henry de Lea
13 Robert de Latham and Gilbert de Clifton pro eo
14 Idem Gilbert
15 Robert de Leyburne
18 Gilbert de Clifton
21 Richard de Houghton and Raphe de Montjoy
25 Idem Raphe
27 Edmundus Comes Lancastriæ, Richard Houghton pro eo
28 Idem Richard
29 Idem Richard
30 Idem Richard and Thomas Traverse

EDWARD II. 1307.

2 William de Gentils
4 Richard de Bickerstaffe
7 Edm. Nevil, John de Broughton
14 Gilbert de Soutworth

EDWARD III. 1327.

7 Robert Toucher
9 William Clapham
13 Robert Radclyffe de Ordsall
18 Stephen Ireton
22 John Cockaine
29 Richard Radclyffe
32 William Radclyffe
33 John Iprea
34 William Radclyffe
37 John Iprea
49 Richard de Townley

RICHARD II. 1377.

1 Idem Townley
2 Nicholas Harrington
8 Raphe Radclyffe
12 Robert Standish
15 Raphe Stanley Miles
16 John Butler de Rawclyffe
20 Richard Molineux

HENRY IV. 1399.

1 Thomas Gerrard
2 John Butler
6 Raphe Radclyffe
7 Idem Raphe Radclyffe Miles
8 John Bold
11 Idem Bold Miles
12 Raphe Stanley Miles

HENRY V. 1413.

1 Idem Raphe and Nicholas Langford
2 William Bradshaw and Robert Langford
3 Robert Urswick
7 Robert Lawrence
8 Richard Radclyffe

HENRY VI. 1422.

1 Idem Radclyffe
5 Robert Lawrence
19 John Byron Miles

EDWARD IV. 1461.

2 John Broughton
3 Tho. Pilkington
6 Robert Urswick Miles
13 Tho. Pilkington
16 Tho. Molineux
22 Tho. Pilkington Miles

HENRY VII. 1458.

16 Ed. Stanley postea Doms. Monteagle

HENRY VIII. 1509.

Idem Stanley postea Doms. Monteagle
19 Alexander Osbaldeston Miles
23 John Townley Miles
33 Thomas Soutworth Miles
37 Alexander Radclyffe Miles
Idem

This first and most curious part of this list was taken from a MS. in the possession of Joseph Pickford, of Royton, Esq. (for which the Editor, Tim Bobbin, returns him thanks.) The following part was transcribed from one in Castleton Hall, belonging to Clement Winstanley, Esq., which being very inaccurate, it has been carefully collated with one in Manchester, and that of Royton, aforesaid. The variations of these MSS. are placed as notes at the bottom of the page where M. means the MS. at Manchester, and R. stands for that at Royton.

EDWARD VI.

Alexander Radclyffe, Kt. 1547
Thomas Gerrard, Kt. 1548
Peter Leigh, Kt.... 1549
Peter Worsely, Kt. 1550
John Atherton, Kt. 1551
Thomas Talbot, Kt. 1552
Thomas Gerrard, Kt. 1553

MARY.

Marmaduke Tunstall, Kt. 1554
John Atherton, Kt. 1555
Thomas Langhorn, Kt. 1556
Edward Trafford, Kt.* 1557
John Talbot, Esq.‖ 1558

*Edmund Trafford, M. ‖Tho. Gerrard, M.

ELIZABETH.

John Talbot, Esq. 1559
Robert Worseley, Kt. 1560
John Atherton, Kt. 1561
John Shuttleworth, Kt. 1562
Tho. Hesketh, Kt. 1563
Tho. Houghton, Kt. 1564
Edw. Trafford, Esq. 1565
Rich. Molineux, Esq. 1566
Tho. Houghton, Kt.* 1567
Edward Holland, Esq.... 1568
John Preston, Esq. 1569
Tho. Butler, Esq. 1570
Edward Trafford, Esq. 1571
John Byron, Esq. 1572
Richard Holland, Esq. 1573
William Booth, Esq. 1574
Francis Holt, Esq. 1575
Richard Bold, Esq. 1576
Robert Dalton, Esq. 1577
John Fleetwood, Esq. 1578
Ralph Ashton, Esq. 1579
Edward Trafford, Esq.|| 1580
John Byron, Kt. 1581
Richard Holland, Esq. 1582
John Atherton, Esq. 1583
Edward Trafford, Esq.† 1584
Tho. Preston, Esq. 1585
Richard Ashton, Esq. 1586
John Fleetwood, Esq. 1587
Tho. Talbot, Esq. 1588
Richard Molineux, Esq. 1589

* Tho. Langton, M. || Kt. M. † Edm. Trafford, Kt. M.

Rich. Bold, Esq. 1590
James Ashton, Esq. 1591
Edward Fitton, Esq. 1592
Richard Ashton, Esq. 1593
Ralph Ashton, Esq. 1594
Tho. Talbot, Esq. 1595
Rich. Holland, Esq. 1596
Richard Molineaux, Esq. 1597
Richard Ashton, Esq. 1598
Richard Houghton, Esq. 1599
Robert Hesketh, Esq. 1600
Cuthbert Halsall, Esq. 1601
Robert Trafford, Esq.* 1602
John Ireland, Esq. 1603

JAMES.

Idem Ireland, Esq. 1603
Nicholas Mosely, Esq. 1604
Ralph Barton, Esq. 1605
Edward Fleetwood, Esq. 1606
Richard Ashton, Esq. 1607
Robert Hesketh, Esq. 1608
Edward Trafford, Esq. 1609
Roger Nowell, Esq. 1610
John Fleming, Esq. 1611
Cuthbert Halsall, Kt. 1612
Robert Bindloss, of Berwick, Esq. 1613
Rich. Sherburn, of Stonyhurst, Esq. 1614
Edward Stanley, Esq. 1615
Rowland Moseley, Esq. 1616
Edward Trafford, Esq. 1617
Richard Shuttleworth, Esq. 1618

* Edward, Kt. M. || Kt. M.

John Holt. Esq. 1619
Leonard Ashaw, Esq. 1620
Edward Moor, Esq. 1621
Gilbert Ireland, Esq.* 1622
Geo. Booth, Esq. 1623
Ralph Ashton, Kt. 1624
Edward Holland, Esq.|| 1625

CHARLES.

Idem Holland, Esq. 1625
Roger Kirby, Esq. 1626
Edward Stanley, Bart. 1627
Edw. Ashton,§ of Chaderton, Esq. 1628
Edward Rawstern, Esq. 1629
Tho. Hesketh, Esq. 1630
Rich. Bold, Esq. 1631
Richard Townley, Esq.† 1632
Ralph Ashton, of Middleton, Esq. 1633
Ralph Standish, of Standish, Esq. 1634
Humphrey Chetham, Esq. 1635
William Farrington, Esq. 1636
Richard Shuttleworth, Esq. 1637
Roger Kirby, Esq. 1638
Edw. Stanley, Bart. 1639
Robert Holt, Esq. 1640
Peter Egerton, Esq. 1641
John Girlington, Esq.‡ 1642
Gibert Houghton, Bart. 1643

In the years 1644 and 1645, hypocritical whining saints and foolish jure divino cavalier-sinners, were so very busy pulling one another by the noses and ears that neither side had time to elect sheriffs.

John Bradshaw, Esq. 1646
Idem 1647

* Kt. M. || Richard Holland, M. §Edm. M. † Nicholas M. and R. ‡ Kt. M.

Gilbert Ireland, Esq.*... 1648
Idem Ireland, till May 1649
John Hartley, of Strangeways, till December... 1649
Edw. Hopwood, of Hopwood, Esq. the remainder with } 1650
Hen. Wrigley, of Chamber-hall, Esq. ... ... } 1651
Alexander Barlow, of Barlow, Esq. 1652
John Parker, of Extwisle, Esq. 1653
Peter Bold, of Bold, Esq. 1654
John Atherton, of Chowbent, Esq. 1655
John Starkie, of Huntroid, Esq. 1656
Hugh Cooper, of Chorley, Esq. 1657
Robert Bindloss, of Berwick-hall, Esq.|| 1658
Rich. Houghton, Bart. 1659
Geo. Chetham, of Turton, Esq.§ 1660

CHARLES II.

Idem Chetham, Esq. 1660
George Middleton, Bart. 1661
Idem Middleton, Bart. 1662
John Girlington, Esq. 1663
Tho. Preston, Esq. 1664
William Spencer, Esq. 1665
Idem Spencer, ... 1666
John Arden, Esq. 1667
Tho. Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, Esq. 1668
Idem Greenhalgh, ... 1669
Christopher Banister, Esq.... 1670
Henry Sclater, Kt. 1671
Rob. Bindloss, of Berwick-hall, Bart. 1672
Idem Bindloss, ... 1673
Peter Brooks, Kt. 1674
Alex. Butterworth, of Belfield, Esq. 1675
Idem Butterworth, ... 1676

* Kt. M. || Kt. M. and R. § Humphrey, M.

Alex. Rigby, Esq. 1677
Idem Rigby, ... 1678
Roger Bradshaw, of Haigh-hall, Bart,* 1679
William Johnson, Esq.|| 1680
Laurence Rawstern, of Whitehall, Esq. 1681
Idem Rawstern, ... 1682
Tho. Leigh, Esq.... 1683
Idem Leigh, ... 1684

JAMES II.

Peter Shakerly, Esq. 1685
Idem Shakerly, ... 1686
William Spencer, Esq. 1687
Idem, ... 1688
Thomas Richardson, (not swore) 1689

WILLIAM AND MARY.

James Birch, of Birch-hall, Esq. 1689
Peter Bold, of Bold, Esq. 1690
Alex. Rigby, of Layton, Esq. 1691
Francis Lindley, Esq. 1692
Tho. Rigby, Esq. 1693
Tho. Ashurst, of Ashurst, Esq. 1694
Rich. Spencer, Esq. 1695
Tho. Norris, of Speke, Esq. 1696
Roger Manwaring, Esq 1697
William West, Esq. 1698
Robert Duckenfield, of Duckenfield, Bart. 1699
Tho. Rigby, of Middleton, Esq. 1700
William Hulme, Esq. 1701

ANNE.

Roger Nowell, of Read, Esq. 1702
Peter Egerton, of Shaw, Esq. 1703

* Ordsall, M. || Johnston, M.

Geo. Birch, of Birch-hall, Esq. 1704

He died whilst in office, and was succeeded by Thos. Birch, his brother.

Richard Spencer, Esq. 1705
Christ. Dauntsey, of Edgecroft, Esq. 1706
Edm. Cole, of Lancaster, Esq. 1707
Miles Sandys, of Graithwait, Esq. 1708
Roger Kirby, Esq. 1709

He dying in office was succeeded by Alex. Hesketh, Esq.

Roger Parker, of Extwisle, Esq.* 1710
Tho. Standish, of Duxbury, Esq. 1711
Will. Rawson, of Preston, Esq.‖ 1712
Rich. Valentine, of Bentley, Esq.§ 1713
Willm. Farrington, of Werden, Esq.† 1714

GEORGE.

Jonat. Blackburn, of Orford, Esq.‡ 1715
Tho. Crisp, Esq. 1716
Samuel Crook, Esq. 1717
Rich. Norris, of Liverpool, Merchant,** 1718
Tho. Stanley, of Clitheroe, Esq. 1719
Rob. Maudsley, of Maudsley, Esq. 1720
Benjamin Houghton, Esq. 1721
Benjamin Gregge, of Chamber-hall, Esq. 1722
Edw. Stanley, of Preston, Bart. 1723
William Tatham, Esq. 1724
Miles Sandys, of Graithwait, Esq. 1725
Edm. Hopwood, of Hopwood, Esq. 1726
Daniel Wilson, of Dalham Tower, Esq. 1727

GEORGE II.

Idem Wilson, of Dalham Tower 1727

* Robert, R. ‖ Rawstern, M. § Bentcliffe, R. † Shawhall, R.
‡ John, R. ** of Speak, R.

Joseph Yates, of Peel, Esq. 1728
Wm. Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, Esq. 1729
James Chetham, of Smedley, Esq. 1730
Wm. Leigh, of Westhoughton, Esq. 1731
John Parker, of Breightmet, Esq. 1732
John Greaves, of Culcheth, Esq. 1733
Wm. Bushel, of Preston, Esq. 1734
Arthur Hamilton, of Liverpool, Esq. 1735
Darcy Lever, of Alkrington, Kt. 1736
Tho. Horton, of Chadderton, Esq. 1737
Samuel Chetham, of Castleton, Esq. 1738
Raphe Asheton, of Middleton, Bt. 1739
Roger Hesketh, of Meals, Esq. 1740
Rob. Duckenfield, of Manchester, Esq. 1741
Rob. Banks, of Winstanley, Esq. 1742
John Blackburn, of Orford, Esq. 1743
Rob. Radclyffe, of Foxdenton, Esq. 1744
Daniel Willis, of Redhall, Esq. 1745
William Shaw, Esq. 1746
Sam. Birch, of Ardwick, Esq. 1747
George Clark, of Hyde, Esq. 1748
Rigby Molineux, of Preston, Esq. 1749
Cha. Stanley, of Cross-hall, Esq. 1750
James Fenton, of Lancaster, Esq. 1751
Rich. Townley, of Belfield, Esq. 1752
John Bradshaw, of Manchester, Esq. 1753
Roger Hesketh, of Rufford, Esq. 1754
Tho. Johnson, of Manchester, Esq. 1755
James Barton, of Penwortham, Esq. 1756
James Bailey Withington, Esq. 1757
Rob. Gibson, of Marscough, Esq. 1758
Rich. Whitehead, of Clighton, Esq. 1759
Samuel Hilton, of Pennington, Esq. 1760

GEORGE III.

Sir Wm. Farrington, of Shawhall, ... 1761
Tho. Braddyll, of Conniside, Esq. 1762
Tho. Blackburn, of Childoe, Esq. 1763
Sir Wm. Horton, of Chaderton, Bart. 1764
John Walmsley, of Wigan, Esq. 1765
Edw. Gregge, of Chamberhall, Esq. 1766
Alex. Butler, of Kirkland, Esq. 1767
Tho. Butterworth Bailey, of Hope, Esq. 1768
Dorning Rasbottom, of Birch-house, Esq. 1769
Nicholas Ashton, of Liverpool, Esq. 1770
Ashton Lever, of Alkrington, Esq. 1771
Wm. Cunliffe Shaw, of Preston, Esq. 1772
Tho. Patten, of Warrington, Esq. 1773
Geofrey Hornby, of Preston, Esq. 1774

Here ends Tim Bobbin's MS.

Sir Watt's Horton, of Chaderton, Bart. 1775
Law. Rawstern, of Whitehall, Esq. 1776
Samuel Clowes, of Broughton, Esq. 1777
Wilson Braddyll, of Conniside Priory, Esq. 1778
John Clayton, of Carrhall, Esq. 1779
John Atherton, Prescot, Esq. 1780
John Blackburne, of Hale, Esq. 1781
Sir Frank Standish, of Duxbury-hall, Bart. 1782
James Whalley, of Clark-hill, Esq. 1783
William Bankes, of Winstanley, Esq. 1784
John Sparling, of Liverpool, Esq. 1785
Sir John Parker Mosley, of Ancoats, Bart. 1786
William Bamford, of Bamford, Esq. 1787
Edward Falkner, of Fairfield, Esq. 1788
William Hulton, of Hulton, Esq. 1789
Charles Gibson, of Lancaster, Esq. 1790
James Starkey, of Heywood, Esq. 1791
William Asheton, of Cuerdale, Esq. 1792

Thomas Townley Parker, of Cuerden, Esq. 1793
Henry Philip Houghton, of Walton, Esq. 1794
Robinson Shuttleworth, of Cawthorpe, Esq. 1795
Richard Gwillym, of Bewsey 1796
Bold Fleetwood Hesketh, of Rossal, Esq. 1797
John Entwisle, of Foxholes, Esq. 1798
Joseph Starkie, of Royton, Esq. 1799
James Ackers, of Manchester, Esq. 1800
Sir Thomas Dalrymple Hesketh, of Rufford, Bart. ... 1801
Robert Gregge Hopwood, of Hopwood, Esq. 1802
Isaac Blackburne, of Warrington, Esq. 1803
Thomas Lister Parker, of Browsholme, Esq. 1804
Meyrick Bankes, of Winstanley, Esq. 1805
Le Gendre Pierce Starkie, of Huntroid, Esq. 1806
Richard Leigh, of Shaw-hill, Esq. 1807
Thomas Clayton, of Carrhall, Esq. 1808
Samuel Clowes, of Broughton-hall, Esq. 1809
William Hulton, of Hulton, Esq. 1810
Samuel Chetham Hilton, of Smedley, Esq. 1811
Edward Greaves, of Culcheth, Esq. 1812
William Farrington, of Shawhall, Esq. 1813
Lawrence Rawstorne, of Penwortham-hall, Esq. 1814
Le Gendre Starkie, of Huntroid, Esq. 1815
William Townley, of Townhead, Esq. 1816
Robert Townley Parker, of Cuerden, Esq. 1817
Joseph Fielden, of Whitton House, Esq. 1818
John Walmsley, of Castlemeer, Esq. 1819

A Codicil

TO THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

James Clegg, Conjurer.

Be it known unto all men by these presents, That I, *James Clegg*, of *Broad-lane, within Castleton*, in the parish of *Rochdale*, and county of *Lancaster*, conjurer; having made my last will and testament bearing date the 18th of *February*, 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and ratify my said will: and if I die a natural death, i. e. elude the gallows, and within two miles of *Shaw-Chapel*, then I will that my executors *John Collier*, and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my house the day following, and with the advice and assistance of *James Worral*, order my funeral as follows:

I. I will that they invite to my funeral sixty of my friends, or best acquaintance, and also five fiddlers to be there exactly at two o'clock.

II. That no women be invited; no man that wears a white cap or apron; that no tobacco or snuff be there, to prevent my sneezing.

III. That they provide sixty-two spiced cakes, value ten shillings; and twenty shillings worth of the best ale that is within two miles; allowing the best ruby-noses present, *Roger Taylor*, and *John Booth*, to be judges.

IV. That if my next relations think a wooden jump too chargeable, then I will, that my executors cause me to be drest in my roast-meat clothes, lay me on a bier, stangs, or the like; give all present a sprig of rosemary, hollies, or gorses, and a cake: That no tears be shed, but be merry for two hours.

V. Then all shall drink a gill-bumper, and the fiddlers play *Briton's Strike Home*, whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five minutes before the cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high-road to *Shaw-Chapel*, in the following order, *viz.* The best fiddler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two, playing *The Conjurer goes Home*, in the aforesaid tune. Then the bier and attendants, none riding on horseback, but as *Hudibras* did to the stocks, i. e. face to tail, except *Mr. George Stansfield*, of *Sowerby*, (which privilege I allow him for reasons best known to myself.) Then the C—— of S— C——l shall bring up the rear, dressed in his pontificalibus, and riding on an ass; the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual office, then my executors shall, *nem. con.* pay him twenty-one shillings.

VI. If the singers at *Shaw* meet me fifty yards from the chapel, and sing the anthem, beginning, *O clap your hands, &c.* pay them five shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge ruins of *James Woolfenden*, late landlord of *Shaw-Chapel*, which done, pay the sexton half a crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the shot amounts to thirty shillings; the fiddler's playing, *The Conjurer's gone home*, with other tunes at discretion; to which I leave them: and then pay the fiddler's two shillings and sixpence each.

IX. If my next relations think it worth their cost and pains to lay a stone over me, then I will that *John Collier* of *Milnrow*, cut the following epitaph on it:

HERE Conjurer CLEGG beneath this stone,
By his best Friends was laid;
Weep, O ye Fiddlers, now he's gone,
Who lov'd the tweedling trade!
Mourn all ye Brewers of good ale,
Sellers of Books and News;
But smile ye jolly Priests, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your pow'r and dues.

FURTHER, As I have some good qualities and worldly goods not disposed of by my said last will, I do give and devise, as follows: That is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale* parish Methodists all my religion, and books of free-thinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary emollients.

ITEM. I give unto any one of that whimsical sect, who is sure the devil is in him, my slice of *Tobit's* fish, which my ancestors have kept pickled up above two thousand years; being certain that a small slice fried, will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his majesty's dominions.

ITEM. I give unto any three of the aforesaid Methodists, who are positive that they have a church in their bellies, my small set of squirrel-bells to hang in the steeple; being apprehensive that a set of the size of *Great Tom of Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a fabric of such an airy and tottering foundation.

ITEM. I give my forty-five-minute sand-glass, (on which is painted, old Time sleeping) unto that clergyman living within three miles of my house, who is most noted for preaching long-winded tautologizing sermons, provided he never turn it twice at one heat.

ITEM. I leave all my spring-traps, flying-nets, and all my other valuable utensils whatsoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious art of cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honest, and open hearted friend, *Mr. Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly satisfied of his good inclination, and great capacity of the proper use of them.

ITEM. I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, wheresoever he may be found, a pamphlet, entitled; *A View of the Lancashire Dialect;* being fully persuaded few others are capable of reading, or making any sense of it.

ITEM. I give all my humility, good-nature, benevolence, and hospitality, with all my other good qualities whatsoever, not before disposed of, unto that person in the parish of *Rochdale*, who can eat the most *Raw Onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this codicil be, and be adjudged to be, part of my said last will and testament, as fully as if the same had been inserted.

IN WITNESS whereof, I have hereunto fixed my hand and seal, this 24th day of *May*, in the year 1751.

JAMES CLEGG.

Witness;
Robert Lees,
Joshua Warren.

A COPY

OF WHAT WAS CALLED

AN ANCIENT SAXON MS.

Tho' I think it has a Snip of the Welsh in it.

In the 6th year of the reign of Conan (ab Elise ab Aranawd) king of *(Gwinneth)* North Wales (which was about A. D. 946) there was in the christian temple, at a place called Harden, in the kingdom of North Wales, a rood loft; in which was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, with a very large cross, which was in the hands of the image, called holy-rood. About this time there happened a very hot summer, so dry that there was no grass for the cattle. Upon which most of the inhabitants went and prayed to the image or holy rood, that it would cause it to rain; but to no purpose.

Amongst the rest, the Lady Trawst (whose husband's name was *Sitijht*, a nobleman, and governor of Harden Castle) went to pray to the said holy rood; and she praying earnestly and long; the image or holy rood fell down upon her head and killed her.

Upon which a great uproar was raised, and it was concluded and resolved upon, to try the said image for the murder of the said Lady Trawst; and a jury was summoned for that purpose; whose names were as follow,

Hincot of Hancot, Span of Mancot;
Leach and Leach, and Combeach;*
Peet and Pate, with Corbin of the Gate;
Milling and Hughet, with Gill and Pughet.

---

* Error in the MS. for Comberbeach.

Who upon examination of evidences declare the said Lady Trawst to be wilfully murdered by the said holy rood; and guilty of the murder. Also guilty in not answering the prayers of the many petitioners: but whereas the said holy rood being very old and done, she was ordered to be hanged. But Span opposed that, saying, that as they wanted rain, it would be best to drown her. This was fiercely opposed by Corbin; who said, that as she was holy rood they had no right to kill her, and advised to lay her on the sands of the river, below Harden Castle, from whence they might see what became of her, which was accordingly done. Soon after which the tide from the sea came and carried the said image to some low land (being an island) near the walls of a city called Caerleon (supposed Chester) where it was found the next day, drowned and dead! Upon which the inhabitants of Caerleon buried it in the place where it was found; and erected a monument of stone with this inscription;—

The Jews their God did crucify: The Hardeners theirs did drown,
'Cause with their wants she'd not supply: And lies under this cold stone.

It is supposed the above inscription caused the low lands to have the appellation of Rood die, or Rood dee; being the name given to that river on this occasion: for before it was called the River Usk.

THE FOLLOWING ENTRY

Was sent to the Supervisor and other Officers of Excise,

Met at the Union Flag, in Rochdale.

To all whom it does, or may concern.

WHEREAS the Vicar of this Parish hath prohibited the Rev. Mr. Haigh and his wife from selling tea (I suppose as it showed too much worldly-mindedness, and for fear of riches choaking the word) and as my ragged and tattered neighbouring gentry are resolved to have it; though some of them are not able to buy a quarter of an ounce, and a five-farthing oat-cake at the same time.

Now *Know all Men by these presents* that for the aforesaid reasons, and to keep his Majesty's peace at home, I, John Collier of Milnrow, in the parish of Rochdale and county of Lancaster; formerly a weaver, now schoolmaster and painter, do hereby make entry of my house and parlour for my crooked rib to sell coffee, tea, and chocolate in. Though at the same time I wish the East India Company were bankrupts. — That the excisemen were all methamorphosed into tailors; their books into pressing-irons; their sticks into cloth-yards; and their pens into needles: — and that there was not a single ounce of coffee, tea or chocolate in his Majesty's dominions.

Witness my hand this 9th day of March in the year 1765.

LETTERS

IN PROSE.

To Miss B—y S——h, in Hu——d.

July 25th, 1740.

Dear Madam,

'Tis now about a month since I begun to strive, with prepense malice, to commit murder — dont start at the expression, tho' 'tis really true—I dont mean, madam, what the lawyers call *Felo de se;* — no, no — Tho' you are handsome to a miracle; and as much out of my reach as the moon is from the grasp of a pigmy; yet I'm not for hanging myself, or if you please, taking Hobbes' leap in the dark, and leaving the world in a hurry, because I'm in love: but I'm for assassinating that restless brat, because he disturbs me in my business — makes me dream of you; and disturbs my repose. Give me leave to tell you, madam, that, on consideration, I find the little vexatious urchin is a relation of yours, and begot between your charms and my whimsical fancy: and I'm for ejecting my eyes for turning pander, and bringing them together; except you'll condescend to prevent both the ejection and murder by sending him victuals to live on. This you may easily do, because he can live upon less than a camelion; who, the old philosophers say, lives upon air; for his little Godship will live upon words, nay upon words too, that never were spoken. Should you think this impossible, give me leave to dictate, and do you send me the following words,—*Do not murder,—but cherish the Idalian wanton, and you shall never have*

cause to repent, on the account of, Dear Sir, your most &c. I say send, and sign this short billet, and the strange assertion will be proved to a demonstration: for the little God of soft desires will begin a fluttering, and shall nestle in my breast till time with the help of a parson shew the world that common, but old fashioned miracle of making two, into one identic person.

Here I had thoughts of concluding this, my first epistle to you, but I am still so irritated at that old splay-foot, fulsome person, who parted us the last time I had the pleasure of your company; that were I a pagan, I would curse him by a hundred and fifty thousand Gods, and send him to hell astride of a thunderbolt, for putting a period to the few blissful moments I then enjoyed. Had the separation been only for a day, or a month, this might possibly have been forgiven:—but for a year; and perhaps for ever!——this is more than I am able to forgive. And were it in my power, I would release Prometheus, and fix him in his place, till he had removed Blackstone-edge, which he has thrown between us, and brought you to the place from whence he chased you, i. e. to the arms of

Dear Madam,

Your most obsequious &c. &c.

TO MR. CHAS. RAMSDEN,

IN WORCESTER.

Kebroyd in Soyland, Sept. 29th, 1751.

Dear Sir,

I had yours of the 19th of May last, at which time I had under consideration a proposal from Mr. R. Hill of this place; which was to serve him as an assistant, and book-keeper, for no less a term than ten years, on what I then thought very advantageous terms. Accordingly on the 12th of June we

concluded, and executed the deed; and on the 16th of the same month, I bunch'd up my tools and my tackle, (i. e. my wife, bairns, goods &c.) and commenced Yorkshire-man.

The settling my affairs in Lancashire, and the continual hurry of a new employment (which I fear will be irksome to me) are all the excuses I shall make for my not writing sooner.

As to the Letter you mention, that contained intelligence of the safe arrival of my bandy-hewits at Worcester, it never came to hand; but am glad to hear by your last that they are safe.

I wish I could tell you with the truth of a Lancashire-man that I like my new business, as well as I liked swaying the birchen sceptre at Milnrow. 'Tis true I have more than double the salary, and a grand house rent-free: ah, my friend! —what are these to pleasing liberty? to sweet to calm contentment; — In short I find myself metamorphosed from a petty monarch, to a species of a slave; and though I was never guilty of being *religious over much;* yet you can scarce conceive how it edges my teeth, when I must ask leave before I must go to church or chapel: or drink a pot of ale with a Lancashire friend who comes to see me. These, and many more things like them, are east and west to my constitution.— I must now take my farewell of all that made life worth preserving; I must give up painting; my rhyming; my bowling; my tippling, and every inviting nonsense.— These were all time beguiling diversions, which pleased my whimsical humour at different times; all which I relinquished for the good of my family; but I much doubt shall be mistaken. In short, I'm pleased, I'm vexed, I'm fain, I'm sorry, I'm easy, I'm tormented, I'm richer, I'm poorer, I'm better, I'm worse: but let me be how, or what I will, I hope I shall ever remain Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servt.

John Collier.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CASE BETWEEN THE QUEEN AT THE BOOTH, AND THE AUTHOR.

To T. P. Esq.

Jan. 30th, 1752.

By your favour of the 20th current, I perceive you have heard of the furious rupture that has lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain lady, who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others, the *Yorkshire Lawyeress;* and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my family and interest. I thank you for your tender care; but, cheer up, sir, I'm not afraid of the law; for I have a particular friend that will screen me from long and costly suits: I mean—Poverty.

You desire me to send you a full account of what has passed between us, I shall oblige you in this, though it will be both intricate and prolix; and as truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first aggressor: for it arose from that strong tincture of quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclined to fanaticism, I should give it another name, and call it the spirit of reformation.

The first time I saw her was at *Dean-Chapel*, in the parish of *Huthersfield*, where she immediately took my eye, and raised my curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the very gallimaufry of a woman. She was dressed as gay, and airy as a girl of sixteen, though old age stared full at me through every wrinkle. In short, her out of the way figure and behaviour, spoiled my devotion and raised my choler to that pitch that I could not be at rest, till I had given her a reprimand.

Service being over, I stepped into a little alehouse near the chapel, and enquired of the landlord who the bedlamite was, who was so old, and so very airy? He answered with a sigh,

she's my own aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he replied, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few minutes, but madam not appearing, I went back into the chapel-yard amongst the crowd, but she had given me the slip, and so escaped my resentment at that time. However, I left strict orders with her nephew (who promised me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable manner.

This past on about a month, when I chanced to see her again at *Ripponden:* And perceiving her ladyship was in no humour for reforming, but rather more jaunty than ever; I took a resolution (Quixotte-like) to write a letter to her under a feigned name; and which, though I kept to matter of fact, she pleases to call a libel: and by one means or other she is become positive that I am the author: But this opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatical order with her nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the *Tuesday* following she saddled her nag, and rode to Justice *R*—— for a warrant, to bring me to an account for that, to which I determined to plead *Not Guilty.*

On her arrival there, and laying her complaint before the justice, he demanded whether she would swear the letter on me? N—o, but it is nobody else. Have you any evidence that will swear to this man's writing it? N—o, but he was at the *Black Lion* in *Ripponden,* where the letter was first found, and the very night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no warrant was granted.

Things past on about a fortnight, when she received intelligence that I was going immediately to leave *Yorkshire.* So she resolved to pay me a visit at *Mr. Hill's* before my departure. I happened to have the first glent of her ladyship as she came up the court, with the bridle of her strong *Rozinante* on her arm, and a young woman *(Phœbe Dawson)* attending her.

On rapping at the door, the old gentleman went out, and after the usual salutations, she begun,—"I am come to see, sir, if you will suffer any of your servants to abuse me?" "No, mistress, that I would not do: Pray, have I any that does do so?" "Why, have you not a servant they call *Collier?*" "No, that I have not," replied the old gentleman. "But have you not some such a man about your house?" "Yes; he is in the house; and I believe there is some little connection between my son R. and him: but I have nothing to do with him." "Very well, sir, then I've been wrong informed; and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain speak with him." Yes, mistress, that I will do." On his telling me that a lady desired to speak with me, I appeared surprised, though I guessed what she was about well enough: however I went to the door and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritated stomach scorned to return.

As to her dress, &c. I shall refer you to the notes on Hoantung's letter: only observe that a blue riding-habit hoop'd with silver lace, a jockey's cap, and a pretty large black silk patch on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare at each other, she asked me if my name was *Collier?* "Yes, madam," said I, "what's your pleasure with me?" "Why, I want to know if you'll stand to what you've done?" "O yes, to be sure, madam," said I "what is't?" "Why about this libel:" "Libel!" said I, "I dont know what a libel is." "I suppose you do; and I want to know if you'll stand to it, or not, for you writ it to be sure." "Indeed madam, your speech is all riddle to me. But as I'm very busy at present, if you'll go down to *Ripponden*, I'll follow as soon as I can, and there get an explanation." "That's what I want," she replied, "but pray tell me what house I must go to?" "To Campenot's to be sure," said I, "And you'll follow me," says she. "O do not doubt it, madam." So away she

goes, and her witness along with her: but I kept my distance, as wanting both time and inclination to follow her.

Messrs. Hills laughed at me for being honoured with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my match: all the gentry round being afraid to provoke or contradict her: and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her, as she would undoubtedly ruin me though I was worth thousands. I told them, innocence did not know what fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any danger.

This affair happened on Friday; and the Sunday following I left *Kebroyd* pretty early for my journey into *Lancashire:* and on going up to *Soyland*, to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the road, behind an ash-tree, six papers, written all alike, in a large print hand, a copy of which follows:—

ADVERTISEMENT.

On *Friday* last, from *Rishworth* strayed,
Or was by *Satan's* Imps conveyed,
A chesnut mare, with prick up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth lost, advanced in years
Had two light coloured feet before,
Her mouth was patched and very sore;
A right whisk tail and grissle mane,
A heavy head, and body plain;
A filly trotting by her side,
And both good blood as e'er was tried.
Whoe'er can them to *Pluto* bring,
Their owner, that grim, sooty King,
Shall for their pains in this good job,
Receive ten pounds of

TIMMY BOB.

You cannot imagine, sir, but that I must see the purport of these papers, and what they were intended for; so I took care to have them put up at *Ripponden, Elland, Halifax, &c.* on that day before noon: and they caused much staring, and various

surmisings in the country, some pick-thank or other conveyed a copy of one of them to her ladyship, who on perusing it, readily fathered the brat upon me, and said to the messenger, "You have done me very great service; for now I never doubt but I can catch the fox in his craftiness, and then I'll make him clear all accounts, and pay you handsomely for your trouble."

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for fact that that evening she killed the fatted calf, as it were, and feasted some of her privy council: rejoicing that she had so fine a prospect of gratifying her spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes; and the next morning she mounted her gelding, and, with the young filly, set off for the justice.

On her arrival, she found his worship had company: however, being well acquainted with her, he came into the room where she was, (which had a table standing in the middle,) and several gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the copy of the advertisement, and threw it on the table: on which his worship said: "Well madam what's to do now?" "Why sir," said she, "you would not grant me a warrant before for this rascal, and now I have suffered a fresh abuse from him, as this will prove if you'll please to read it." He takes the paper up (the gentlemen all staring at the queer dress and behaviour of her ladyship) and reads:

Advertisement.

On *Friday* last from *Rishworth* strayed,
Or was by *Satan's* Imps convey'd,
A chesnut mare,————————————

"Why madam, have you lost a mare?" "N—o n—o, please to read on:—It means me, sir."

A chesnut mare, with prick up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth lost, advanced in years:
Had two light coloured feet before,

"This cannot have any reference to you,—sure you have not four feet!"

"I ask your pardon for that, sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me and no body else." Here the gentlemen broke out into a laugh; which being over the justice went on.

Had two light coloured feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd, and very sore.

Here she hastily interrupting him, said: "That's true; and is a very good proof that he means me; for at that very time I had a tetter-worm on each side my mouth, covered with black silk, and he names the day too, sir; which was *Friday:* what stronger evidence can either be given or desired?" Here the justice joined the gentlemen in another merry fit; and then his worship asked her: "And who writ, and posted these advertisements up, do you say?"

"Why this rascal—this *Collier*, to be sure!"

"To be sure will not do, madam.—But did you or any other person see him write or put them up; or will you swear this is his hand?"

"N—o, n—o, that is not his hand: for I have evidence here, that they were either printed, or writ like print: and I can also prove that he writes that hand better than any in the country; and that's another proof that he writ, and put them up, or ordered others to do it; which is all one you know, sir, in law."

"But will you make oath that he writ, or put them up?"

"I durst swear he did; but, alas! I did not see him."

"Well, madam, I perceive this man will slip us again; for without a positive oath I cannot grant a warrant."

Here her ladyship (with a heavy sigh) said: "If justice law will not do, I must see council: (which I am told she actually did) but I'm so very uneasy, that I cannot sleep, and I think this grand villain will be the end of me."

"When that happens," said one of the gentlemen, "if you'll

come hither again, we'll try him for his life for committing murder; and make him pay the piper with a witness."

"Ah! sir, but this is no jesting matter,—for all's gone when I'm gone, and that I fear will not be long—for I hear this same ruiner of my good name has actually got that same letter printed which I brought to you—and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking all together, it will break my heart; and you know, sir, the dark side of a good character is not quite spotless."

"Very true," said his worship, "but I can see no remedy for you in this case without good proof."

"That is what I fear I must never have," said the old lady, who turned her backside without any compliment, left the rhymes on the table, and budged off; the whole being a pretty scene of diversion for those she left behind.

Thus, sir, I have endeavoured to satisfy your curiosity, hoping you'll excuse the length of the narrative: and now I have only to tell you that the letter she mentioned to the justice, is actually printed, (a copy of which I here enclose you,) and which I sell for a friend. Her ladyship has sent for several, and always by persons she thinks most capable of pumping me: I always oblige her by sending them, but still keep innocent, and quite ignorant of its production, otherwise you might say—good Lord have mercy upon, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

T. B.

HOANTUNG'S LETTER (a)

TO THE

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE (WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES)

By Lychang, the Mandarin.

THE ARGUMENT.

To scourge a public pest, the wise of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a bawd or scold:
I own this mungrel *Owl-and-Crow* is not,
Half worth my powder, or one grain of shot;
Yet as no person e'er could probe her heart,
No admonitions make her conscience start,
Let this true mirror shew her putrid mind,
And how her frame's to every sin inclin'd;
If she reforms, 'tis well,—if not, I'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!

We, Hoantung the Great, Emperor of all the Emperors of the East, to our most dazzling and serene Sister, the Princess Eleeza, Empress of all Russia, send greeting.

WHEREAS our wisdom, like the beams of the great luminary of the day, pierces into the remotest regions; and as all things transacted between the poles are under our immediate cognizance, by which our empire is become universal, and consequently checks the actions of sovereign princes, we do now, by our aforesaid power, require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire from your sofa; and there contemplate how, and by what means, you attained the palace of your residence (b) and the empire (c) which you so haughtily govern?

(a) The original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a public-house in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy person, in a long surtout, turban, and whiskers; a broad scimetar hanging on a button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, From whence comes thou? So he walked off undiscovered.

(b) The estate on which she resides.

(c) This by the soundest critics is always taken for the township of Rishworth, in the parish of Halifax.

Why the *czar*, (d) your first husband, was so suddenly sent over the Acherontic lake, and by whom? How the present *czar*, your lawful spouse, came to be banished? (e) What fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued scene of war, rapine, and disorder?

We say, reflect on these things; and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with a high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne; (g) which usurpation we have winked at with impunity for the space of three hundred moons; not doubting but Time the offspring of Eternity, and father of Wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign: that the *czar* would have been recalled, and restored to the sovereignty: that all your subjects, from the boyer to the plebian, might have reposed under their citron and pomegranate trees; eaten their autumnal fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges with which the God *FOHE*, and his handmaid *Nature* hath endowed them. But seeing that time works not the expected effects, but that you still drive the car of government with an outstretched arm; we are (as it were) constrained to send this our awful and impartial injunction; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the least hesitation, to recall the *czar* from banishment, and restore him to the seat of empire; to the boyars and waywoods, (h) their respective powers, and jurisdictions; and all your other subjects and vassals, to their liberties and privileges: that you

(d) In a letter from the dusky regions, it was hinted, she pushed him into old CHARON'S boat, to whom she paid double fare to waft him over.

(e) Her present husband, whom she banished by mere dint of dagger, for one morning after a very hot dispute about that mushroom sect the methodists, he found that weapon on a chair by her bedside; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

(f) Some distant, as well as neighbouring townships, which she continually vexes with litigious suits, about filiations, settlements, &c.

(g) The government of the township, she being a kind of perpetual constable, overseer of the poor, highways, &c.

(h) The officers of the township aforesaid.

consider the unconstrained freedoms and well known pleasures of your youth, (i) nay even since time fixed his plough-share in your forehead; and be not too curious with your piercing optics, and officious hands, in prying into the sprightly pastimes, and rustic amours, of the softer sex within your dominions. (k)

Further, we will that when you approach the mosques of the Gods, particularly that of *Worotin;* (l) that your posture be decent, that you observe the religious ceremonies, and in all respects demean yourself as a true worshipper of the God *FOHE*, and his prophet *Confucius;* that your deportment be grave as becomes the evening of life: that your dress (especially the attire of your head and neck, (m) be modest, and free from those youthful airs you seem to delight in, which are always the unerring index of a contaminated mind; that you appear no more in public with your locket, ear-rings, and other juvenile trinkets: as you and all the world know them to be the wages of carnal and youthful pleasures, and can never make you more agreeable than a spruce baboon.

Lastly, it is our royal will and pleasure, that you make a full

(i) Here is a large field for reflection! but I hope the reader will excuse it, if the curtain be drawn over this part of her character, which may be unfolded on some other occasion, if after seeing herself in this glass she prove incorrigible.

(k) This alludes to her well-known practice of groping the bubbies, bellies, &c. of young girls within her territories, when it is whispered, A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST. After close examination, if she finds the unfortunate pregnant, she forces her to discover her paramour; on whom her highness seizes (under the sanction of a warrant) with as much fierceness as the eagle her prey.

(l) The chapel of Ripponden; where when she comes to shew her hunting dress, baubles, and bedlamitish attire, she stands winking in the aisle, scorning to come in a pew, because she was not suffered to have her lang-settle, or old form in its place, when, on rebuilding the chapel, it was seated after a beautiful and uniform manner: And even attempted to force an audience of the right reverend the bishop of Glocester, to give this as a sufficient reason why the chapel ought not to be consecrated.

(m) In this she affects the most girlish airs: Though her mouse-coloured grizzel hair scorns to bend, or lie in ringlets, but keeps its most ancient posture, which is that of a—— sow's tail.

and general restitution; allow your vassals and slaves all due and accustomed measures; (n) encourage honesty, and not study to pervert truth and justice; (o) heal all intestine divisions, extirpate perjury, banish false witnesses; (p) eradicate strife; cultivate peace; and let the dead sleep in their graves. (q) Thus we take our leave; expecting all due obedience to this our royal and sacred mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation———; For such our will and pleasure.

GIVEN at our Seraglio, in our Imperial City of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th moon of our happy exaltation.

Signed, HOANTUNG.

HER EPITAPH.

Reader, stop here——behold, what death can do,
He's torn the gew-gaws from queen Bess's brow;
And made one *Stone* her majesty suffice,
Who living did from many *Pairs* arise.

(n) This our learned Mandarin confesses to be very obscure, and may have several constructions; but inclines to believe, it hints at a certain antique pot, or cup, with a piece two inches deep out of its top; having been long, and too well known to poor tailors, and other labouring persons.

(o) Being ever ready and studying to torment her husband (as well as others) she this year sent her emissary to the labour of her own niece, to persuade her to father her bastard child on him; following immediately herself, and finding her persuasions ineffectual, she herself first used smooth and flattering terms, then belched out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the girl resolved to father it right, she sent for the constable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but mother midnight being a woman of sense and spirit; told him, he was out of his elements, and if he entered within her jurisdictions, she would try whether his skull or the tongs were harder metal; so he wisely desisted.

(p) As an old lioness is attended by her jackall, so her shrivelled grimness has always in her train one Phœbe Dawson, or some other, who can swear the truth, the whole truth, and———more.

(q) She charged her husband with being false to her bed before marriage; and would needs have a young woman taken out of her grave, who had been buried upwards of three months; pretending a suspicion she was with child by him; and actually got the coroner and jury to the place for this purpose: But in this she was prudently over-ruled.

TO Mr. DANIEL WRIGHT,

MERCHANT, MANCHESTER.

Kebroyd, Jan. 5, 1752.

Dear friend Dan.

I felt several strong motions in the inner man, that prompted me to write to you about the time I commenced Yorkshire-man; but one ill-contrived thing, or another, kept my pen and paper at a distance: but now thank Jupiter and my friends, I'm upon the eve of being *John, Duke of Milnrow* again; for my rib with my bag and baggage, are gone over the hills into merry Lancashire again, and twelve team of d——ls shall not bring them hither again, if it be in the power of Timothy to stop them. I intend to follow in a few days; and now having that son of a wh—e old Time by the forelock, I'll stick to the flying rascal till I finish this epistle.

I make no doubt, but you, and many more of my well-wishers, would wonder what evil genius prompted me to change my way of life: and from being a little monarch, transform myself into a kind of a slave——Indeed, I did not expect to find the merchants, and tradesmen in this country to be so generally addicted to tyranny; or they could hold all the noses of the under workmen so devilish close to the grindlestone as I find they do; and which would be an impossibility to do by the Lancashire men. Neither did I expect to find so close confinement: but so it has happened.

However I do not repent in the least of my Yorkshire expedition: for though I believe I lost 30 pounds of beef in seven months time, yet I never liv'd better in my life. Besides, I have seen a fresh scene of life which has brought me to my senses: and I verily believe (must I have done every thing my own way) I should have left my bones in this country of slavery, had I not conceived a strong suspicion that the family where I live had formed a conspiracy against me, to make me rich:

which you know will no more agree with my constitutional notions, than a snow-ball in a hot oven. For by the by, had you taken the pains to have paid me a visit here 'twas ten pounds to a groat jannock I had not had time to have spent one penny with you————————Pray is not this saving of money, the high-road to riches——? Nay, to Plutus, the sooty God of Hell? Curse on the very term, (riches) I am almost sick when I hear two sixpences jingle together; and ready to swoon at the sight of a guinea————. Believe me dear Dan, my late masters should not make me sole heir of all their wealth, if they entailed on them (only for 7 years) the various incumbrances; restless fears, suspicious doubts, and watchful anxieties which I see attend them. For if a foot but stirs, one or other starts up, and cries out, What's that? Who's there? What do you want? or such like. One windy night in particular my two masters and old mistress were frightened in a strange manner, by a great, but unequal knocking; and all the servants were rouz'd in a crack. I who never dream of thieves appeared amongst the rest. They star'd, and trembled as if each one had got into the middle of an ague-fit: and thought that the muckle devil at the head of two or three of his cloven-footed squadrons was coming to fetch them. A sword, and a pistol or two were taken down by which I perceived my error, and found that the idea of thieves had raised this hubbub. So taking a candle from one of the servants I went towards the chamber from whence the noise seem'd to proceed, and soon found the murdering thieves, or infernal spirits to be nothing else but a fire-board that was loose and blown too and fro by the wind.

By what I have seen here, I have seen enough to satisfy me that he who has a bare competency, and can sleep soundly all night with his door open, and never fear thieves is the only happy man; and goes through life with the easiest burden. Such happy days and nights have I seen at my old habitation in Lancashire, and hope to see again: where, if you'll come see

me, your old favourite repast, mull'd ale, and toast shall be at your service.

I have not had time to write to Bro. Hulm in all my captivity; but pray, recommend me to him, and family; and tell the true church of England-man that I've found out the philosopher's stone in Yorkshire; which was all I went for: and that job being over sooner than I expected, I'm on the point of returning to my sovereignty at Milnrow again; and ask him, if I am not well off, that Providence and my good friends Messrs. Townleys, have not dispos'd of, or demolished the old harbour whilst the ship has been blown into the offing; but suffer'd my toss'd and almost foundered vessel to moor safely in it again?

Tell the old hatter also, that I've spoil'd my best hat with taking it off so often, sticking it under my arm, and making bows and cringes to a parcel of potent piece-makers. That my neck is grown crook'd, my chin being turn'd on my left shoulder, with practising the same obsequious humility. That my nose has grown an inch in height and length since I saw him; and is so thin and transparent that my wife the other day wanted it to repair an old lantern. That I can carry a couple of large quartos in the breast of that coat, which I could scarce button seven months ago: and that this morning I blew three times at a candle, but could not blow it out, which vexed me to that degree that I fetched the bellows, with which the blaze was sent packing at the second puff.

I have no news from this busy turmoiling country, except that a few days ago, all sorts of men, women, and children for three miles round us found themselves purblind on their getting up in the morning, though not one of them ail'd any thing the evening before; which short-sightedness continued for four days: so that at noontide no person could see an object at three roods distance, though it was as large as a pack of wool.

I was talking of this phenomenon with one Whitworth the only philosopher in this country, who assured me it was very

common about this time of the year; and that he has known the same epidemical blindness continue for five weeks together.

Pray send me word how my friends the booksellers in Manchester do, especially Messrs. Higginson, Newton, and Whitworth; and tell them I hope to see them in a few weeks. Seasonable compliments to you and friends, and though I turn'd Yorkshireman a few months, I hope you'll not think me altered from being

Dear Dan,
Your affectionate friend, &c.
T. BOB.

PRICKSHAW-WITCH

BLOWN UP,

Or the Conjurer out-conjured.

TO T. P. Esq.

Sir,

It was a little before the last Easter that a mixture of malice and envy between a brace of booksellers, produced two auctions at the same time in *Rochdale*; where one of the evenings, I, with other bookish fellows of my acquaintance, resolved to stay for a little refreshment after the sale was over.

It happened that among others, there drew in his chair, an ancient man with one eye, a slouched hat, and very meagre countenance. Some of the company (as usual) on coming out of the auction room, complained of the coldness of the weather. Single-peeper answered, *Cowd it is, an ittle naw awter theese six days.* I asked him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot moon's oth' cusp oth' third heawse to neet at ten o'clock.* Humph, said I, you understand astrology, I perceive. *Eigh,* (replied blinkard) *I've studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.*

Why then you can calculate nativities, tell fortunes, and find lost or stolen goods? *Eigh, eigh,* (said he) *I've practis'd thoose things oboon forty yer, an winnaw turn mey back o nobody.*

I seeing his self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of mungrel between fool and knave, stared at him with open mouth, as in great surprise and admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such folk, but never saw any before: Why, then you're a sort of conjurer? Here he smiled, and answered, *Eigh, I'm oft caw'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-witch.*

Prickshaw-witch! Good Lord bless us! said I, trembling—— I've a little girl of about six months old, whose fortune I would gladly know, but for the sin of applying to such persons about it. *Sin! now, now, its no sin at aw; its naw like logic, or th' black art, but as harmless as any art ith ward.* Very well, (quoth I) if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my girl's nativity? *Ho—I con doot at ony price, between one shilling and twenty.* Nay, if that be the case, I'll have the best, though it cost me five pounds.

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the party that did not appear was to forfeit a dozen of ale. Then after a short fit of studying and staring on the ground, he requested that what I would have known, concerning my daughter, might be given him in writing; and in particular, the exact time of her birth; and being a little on the slack-rope, I resolved to humour him, and immediately trumped up the following rhymes:

OCTOBER th' tenth my girl was born,
Ten minutes after four i'th' morn;
Brown hair, and eyes of fair complexion
And all her limbs of good connexion.
I want to know her term of life?
If competency, without strife?
Her husband, whether good or bad?
Her first child, whether lass or lad?
These things are wanted to be known,
And you'll be paid whenc'er they're shown.

I gave him the paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I con mey rhymes, bo naw thus fast.* So after a while the shot was paid, and we parted.

When the day of our meeting was come, I had forgot my engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjurer. So the *Friday* following he came to my house, (when I happened to be in *Yorkshire*) and without knocking, or speaking one word, bursts open the door, runs to my wife, takes the child out of her arms, and at the window examines its eyes, hair, &c. the better to peep into futurity. So that my wife, who knew nothing of the matter, took him for a madman. Then he asked her for pen, ink, and paper, and left me some worse than namby-pamby rhymes of the little child, and a strict order to meet him on the *Tuesday* following, otherwise it would be to my cost, i. e. he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so raised my spirits, that it put me on contriving a way to be revenged on him, and fired me with a resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to *Rochdale* a day before the time appointed, to find a proper room, and a partner or two, to assist me in the plot, which I had laid to countermine this modern *Faustus*.

Having met with a ground room, and a couple of comrades to my mind, I bought a pound of gunpowder, and tried how much would blow up a chair, the better to guess what quantity would lift a conjurer. Then we took up a piece of board from the chamber floor, and under the hole placed a shelf, where a large quantity of well mixed t—d and p—ss might stand, to be poured on his head, just when the gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and spent the evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Merlin* well for his study and pains the day following.

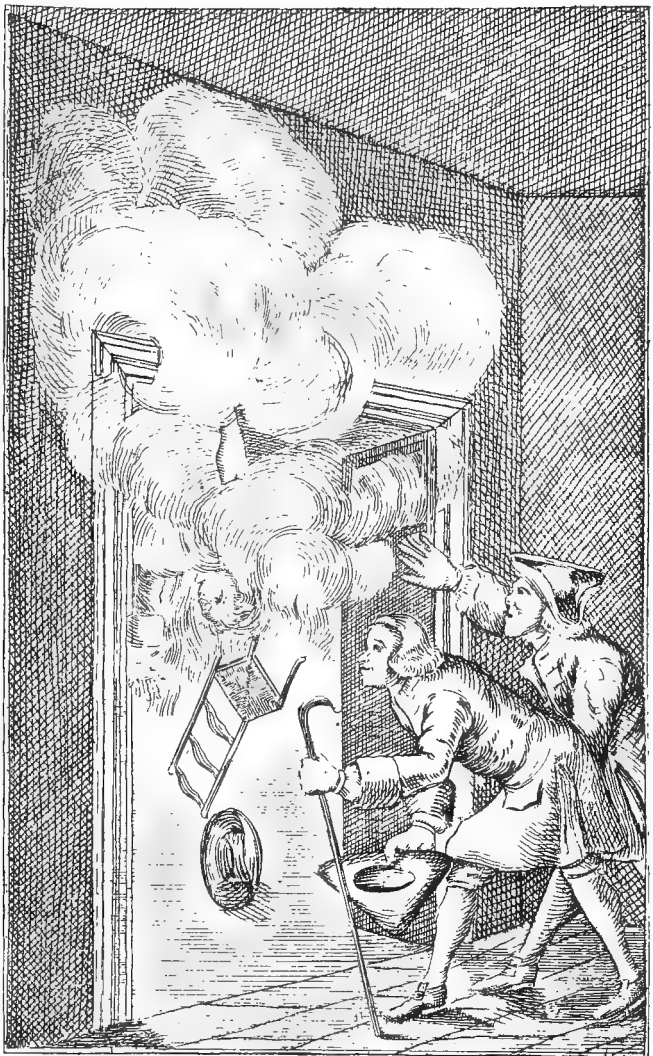
The time being come, my worship was the first that appeared at the place of rendezvous. I found the landlord had discov-

ered the whole plot to his wife, and that she would not allow of the stinking compound, (because the tragi-comedy was to be acted in her bed-room) but as much water as we pleased. So I was forced to be content with a double quantity of water, which was placed on the shelf over the Conjurer's chair, and the powder under it; with a train running from thence to the fire end where I placed a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put fire to the train; and the landlord above, as ready to empty the pail on his head when he saw the gunpowder take fire; the word of command being *O the wonderful Art of Astrology!*

All things being ready I sat about an hour very impatiently and began to suspect the Conjurer had smelt a rat; when to my great satisfaction, old *Faustus* appeared. I rose up with joy in my face, asked his pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the room.

As I had ordered all the chairs out of the room but two, I, *sans ceremonie,* sat down in one, and the other of consequence fell to the Conjurer's share, with a table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my desire about my daughter's nativity? He answered in the affirmative, and immediately produced a paper-book of sixteen pages, closely written, containing the passages of my girl's future life, a table of the twelve houses, and a speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming veneration as if it had been a *Sibyllian* oracle, and began to peruse it; sometimes stopping, as though I was overwhelmed with thought, and deep admiration; and sometimes groaning in the spirit, like a full-blown quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjurer's vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound ingenuity.

After I had perused about one half of it, I rose up, and with the book in my hand, walked soberly towards the door (having a particular antipathy to gunpowder) and cried out, *O the wonderful, &c.* at which the sleepy man tickled the train, and run



out, which immediately fired the grand magazine; this was met in the nick of time by the water which I heard, but neither could see that nor the Conjurer; all the rooms in the house being full of smoke in a moment.

When old *Sydrophel* came out of the compound cloud of fire, smoke, and water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened out of my wits, and in a violent passion; I pretended to strike him with my hazel stick, but hit the wall; gave him a curse or two for putting his conjuration tricks upon me, and then made off with the old knave's notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, sir, at our mirth, that the plot had met with the desired success.

After a while I enquired of the landlady what was become of the fortune-teller? She answered, He walked half a dozen times across the floor, brushing his coat, and then asked for me? She answered, that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since: *Well*, (said he) *bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woade ot teyn abus'd me o thiss'n:* and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the landlady, as you have frightened all my guests away, I'm resolved you shall pay the shot. *Od, but that's hard too-too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier —'ll pay th' shot.* I'll neither trust Collier, tinker, nor cobbler; pay me for my ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his way.

Since that time I neither saw nor heard from him, before the last *Friday*, when I received the following letter:

Sir;

This comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your daughters nativity, I will make use of the law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of five shillings.

Note—If you neglect to pay me, I will send the catchpoles in a few days: all from

Smallshaw, die
Nov. 15, 1752.

Your abused servant,
GEO. CLEGG.

The day following the receipt of the above, a whim came into my head to answer it in rhyme, directed,

To Mr. George Clegg, *Conjurer-General-would-be, of the County Palatine of* Lancaster, *at his nocturnal study at* Smallshaw.

From you, *George Clegg, or Prickshaw-witch,*
Or Doctor *Faustus,* choose you which;
It matters not:————but I've a note
By one of you three lately wrote,
Which intimates that 'tis a crime
With conjurers to pass the time.
  Besides, it makes this queer demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English money straight,
Or catchpoles soon must on me wait.
  But hold friend *George,* not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste;
I promis'd payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's fortune;
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lie
Nor was it sterling coin I meant.
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should be paid to every knave,
Who roguishly would thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know——
Pretend another's fate to shew;
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,
When you 'twixt fire and water liv'd.
  Again, consider, is't not hard,
After my wig and clothes were marr'd
With fire and smoke, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd.
  Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
For raising up old *Belzebub,*
Who every one did almost choke
With stinking brimstone, fire, and smoke;
Which threw us into such a fright,
Two p—ss'd, and three or four did sh—e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your fortune-telling?
As you've done many honest spouses,
By selling them your starry-houses,
Your oppositions, quartiles, trines,
Your fiery and aquatic signs;
Your speculums, and nodes i'th' skies,
Cusps, aspects, and ten thousand lies.
And dont you in your conscience think,
Instead of fingering my chink,
That you deserve in high degree,
To mount on *Rochdale's* pillory?
Which is the only place that cools
The heat of astrologic fools;
And turns sometimes a cheat like you,
Into a liege-man, good and true;
But now, because I've shewn you mercy,
You fall upon me arsy-versy!
No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
My teeth as soon as coin for you:
And hope that this my flat denial,
Will quickly bring it to a trial;
When I don't doubt to make you pay
For all your rogu'ries in this way;
A cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
And pillories, are for such folks;
And sure there are some laws i'th' nation
In force against your conjuration;
Or, what deserves more ample scourging,
Your cheating folks, with lies and forging.

So if you squeak but in the gizzard,
You're try'd by th' name of *Prickshaw-Wizzard*.

From your affronted Master,

Pilgarlic the Great.

This, sir, is the truth of the story, to the date hereof; and should he play the madman to that degree as to make a quarter-sessions job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my friend: But I rather think he intends the common

law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been at an attorney of my acquaintance, who had sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, and honesty enough to decline being employed against me in this case. What the issue will be I know not; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be smoking between the Conjurer and

Sir,

Your most, &c.

T. B.

TO Mr. T. MARRIOTT,

ROCHDALE.

Chester, April 13, 1755.

Dear Sir,

I had yours of the 6th inst. with one enclosed for my wife, and duly observe their contents. I am sorry the box of heads is not arrived at Newcastle, and the bill is returned; but such disappointments will happen, and the best remedy I know of, is patience.

I have a little material news from this city, only I cannot recommend it as a good hanging-place to my Lancashire friends; nor do I wish any of them tried by a Cheshire jury. For this assize they have actually condemned, and executed a young woman for murdering her bastard child, who all think innocent; and spared the rogue who was father, and believed to be its murderer. He had the cunning to hinder her from confessing any thing to his prejudice till after her condemnation (when it was too late) by assuring her he both could, and would, take care of her acquittal: but he deceived her in this; and mere curiosity led me to see her executed on Friday last. This work they appear vile blockheads at; for they punished the poor creature above an hour before they could dispatch her; the rope being so thick and burley it would not bend to the work: so

the sheriff was obliged to send into the city for another. This was a piece of blockish cruelty, and heartily vexed thousands of spectators. Her name was Sarah Dean, aged about twenty; born at Middlewich; went servant to a baker in Congleton; who (though married) got her with child, and acted the midwife's part in the bog-house, and took it from her, but she never knew what he did with it, till after a great rain it was found in a small brook below the said bog-house, where all suppose he buried it. This she confessed after she was condemned but persever'd in her innocency (as to the murder) to the last.

I paint sometimes at Mr. Brown's, a coach-maker, here; who employs several workmen in that business. These shreds of the old Britons, I look on, as the oddest set of mortals living. It happened the other day I fell into discourse with a couple of them, and we happened to jump on the subject of old and wonderful things.

One of them turned quick on his heel and swore by *Cots-plut* that there were more wonderful things in hur country than in any country in the world: and as a proof asserted, it was a known truth that in a certain place in Wales there is at this time a whole army under ground, all fast asleep; and that they had slept there above a thousand years; without any decay of their persons, arms, or clothes; or so much as a mouldy shoe. I asked him the name of the place and county where this drowsy army slept? When they would end their nap? What was the name of their commander? In what year or King's name did they begin to sleep? and why they slept under rather than above ground? But shoney could not answer any of these things. However they both affirmed it to be true, as sure as they were above ground, and in Chester.

The second taffee asserted there was another army driven into the sea a great many hundred years ago (this mentioned the place, but I cannot spell it) and as far as I could gather from him by the Romans: yet not one of this second army was

drowned, though they are all there still; and are frequently seen quivering their swords above water (as who should say, come if you dare) and shouting as the old Britons were used to do, at the beginning of a battle. I shook my head, and told him, that this running into the water looked more like cowardice than courage: and that their only old author Gildas confirms their faint-heartedness. For their ancestors could not, after the Romans had left them, defend themselves against the Picts and Scots, who drove them into the sea, and the sea forced them back again on their enemies swords: but that I had never heard that they actually run into the sea, and stayed there till now. *Pe Cots-plut, put tis true do—, for hur has seen dem vid her nown een, an heeard dem vid hur nown ear den; put twas valiant, and no coward at all—;* Finding this welch blood on a ferment I thought proper to drop the dispute, purely to prevent the effusion of christian blood, or if you please to prevent a battle between two faithful Britons, and an unbelieving Saxon.

These may serve as a specimen of the wonders in Wales and of the strong faith they retain for their old traditions; which are so extravagantly distant from common sense, that nothing but the monstrous faith of a bigotted Welchman could swallow them. However think as you please so as you believe me, dear sir,

Your's &c.

J. C.

TO MR. ROBERT WHITTAKER.

Rochdale, Nov. 1755.

Sir,

Perceiving that a *Dutch* spirit of gain, and the modern court-notion that places were made for men, and not men for places, has slipped down from the great metropolis into this parish; and believing that I have as much reason to be rich without deserving it, and to get money without working for it,

as any other in the neighbourhood: Revolving these things in my mind, and considering the utility of them, I have determined to offer myself as a third candidate for the place of organist at our church; and as you live at the court-end of the parish, where your interest and acquaintance are pretty extensive, I desire you will acquaint your, and my friends, without loss of time, with this my intention. In the mean time I will improve myself in the art of music; for you know I have a pair of rusty old virginals in a corner of the school, which have about eight strings left out of forty-five, on which I will begin to learn those godly tunes of *Hackney*, *Coleshill*, and the *Babes in the Wood*, &c. with all possible assiduity.

This place in my opinion was certainly made for me, and nobody else; though I must own nature never intended me for a musician, yet that is little to the purpose for you know our *Æsopian* sexton has his deputy, and why may not I? Besides, Sundays and other holidays will never interfere with A, B, C; or, if you please, with my haberdashing of vowels and consonants! and five pounds a quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the pulse of our friends, either separately, or in a full meeting, let me know the result: If the conclusion be that I should stand, I will immediately write a few advertisements in print hand, importing:

"That as I am undoubtedly the worst player of the three (for which reason I stand the best chance) I desire all justices of the peace, gentlemen, tradesmen, weavers, hatters, tailors, cobblers, tinkers, and colliers, to give me their votes and interest, in procuring me the snug convenience of twenty pounds a year: That I will not only keep and indemnify the parish from all charges of repairing the organ, but free it from all hoarseness, disagreeable whizzings, colds, phthisics, and consumptions whatever. And as our late organists have pretended to be organ-builders, and as it is strongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any pipe, that then pure

necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its belly, such as they wanted; by which means it has often been troubled with the hiatus, or windy cholic, and twice nearly gutted:

"Now, *Be it known unto all men*, by this advertisement, that I can bring indubitable evidence, that I am no organ-builder; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present state of body, but add yearly and every year, (during the receipt of the salary) seven pipes (*Chester* make) till its constitution be as sound as a hunting-horn, and its guts as full as any fat landlady's in the parish. And as to the bellows, I have just now contrived a way to make them puff and blow of themselves as easily and naturally as a phthisical pair of lungs in going up the church steps in a frosty morning." So much for my advertisement.

These proposals of mine, I presume, you will think very advantageous to our parish, and I hope others will think so too; for which reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little monarchs, who rule all with a high hand, nay even with a stroke down the face, a nod, or a look; and always are thrifty, in proportion to the smallness of their families, and largeness of their bags and estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

Sir,

Your most, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

TO Mr. RUDD,

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

Nov. 15, 1755.

Sir,

I send you enclosed for your approbation the draughts, or designs of seven heads—. No. 7 is a squaddle chub-faced mortal, which Mr. Thomas Scholes and I propose for the

drawer, to be placed on the first landing of the stairs; he has a towel under his arm, and the index-finger shewing the guests to the rooms above. This piece ought to be painted on half inch plane-tree boards and cut out agreeable to the out-lines, as deal will be too tender for such work. It ought to be at full length, with shoes, buckles, &c. It would make an excellent figure, but I could not afford it under two guineas, if as large as life. I could pack such a piece without its breaking in the carriage, with proper directions to the carrier.

No. 3 and 6 should be placed so, as if they were making game on such as are going up stairs: the other 4 place as fancy directs, or as will be most agreeable with the light.

If the 6 be painted only as far as the red line goes in No. 1, they will only be 3s per head: if as far as I have drawn them 5 shillings.

If they happen to please you, send them back in a frank; if you would have them altered send word how, and which of them.

They are all originals never yet painted, but purely designed for you: pray be careful of them, I value them at 7 shillings, let me hear from you as soon as possible. Mr. Scholes and I, desire our compliments to you and Mrs. Rudd.

I am Sir, &c.

TO Mr. R. W——R.

November 28, 1757.

Dear Sir,

I am obliged to you for a peep at your friend Mr. Heape's ingenious letter. When you write, please to return him my compliments, and thanks for his kind remembrance of me; and hint it to him, that I do not think our country exposed at all by my view of the Lancashire Dialect: but think it commendable, rather than a defect, that Lancashire in general and Rossendale in particular retain so much of the speech of their ancestors. For why should the people of Saxony, and the Silesians be commended for speaking the Teutonic, or old

German; and the Welch be so proud (and by many authors commended too) for retaining so much of their old British; and we in these parts laughed at for adhering to the speech of our ancestors? for my part I do not see any reason for it, but think it praise-worthy: and am always well pleased when I think at the Rossendale man's answer, who being asked where he wunned, said *I wun at th' Riggin oth' Woard, at th' Riggin oth' Woard, for th' Wetur oth' tone Yeeosing faws into th' Yeeost, on th' tother into th' West Seeo.*

I am with due respect,
Your most, &c.
J. C.

TO MR. H. WHITTAKER.

Nov. 16, 1759.

Dear Sir,

Your brother has communicated to me your letter of the 13th current, by which I see you have been with Mr. Ridings. Pray my compliments to that gentleman, and tell him I am sorry I have not the heads ready which he wants. Neither can I paint them so soon as he may possibly expect.—— For, dear sir, I hate frosty weather, and short days, as ill as a miser hates building alms-houses, or repairing churches: for they often run poor painters on those terrible quicksands, pennyless pockets, and empty tankards——: so that it will be some weeks before I can complete the order you mention.

The tooth-drawer, and the two fumigators the gentleman wants, I retain some idea of—but Mr. Syers, the carver, and another gentleman, with the help of punch, washed all notions of the rest away——nay, the man with the blue cap, which you mention for one, went down the stream with the rest before I left Manchester—However I'll endeavour to please Mr. Ridings if he will allow me time to paint a score, out of which he may chuse: but they will require treble time, to what they would do in the summer season.

I have finished Mr. Barton's piece, and will send it him when it will bear carrying.

If you think it worth your while you may add some of the enclosed epitaphs to your former collection. They are all on that ridiculous subject, *Avarice*——a hobby-horse, upon which many an old fool rides a full gallop to his grave, and from thence to the d—l——These rich old misers I hate as ill as a red-robbin does a cat; or a cat, mustard——'Tis a vice so distant from reason and common-sense, that I make no doubt but that many a covetous nunks, when he finds himself in death's clutches, his sight dim; his jaws locked; and speech gone; and that he must part for ever, with his darling riches; but he ardently wishes within himself, that he had lived the life of a rake; rather than that of a miser———Yet no experience can root out this vice ———nothing quench this thirst——! it attends the hungry soul to the grave——Then it gives joy to heirs and relations ——but not one single tear from a friend——! I can be no miser——Nature shudders.

The hints of the short epitaphs, I met with in Camden's Remains and turned them into rhyme——The long one is of a person just slipped into the other world; but went thither like his brethren, i. e. like a bear to a stake—Should you see this epitaph in any public paper, I beg you'll not so much as hint at the author, but keep it to yourself till I see you.

When I asked your brother the other day how he did? he answer'd I'm ill—my bottom's naught——. This I thought was an odd reply: for you know with us Lancashire folk, the bottom of a man, and the principle of a man are synonymous terms.

Your brother and I, send our compliments, and also mine to all friends—as to my enemies, I'm greater than Frederic the great in this point——I fear 'em not; neither have I so many of 'em: be you happy and never fear,

Dear Sir, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

TO Mr. JOHN SEPHTON,

BREWER-GENERAL, IN LIVERPOOL.

Milnrow, Jan. 11, 1760.

Sir,

As most of the roast-beef, goose, and minced-pies, tarts and custards are devoured in my neighbourhood; I have now time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialects*, and a few of *Hoantung's* letters to the Empress of *Russia*. All of which (could I have had my wish) should not be thrown by for two or three years on some useless shelf, a corner, or hole in a garret, hid from the sight of mortals, by curtains of cobwebs, but turned into cash in a few months, to be ready against the next time I come to *Liverpool*. In short, vouchsafe to think on these two lines,

Some write for pleasure, some for spite,
But want of money makes me write.

Which, though they are but heathen rhymes, are as true as the gospel. But now I think on it, I ought to ask pardon for this useless hint to one whose good-nature has been so conspicuous in this way; for in the few days I was with you in *Liverpool*, I sold fifty-two Bandyhewits, for which I thank you, Mr. *Eyes*, and a few more of my friends.

When I reflect on, and compare the humours I observed in your populous town, with a few others I have lately been in; I cannot but think, that all cities and towns are subject to youth and old age, have their constitutions, dispositions, beauties, failings, whims, and fancies, like us two-legged mortals; for instance:

The city of York seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman; or, if you please, the House of *Austria;* (who each of them can deduce their origins from the time of *Numa Pompilius)* and at present walks like a plain drest nobleman of a royal house, and very extensive revenues; who lives splendidly, and in affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent as to diminish his paternal estate.

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving farmer.—Its merchants hunt worldly wealth, as eagerly as dogs pursue the hare; they have, in general, the pride and haughtiness of *Spanish* dons, mixed with the meanness of *Dutch* spirits; the strong desire they have of yellow dirt, transforms them into galley-slaves, and their servants are doubly so: the first being fastened with golden, but the latter with iron chains.

Halifax is a mongrel, begot by a *Leeds* merchant and a *Lancashire* woman, and nursed by a *Dutch* frow. They are eager in pursuing gain, but not so assiduous as to forget pleasure: And every day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat beef and pudding.

Rochdale is like a growing haberdasher, or master hatter, black and greasy with getting a little pelf: Whose inhabitants (like *Leeds* and *Halifax)* are great lovers of wool and butter; not immediately to eat, but to fatten them in prospect. They do not study to oppress their dependents, as knowing it to be impossible; for their servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolved to be independent) play when they please.

Manchester is like a — a — I do not know what:——hold; ——why, it is like a lucky *London* merchant, who by the assiduous care and pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchased a large estate in the country, keeps his coach and six, enjoys more affluence, ease and pleasure, than ever his forefathers dreamed of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance; and has ambition enough to aim at being the monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole county. But as your town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two King *George* halfpennies, or a *Wa—lp—e* and a *Pu—lt—y;* and as one cap will fit both their heads, I will refer its further character till I come to your favourite town *Liverpool.*

Warrington, within these thirty years, is grown a busy tradesman: who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and copper, has

got new life and vigour, and with an equal quantity of hope and resolution, dreams of being a great man.

Chester seems to resemble an ancient lord, of an old, but mongrel descent; got between a naked *Briton* and an encroaching *Sasson* (or *Saxon)*; has so much of the antique blood in his veins, that he is resolved his servants shall still be one third *Welch*, and two thirds *English*. He is proud of, and boasts his pedigree from the old *Aborogines*. Lives in great magnificence; scorns to make any alterations, or additions, to his great-grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty armour, or his old mansion-house; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large and ancient patrimony.

As for Liverpool, I am at a loss for an hieroglyphic, or a comparison for it: Hold,——let me consider——ho, it is like a healthful bee-hive, in a hot summer's day, where all the community (except a few humming drones) mind each their proper business.—— No——this will not do;——for bees fly from bitter ale, and the fumes of tobacco. Then it is like a broad-arsed mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolved to get money in this world, though he goes plump to the bottom of the sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No——this last part does not tally neither.——Well, then, it is like a gamester, who is resolved to be a knight or a knitter of caps: This is the best draught of the three, but a little unlike the original still. But now, I own, I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little serious; for *Liverpool*, and its twin-brother, *Manchester*, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk towns. The people in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good-natured spirits: Yet for all this, I could as well live in mount *Strombulo*, when in a fit of the ague, or in a passion, as in such slow-movings of clouds of tobacco-smoke, as are puffed out in the public rooms in *Liverpool* and *Manchester*.

Two day's ago I put on my old black coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten days, but I soon whipt it off again,

for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse than an over-smoked red herring; and I believe I must either send it to the fulling-mill (as our country folks do p—ssed and sh—n blankets) or pickle it a few months in mint and lavender water, before it will be in any tolerable season. But though it is so disagreeable to me, yet smoke to a true *Liverpolian* seems a fifth element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a frog out of ditch-water in a warm *April*.

By the time you have got thus far, it is very probable you will think two things; first, That this epistle is too prolix; and that I write like nobody else. I plead guilty to both indictments: and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

T. B.

TO T. P. Esq.

WITH HOWELL'S LETTERS.

Sir,

I here send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have sent the last week; but being in the middle of their perusal, and otherwise busy, I could not get through them before to day.

You will find in this author some useful anecdotes, a great number of obsolete words, and many mistakes in the orthography, which I think may be fairly divided between the author and the printer.

Were there no date to any of his letters, or any other hint touching the times in which he lived; his style, his whims, and notions, would tell you he lived in that most wise and learned reign of our *Scotch Solomon*, that famous and puissant witch-monger.

Howell's Philosophy seems to be in its infancy; his flattery at full growth. His faith was *Herculean*, like most of his contemporaries. He thought those old boys, the primitive fathers,

saints. Their writings he took (as the lay-pagans did oracles) for infallible: Though at the same time he knew that they contradicted, anathematized and sent one another to the devil, almost as commonly as we country folks do penance for getting bastards. He never disputed the cure of wounds by sympathy, or weapon salve, though the patient and salve were a hundred miles distant.

Witches and dæmons, he thought, were as common as old women and crows (especially in *Scotland.)* He made no baulks at believing the stories and prophecies of the ten *sibyls;* though a genius of small penetration might see they were the off-spring of over-zealous christians; written on purpose to knock down heathenism, and prop christianity, that stood in no need of such ridiculous crutches. Nay, the throat of his *Welch* faith was wide enough to swallow the eleven thousand virgins.

All these, and many more such boyish trumpery, were the dreams of our primitive fathers, and the monks, their heirs and successors: and vanished, in a great measure, with that most high, and mightily-conceited *James* the First. But let me quote this *Welchman Howell* for once; for he often tells his friends, to whom he writes, "That talking of these things to you, is like *Phormio's* talking of the art of war to *Alexander.*"

There is nothing you want, that I know of, but health; this I wish you sincerely, being

Sir,

Your most, &c.

J. C.

TO MONS^{R}. DELACOUR,

PAINTER, EDINBURGH.

Milnrow, Jan. 13, 1760.

Dear Sir,

'Tis now above four years since I had the pleasure of seeing you at Chester: and though my friend Mr. Bowcock has hinted to me several times that a line from me would be

very agreeable to you; yet I have delayed it till this day, when the keen frost stiffens both my paint and pencils, but by the help of a good fire leaves the pen at liberty.

What sort of weather you have at Edinburgh I know not; but it certainly must be very keen, being near two hundred miles north from the place where I sit; and 'tis so cold and freezes so hard that I have not touched a pencil for this month past.

We have had one Pickering a portrait painter (I think a pupil of Vandermijn) at Halifax, Rochdale, and Manchester, who paints tolerably well. Mr. Astley (to whom Mr. Bowcock should have been a pupil) from London, has been some time at Chester and the adjacent towns. Report says he is a very handsome and polite gentleman, of about £200 a year—he dresses gay, keeps his chariot and livery-man: and will not touch the canvass under eight guineas a head. I saw a head of his painting in Manchester, which is a good picture, but you must turn the original out of the room, for my dull faculties could scarce see a feature that belonged to the young lady who was standing before, and almost adoring her own picture.

I saw the same day a head done by Vandermijn (being Saxon, the writing master's mother) this I think much superior, and as I thought a very good picture.

About five or six weeks ago, the said Mr. Astley was painting the portrait of Lady Daniel Duckenfield, (widow of Sir William Duckenfield) of Tabley in Cheshire, about which time a bargain was driving on between her Ladyship and Mr. John Barry, of Belmount in the same county. The painter—Astley being in conversation with her, her ladyship, told him the proposals she had made Mr. Barry (who did not entirely approve of them) and asked him if the conditions were not fair? Mr. Astley answered, he thought them very reasonable and worthy the acceptance of any gentleman in England. If you think so, says madam I suppose you would accept them yourself. Mr.

Painter (believing she had about £20,000 in cash besides a large estate in land) did not hesitate about an answer; but with a low congee took the proffer with both hands; and (as boggarts generally haunt empty houses; so parsons do full and plentiful ones) a parson being on the premises, the noose was tied immediately.

Some say, she gave him directly the deeds of £500 a year in land: others, that it was £20,000 in ready rhino; however all agree that the painter is now rich enough. Yet for all this were it in my choice; I would rather live with Mrs. Delacour, or my own crooked rib, with a bare competency than with that lady in all her affluence. She being, as they tell me, neither half wise nor quarter handsome: but with an awkward countenance has a wild stare that is cousin german to idiotism.

So that after all the painter may be bit by something worse than a tarantula; but the play says "'tis fine repenting in a coach and six" and 'tis probable Mr. Astley knows 'tis possible for a man and his wife to live one hundred miles asunder, though they had been tied neck and heels but a week before by a whole bench of bishops.

I had a letter this christmas from Mr. Bowcock, who tells me he is going a second time to bind himself as an apprentice, with the haughty Mr. Orme: they are to be equal and thorough partners in all coach-work, 'scutcheons, city-work &c. in the heraldry way — to be at an equal expence in journeymen's wages, colours &c. and some wages are stipulated in favour of Billy on my son's account as he improves in age, and workmanship. Yesterday I wrote to him and asked him if his shoulders did not ache, with carrying the proud fiddling Orme for near five years before? I desired him also to tell me what work the said Orme would, or could do himself, that he must run away with one half of the profits? and whether he could not have most part of the work, if he stood on his own shanks, or other work in lieu thereof? In short I advised him not to be too

hasty: for I could not think of letting any person have one half of what I got, without an adequate consideration; and the prouder the man, the sooner I would throw off his yoke, and trample him under foot. How this affair will end I know not; but he desired I would write to you, and present his humble service to you and Mrs. Delacour: for, says he, I have been so dilatory myself, that I dare not write to him.

I follow my old trade of boggart-painting, and find fools enow to buy them, as fast as I can paint them: and often thank God he did not create mankind without a large number of fools in the species; and that so very few of them understand painting. These things I know, and think it no crime to take them by their proper handles. Had things been disposed of in another manner I had certainly been a poorer painter than I am. As it is I live very well: I keep a horse of my own, and neither borrow saddle or bridle; and in summer-time ride three, or four times a week to the Bowling-green, at Rochdale. I have a cow also; a pig, two ducks, and a cat: What in the name of *St. Luke* would a painter have more? Besides all, my duchess is now pregnant of her eighth child, having seven alive, and the boy Jack (who you was so kind to, by giving him lectures, copies, &c. at Chester, for which I now thank you) is my eldest: he sends his thanks also, and both desire our compliments to you and Mrs. Delacour. I wish you health and prosperity, being very sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged humble servt.

J. COLLIER.

P. S. A line from you would be very acceptable to me, if not, pray write to Billy in full of all your transactions in Scotland, and be so good as to acknowledge the receipt of this.—I have the cane you was pleased to give me: but was fool enough to let Orme have the head of Flora. This is, and will be a gangrene in the mind of T. B. till time swallows his latest hour.

TO Mr. R. W———R.

Jan. 25th, 1760.

Dear Sir,

Since I saw you I have had a hard job of it: when you left me, I grew worse, and kennelled immediately; slept little or none, and was so hot that my crooked rib durst not touch me for fear of being blistered, yet could not sweat, though I endeavoured it all I could: and had it continued two or three days longer it certainly would have reduced my outward man to a lump of charcoal. On Monday night the violent pains of my back and thighs abated, had a breathing sweat, and my fever diminished But yet, not being punished enough for my sins, these were followed by a stabbing head-ache, (especially when I coughed) with continual twitchings all over the scalp, and continual short stitches in the body. I did not eat (or drink any thing but a little wine whey) from the time we parted till Tuesday night, after I had received your small parcel. For as I thought living too well was the cause of most of the pains I suffered, I would try whether *clemming* would drive a few of them away. Tuesday night had a good sweat: but for all this I had no substantial symptom of being an inhabitant of this world much longer, till Wednesday afternoon, when I got my head shaved, and rubbed well with rum, and a flannel clout put under my black cap: after this in a few hours the pain and twitchings dwindled; but my cough encreased. This I valued not a hop, as it did not much affect my head, though it caused a little pain under my left pap. Wednesday night was the first time I slept soundly; and yesterday I rose as I thought quite well (thank God and the crooked rib he gave me) except a dizziness and trembling, just as if I had been on the slack-rope for two or three days together, which being a little accustomed to, I valued not a farthing.

I looked in a glass this morning and was surprized at my phyz; because it confirmed what my neighbours whispered, which was that I am grown sixteen or twenty years older than I

was on Sunday last. But what vexed me the worst of all was, some one of them said I looked very much like old John Taylor, of Cronkeyshaw. Be this as it will I am pretty well this morning, being the worst plagued with my nose which requires more attendance than usual, and frets round the bottom like an old weather-beaten tenter-post.

Excuse this long valetudinarian letter, which only proves that my carcase was never made for high living. So I'll e'en fall to my Newton-moor diet again; which was thick-pobs, potatoes, buttermilk, treacle, and tough cheese.

If you chance to go up to the Church-stile, pray desire Mary Shore, (or the other honest woman) to bespeak me a very large pair of breeches that will fit my duchess: and to come along with those of Madam Tunstall's our good Vicar's lady, and the rest of the pairs bespoke for the crowing-hens in that neighbourhood; for as I am conscious it will be for the best, and that *the weakest must go to the wall,* why should I any longer contest superiority with my crooked-rib?

This being the case, I beg my humble service to my old friend Mr. Townley, and tell him I beg he'll not expect me on Saturday next; for my master will not suffer me to stir out, and that I must now begin to knock under.

Pray let me hear how he goes on in his continual afflictions; though I know he can bear them more like a philosopher, then a pettish pedagogue can a rap on his knuckles. Take care of your health, keep good hours, live soberly, and excuse preaching from

Sir, &c.

TO Mr. R. W———R.

Milnrow, Jan. 28, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your favour of yesterday and rejoice to hear Mr. Townley continues pretty well; and am obliged to

him and the rest of the company for the honour you did John Taylor the second, by drinking his health.

I heard by Mrs. Sutcliffe of the acts and deeds of the young bucks and the ass; but did not know that the canonical robe was strayed so far down the water as the Town mill. This might well make them think, that its owner would certainly be cooked up, as a breakfast in the morning for trouts and eels. I suppose you know it was I. T. that was in the river; who, as I hear, had a much nearer peep into the other world than I have had. I am much better; but my garret seems very empty and dizzy: and I walk over the floor just like a goose when she goes into a dark hole. I have just breakfasted on water pottage and buttermilk; and intend to keep to this, and such like primitive diet. I think nothing would agree with you better than your antique Rossendale fare which would not subject us to those wheezing coughs we are both of us so troubled with. Consider of it and let's reform: for the proverb says *Better late than never.*

I am Sir, your humble servant,

REFORMING JOHN.

TO Mr. ROBERT GORTON,

IN SALFORD,

With the Picture of the Devil on Horseback,

Milnrow, April 8th, 1760.

Sir,

When I began to form the design of old *Belze* on horseback, which you and your Newcastle friend ordered, I repented I had not enquired particularly what sort of a devil you would have, i. e. whether you would have a black, or a red devil; as white, green, yellow or blue, according to all authors, are out of the question: and also, what colour of a horse; and whether if he rid on a mare, it would not do as well: but these necessary queries being unfortunately neglected, I have been

obliged to guess at the whole, and have now finished the piece, presuming you will not be so ungenerous as to turn it on my hands, because I believe it will suit no other person alive but your whimsical friend.

If we can believe most authors, ancient and modern, clergy and laity; there are many legions of these aukward spirits, some of which go about, and roar like lions: yet though there are such incredible numbers, and yell so loud, you cannot imagine how I stood staring with the chalk in my hand, being quite non-plussed when I began to hunt for an idea, as having never seen the least glimpse of any one of them. But reflecting that old Lucifer might possibly be a child of some man's fancy in times of yore, I did not long hesitate, but thought I had as good authority as any other mortal to make a devil of my own: so I fell to it and drew out my design, which pleased me tolerably well.

But alas! when I came to the colouring part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what colour to make his gallopper. Here I had thoughts of annihilating my whole design, and giving up all thoughts of proceeding: but suddenly recollecting that I had heard old folks talk of the devil upon dun, I gave a jump, as thinking I had cleared the most knotty point. But alas! two circumstances soon quashed this sudden joy.——One was, whether this dun must be a horse, a mare, or a gelding? and the other, whether it must be a fat, or a lean nag? But not remembering any author that had written on these abstruse points, I resolved to guess at them: and accordingly have not only made him a dun, but a sprightly, able, dun horse: because it is agreed on all hands that he goes with surprising expedition: especially when employed by court-ladies in their gallantries, their husbands in amours, or ministers of state in all treaties, which tend to faith-breaking, leaving their allies in a quagmire, or robbing, ruining, or seizing their neighbours' territories: and so much for the horse.

As for the devil his jockey, of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a method to avoid all objections, and made him ride in both. In short he has the horns of a scotch bullock on his head; a dragon's tail; a negro's hands and face; a lady's scarlet capuchin on his head and shoulders; a rake's ruffles; a parson's coat; a beau's breeches; a tailor's gamashes; a jockey's whip; and a lawyer's saddle: So if this horse, and this jockey, will not please your fantastical friend, you may tell him when you write to him, that I will never pretend to paint a spirit again, whilst I remain, (as I hope I ever shall)

Sir,

Your most, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

TO MR. ROBT. WHITAKER.

December 3rd, 1760.

SIR,

I here return you the Life of Pope with thanks; which I find is chiefly an abstract from Ayre's Life of that excellent poet, printed in 1745: which said Ayre got a patent to print it for fourteen years following, and dated Dec. 18th, 1744. Two vols. octavo. So that our brother school-master Dilworth, you see, had his pilfered work ready to be printed against the time the said patent expired. I like it well enough but would have given sixpence more for it, had he mentioned the epithet which Pope gave the Countess of Rivers, (Mr. Savage's mother) which he hints at page 133.* As Mr. Dilworth has given us the english of the Duke of Buckinghamshire's epitaph,† wrote by himself, which Mr. Ayre kept in the

* This epithet is mentioned in Ayre's Life of Pope, pa. 309. vol. 2. He says, the monstrous terms forbids decency to repeat it.

† This (as I take it) was John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, not Geo. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

latin, and it having something of an uncommon cast through it, I have turned the same into verse, a copy of which you'll see below, and just in the same number of lines with the latin.

I am with much respect

Your's &c.

Oft for the king—always my country's friend:
My life not ill; but thought free to the end.
I die uncertain; but confounded not,
For ignorance and error is our lot.
Christ almost worship—ne'er did God forsake:
So great JEHOVAH! pity on me take.

TO Mr. H. WHITAKER,

MANCHESTER.

Milnrow, Dec. 9, 1760.

Dear Sir,

Your brother has received a vol. of Monthly Reviews from Rochdale, which you, or your secretary, will please to note.

He desires you will send by the bearer, a book entitled the Confessional.

He has just now received your letter.

I'm half seas over————yet dry as dust————

I want money————How the devil must I come at it?

This would be a choke-pear to a whole bench of bishops.

I believe it would puzzle the whole House of Lords——

Yes————and Commons too————————————

———Ho——now I have it————nay no more than a gander can sing *cuc—kow*————But I'll break up school to-morrow———and what then————Then—then I'll go to Blackburn the next week———for what i'th' name of Katty?

————I'll take about 60 droll heads with me—for the devil's in't if it be a country without fools——— But should it prove so?————Why then I'm ruined——for none else will be purchasers———But suppose I should not meet with one dunce?————Doubly ruined!————————But have

they no Mayor and Aldermen?———— O—no—no———— Why then——I'm worse off————quite gravelled——stubbed efeath——Ho——now I have it again———for I'll write four books of the chronicles of Lancashire, and I'll put Blackburn in as the most wonderful place in the whole world of wonders, as having not one fool in it; and this wonder would be so wonderfully great, that it would knock all the wonders in Derbyshire on the head————————This I presume would entitle me to a county-brief———and I cannot doubt of a handsome collection from my Lancashire friends——and then ——when my pockets full————I shall take up more room ————for who but me?————Stand off————————Keep your distance I say————make room for

Timothy Crazypate.

TO Mr. Wm. BOWCOCK,

PAINTER, CHESTER.

Feb. 24, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I have your's of the 17th current, and heartily congratulate you, on finding that inestimable jewel *liberty* again: the value of which I defy the most intense thinker to conceive, except he has first lost it.

But dear friend, if the servitude of one Nabob, who lived in another house has been so grievously irksome to you, how could I bear the yokes of two Yorkshire Nabobs, and an old covetous Nabobbess? This indeed was quite impossible to be endured by me, who had reigned myself, a Nabob for above twenty years at Milnrow; and would ever stickle, and even fight for liberty like a Spartan, or hot brained Cromwellist. However by these two specimens you have had you are now certainly able to measure Hercules by his foot; and know, that liberty in rags, is preferable to dependance in gorgeous trappings, and crowds of cringing admirers and consequently your

wonder must cease at my out running my Yorkshire apprenticeship.

I am not a little pleased that you have divorced the wax from the paper, and hope you'll never enter into the like precipitate obligations again: on the other hand, I apprehend the Nabob Orme will repent the cancelling as much as you rejoice; and, dear Billy, excuse my freedom, if I tell you, that I think you are both fools: but I feel my fancy in rhyming labour, therefore take the puny bantling in the following awkward dress

> The fool and the fiddler are parted, I hear;
> But whether's the greater fool, does not appear;
> The fool that turn'd slave, or the fool that set free:
> This knot of two fools, is two knotty for me.

As for the sanctified Methodist, who we are used to call honest John, methinks I see the Nabob riding on his shoulders, and fiddling a Moravian hymn to please the fool, with two or three grinders of paint, in feather caps, running before them: and if this be not a punishment adequate to his under-hand-dealing, I know not what would be.

I am very glad you do not leave Chester for my poor Jack's sake;—I do not like London, or any thing that is in it: for it's a place where neither me, or mine shall ever come, if I can hinder it. The very thoughts of it makes me turn infidel, and forces me to disbelieve the Scriptures account of the burning Sodom and Gomorrah: for if that had been true, certainly London had been consumed long before I could have written my own name. Besides the expence of removing family, goods, &c. had been more than enough to have broke two or three painters. But suppose it had been possible for you to have weathered that point; the expence of housekeeping, rent, &c. besides the time that must have elapsed before you had got a character, and come into business, would have thrust you into the very lowest, and worst room in the house of penury.

The gloriously great, but poor Vandermijn, is an instance of the blindness of that fickle bitch Fortune: he came into Manchester with the hope of a painter, i. e. that he could accumulate thousands, or get an estate there: but the purblindness of the Manchestertonians could not see his merit: for though, to my knowledge, they had encouraged several blockheads, yet Vandermijn, (the best painter that ever honoured Manchester with his presence, as I think) could but procure a head or two, that would not bear travelling expences! One of these heads I saw, it was Mr. Saxon, the writing-master's mother a strong likeness, and well painted.

Thus you see, how artists are huddled up, and blended with dunces—for fame, business, and riches, are scattered by Providence, not for the ingenious, the wise, or the virtuous; but the blockhead, the worthless, and the vicious, have equal, if not better chances in the scramble. But chear up, my friend, you know felicity does not consist in the smiles of princes, in full bags, or un-numbered acres. God does not bestow worldly-wealth, purely for the pleasure or benefit of the receivers: if so, the possessors would most certainly be, as God intended them; that is, happy: but they are not.——Therefore the value of riches in God's esteem is nothing: this is proved by looking about us, and considering the persons on whom he bestows them; which are generally of the worst, and unhappiest of mortals.

Then let you and me thank Providence that it doth not plague us with the wealth of this world; for my part, I want it not; and I speak my true sentiments when I say, that I should think myself both greater and happier in being Vandermijn (I mean the eldest) with a corner of my shirt dangling out of a pair of tattered breeches, than the Duke of Newcastle with all his french cooks, his multiplicity of dishes, and his cringing attendants.

The last line of your letter, which tells me my son behaves very well gives me more pleasure, than if you had sent me a

hundred Queen Anne guineas in a silken purse. I beg you and Mr. Vandermijn will accept my compliments, and repeated thanks for the favours and instructions which you give him. If he behave well to you, especially in these your troubles, and vexations, let him take his own course when he is master of himself: for he will soon find irksome thoughts, and sharp thorns attend idleness and vicious actions. Tell him his mother has much better health than she had; and we both send him our blessings, and that we are vastly pleased with the character you give him. My wife also joins me in compliments to you, and Mrs. Bowcock, and we shall always rejoice to hear of your health and prosperity; and now hope the morning of content is just dawning upon you. This is the hearty wish of

Dear Billy

Your most, &c.

P. S. I should be glad to hear from, or meet you at Manchester, or any neighbouring Town; for I have thoughts of putting my second son out, an apprentice directly, to one business or another and want your advice.

TO Mr. HEN. WHITAKER,

MANCHESTER.

Milnrow, March 15th, 1761.

Dear Sir,

Having just received a visit from three gentlemen painters, viz. Mr. Vandermijn the younger, Mr. Jones, and one Mr. Gallino, and perceiving that my treating them here, and at the Buck in Rochdale, to be relief insufficient for their wants; and perceiving by your last that a little cash lies in your hands ready for my demand: now, though this may not amount to a guinea; yet I desire you'll favour said Vandermijn and company with that sum, and I'll pay you out when I am able; this will be esteemed a fresh favour done to

Your obliged Bro.

T. B.

TO MR. GEO. C———R,

Wine Merchant, Liverpool.

Milnrow, Nov. 4th, 1762.

SIR,

As a school-boy who has played truant a day and dares not face his surly bumbrusher, but plays another day, &c. till he is forced like a bear to the stake to make his appearance: just so it is with me for neglecting to write, or to send you the promised pictures. But hold, sir, there's scarce a boy, (or woman) that commits a fault, but can find one excuse or another. Then why the dickens must Tim be without one? Hold,—— —— hum *let me unbethink me* (excuse Lancashire). That pious hermit St. Anthony who was once so barbarously drubbed by his devilship, that he had a peep into the other world, and could ever afterwards find out the fiend by the scent. I say this smell-devil, *St. Anthony* had nothing to do the last Good Friday morning about one o'clock, but to set my right arm on fire: whether the son of a whore did it with a lighted match, or with a red hot poker I cannot say, being asleep when the pain seized me; but it soon irritated the whole limb to that degree, that after near a month's intense pain I thought it would have mortified, and that I must have lost the better wing. But having a good heart and a better surgeon (Dr. Ingham) after twice laying it open he made a perfect cure of it. However I was above three months before I could paint, or write a scrawl. Very well—you'll say, a super-substantial reason, for one quarter of a year—but Timothy above three quarters are gone—: Pray what have you been doing the other two? Why sir, to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (hang it—I hate this borrowing of phrases too) Providence sent me a gentleman * that wanted a score of beauties, that must go to the

* This was Mr. Nelson, of Broughton Hall near Manchester, who to my great loss died soon after, and I was thrown upon the World again.

West Indies, and the ship was to sail in three weeks from Liverpool. This I looked on as a good order, and not to be neglected; and thus put myself upon your good nature and forbearance. Well sir, the heads I brought home in due time, which pleased him so well, that he ordered another score: and after that bargained with me to bring him all I painted monthly: and this whim continued till the end of the last month: and this is my second and last plea. So that when all this is well considered I fancy you will say to yourself—humph —Tim's in the right on't—. And indeed my good friend, I think no person in trade and his senses, but would oblige such a customer as this, who was the best I ever had, or ever perhaps may meet with. This is what I hope you will think, and that you'll now give me leave to tell you I have now finished your two particular pictures, i. e. Simon, Mopsus and Phillida on one cloth; and Captain Plume, Rose, and Bullock her brother on another. These two pictures are well worth three guineas, but I shall only charge them £2 : 6 : 0. So that I suppose you will want four or five beauties, to balance for the wine. If you can dispense with more droll-heads, you may send me 14 or 15 gallons more of the same wine, and some gallons of pure Nantz: however, I beg the wine may come immediately, though you force me to conjure up money for it; because my rib is near the note, and is for increasing my stock this christmas. I shall defer sending your pictures till about the 21st; by which time I shall have finished twenty-five beauties for Mr. Sibbald; and then I can send all in one box and direct it for you: this will save a little expence. You may take what heads will balance our account, and the remainder (I suppose twenty-five) pray see delivered to Mr. Sibbald with all speed; for I would not by any means have them to miss the ship they are to go in. I wish you would take the first opportunity to see said Sibbald: for if the 21st will not be soon enough to save the ship, if he'll give me a

line I will endeavour to send them a few days sooner. Query—will you be at home all christmas? If so, I have thoughts of seeing Liverpool at that time. Till then I rest,

Sir, &c.

J. COLLIER.

TO R. T., Esq.

March, 1763.

Hon. Sir,

I presume you remember the story of your quondam carpenter, generally known by the name of the Yate-maker; who going down the Church-lane *with a bull in a band,* (old Benny's expression) the curled headed beast rushes into Richard Hill's, whose old grunting wife had kept the chimney corner for some years, being so lame she could hardly move with the help of her crutches. But at the first peep at the rough and stern face of her impudent visitor, she starts up, leaves her crutches, runs into the parlour and shuts the door. This sudden motion of her limbs and spirits had a very happy consequence, for the old woman was quite cured, and never used her crutches more from that time to this.

I doubt not sir, but you'll wonder what induces me to begin my epistle with this odd story.—Why, if the truth must out, I want *money*——and Mrs. Hill proves the truth of the old proverb, *Need makes the old wife trot:* and also of another, *Necessity has no law.* These I hope you'll think sufficient reasons for publishing some few fragments that lie useless by me; and also for troubling you with a subscription paper (which I call an out-rider) neither should I have had the assurance to have done this, but for two other obvious reasons: the first is, the great success of a subscription set on foot by my brother poet, Ogden of Manchester, for his British Lion roused, and the other, your well known propensity to do your old acquaintance all the good you can.

I will make none of my subscribers blush by making a parade of printing their names before my stuff, as my brother poet has done. Indeed the truth of the matter is, one duke, two earls, and so many knights, esquires and gentlemen make a grand appearance, and lead up the Manchester Lion with mighty pomp: but for my part I do not expect to see a single knight in my whole list. However, I have got 200 in two weeks (Ogden's were about 700 in all) and a shilling from a cobbler is the same to me as one from his grace. I wish you health, and beg leave to subscribe myself

Hon. Sir,

Your much obliged and most hum. st.

J. C.

TO Mr. ROB. WHITAKER.

Dear Sir,

The following is a legacy left Mons. Gruff by Conjurer Clegg in a codicil to his last will; which with other things is now going to be printed.

ITEM I leave to Monsieur Gruff my cousin german four large volumes in folio: the first containing three treatises on Humility, the second Gratitude explained and enforced; the third, the Art or Mystery of Auctioneering dissected: and the fourth Rules for Polite Behaviour: together with the Art of Inditing Letters; and a new Method of Drawing Bills, in particular such as do not exceed the value of two farthings. All four volumes being finely gilt, run, and rolled—filletted on the back and bound in *genuine Calf*.

TO Mr. H. WHITAKER,

MANCHESTER.

March 25th, 1763.

Dear Sir,

I cannot but think my constitution, humour, or disposition is like the weather at this season of the year; and

every whit as variable. Besides, I find that my pocket is a kind of barometer to my fluctuating disposition: for as that rises and falls so are my whims elevated or depressed. For instance, when 'tis well lined with *Crap*, I am ready to fly through the air on a broomstick, as old women are said to do in times of yore, when witchcraft was much in fashion. But when empty ———Good Lord———I am as sluggish——as Balaam's ass, and as melancholy, and mopish, as a methodist who thinks he has just swallowed a legion of devils————.

At present my fob's in a good state of health; and I am as alert as a canary-bird in fine weather; or a Macarony-fop in presence of his mistress: and I've been in this humour ever since Sunday last, when I had the pleasure of seeing you and my other two friends at Middleton: where, and when we concluded that my most wonderful works should be printed: so I have been digesting, and indigesting my stuff ever since; and shall be all in a blue blaze, as it were, till I have it in some man's printing office.

Yesterday I took the resolution to publish it by subscription ———I shame with the trade, as I have printed before in the same manner. But, *O necessity*——thou spurrest me on———! *O impudence*————do thou protect me————! But when did an author blush?

Be this as it will, while it is printing off I will employ all my friends, who are able and willing to help me in this job (amongst whom I doubt neither your will, or abilities) in procuring subscriptions. I had not taken this resolution six hours before providence sent me three subscribers: two of them will put their hands to the plough, and collect subscriptions. Should this scheme answer, and bring *Riches*——Alas poor Timothy ——! what will become of thee ———?

I am the worst puzzled to know how the *Brat* must be christened; and am much in the same case with the old Oliverian dotard, who could find no other title to his book but *Crumbs of*

comfort for chickens of Grace. And to be even with the fanatical rascal, I feel a strong propensity in me to call mine, *Bits and Snacks Tim Bobbin's Satchel.* Then again, I am for calling it Tim Bobbin's Bauble for Idlers—. This not pleasing me neither, I next put down Tim Bobbin's Toy-shop opened; or, his Whimsical Amusements.

After all, I wish you would stand Godfather to the bantling and christen it yourself, as I do not approve of any one of them, and cannot but compare myself to a wood-cock, flying in a fine open avenue, and at last hangs himself in a spider's web.

When the title is fixed on, I will print an ambidexter paper that shall serve for two uses: in the upper part shall be printed a kind of hand-bill, giving notice of the publication and the conditions: the other shall be blank so as to hold thirty or forty names: this hint I had from Hudibras's sword,

> Whose Basket-hilt could hold him Broth,
> And serve for Fight and Dinner both.

Should you chance to fix on the title, Tim Bobbin's Bauble for Idler's, I hereby promise that I will not publish in Gath, or tell in the streets of Askelon, the idle folks' names who subscribe to my bauble of baubles.

Witness my hand the day and year first above written.

TIM BOBBIN.

TO MR. JOHN SMALLEY,

Painter and Colour-man, Preston.

July 26, 1763.

SIR,

MY friend Mr. Geo. Grundy, of Bolton, has just called on me, and tells me you are both able and willing to serve me, by endeavouring to procure subscribers to my Whimsical Amusements; and also by vending the pamphlet when printed. I thank you and kind Providence for this, as I wanted

such a friend in Preston: and though I wish I had had your correspondence sooner yet 'tis better late than never. I also thank you for your handsome subscription. If I mention other in the news advertisements, or hand bills, who take in subscriptions or sell the pamphlets, I will take care you shall be mentioned. I here send you ten subscription papers (alias *Out-Riders)* not doubting but you'll put them into such hands, as are most likely to pursue my interest by collecting subscriptions. I will give you a line when the work comes out of the press (which may be in two months) that you may send the number wanted in your town and its environs.

I have no acquaintance in Preston, except Mr. Briggs wine-merchant, to whom present my compliments, and an out-rider or two, not in the least doubting but he will interest himself a little in favour of

Sir, &c.

J. COLLIER.

TO Mr. ROB. WHITAKER.

Jan. 1764.

Dear Sir,

I had the news with your note of advice, for which I thank you. I wonder that the fat carrier Hargraves, said nothing of the box, which you know he promised to call for at Jo. Popplewell's, that night we had Fringe Jenny and the other lady at the Bull. I then paid his fatness sixpence to bring it the first journey; and I have reason to believe the cask has been several weeks on the road: this vexes me not a little: for I presume you remember that to induce him to bring it, I told him there was a shirt in the box, that I had but two in the whole: and that I was forced to lie in bed whilst that I had on was washed and dried, which was very troublesome at this season of the year. But most carriers are strangers to Truth, and know nothing of Honesty when they meet her on the road.

I now send you the Manchestertonian poet's Roused Lion, which you and the stationer may peruse at leisure. I want to see Smollett's last vol. as I mistrust my brother rhymer has paraphrased some parts of it. However he might do it from the Chronicles, &c. published weekly.

I do not approve of his angels and geniuses at all—they are too much like Pope's sylphs, Gnomes, &c. in his Rape of the Lock; which that great poet took from the Rosicrucians; the maddest sect of philosophers (though christians) that ever the world produced. They would have all the four elements to swarm with four different species of spirits: for instance, the fire with what they called salamanders; the water with nymphs; the earth with gnomes; and the air with sylphs. The gnomes they pretended delighted in nothing more than mischief; but the sylphs of the air the best natured spirits that ever were created: for the right bred Rosicrucians could have concubines of the most beautiful amongst them at any time. Were not these opinions of the brethren of the rosy-cross quite madness? For my part I think they were madness-be-devil'd.

I am an utter enemy to the very notion of ghosts and hobgoblins of every kind—. I could never read Shakespeare's Works but once, and then with vexation; because of his ghosts and fairies. For I hate such ridiculous opinions, from the Witch of Endor to the last Clegg-hall boggart; which left this neighbourhood soon after I came into it: by which it should seem, these airy phantoms hate me as I hate them. Compliments to friends and believe me

Your's

J. C.

TO Mr. R. W.

Feb. 14th, 1764.

Dear Friend,

This is a sorrowful day to me————for my Tom is come home with the sorrowful news, that he could but

reach Middleton the last night with poor Jenny! and that she died there this morning.————Had she come hither and made her exit, I would have buried her in her well-beloved pasture, the Wheat-field with a stone over her and this epitaph,

Hers lies interred both flesh and bone
Tim Bobbin's *Jenny Cameron*,
The best mare ever rode upon.

OBIT
Feb. 25.
1765.

My son came home in a fright without her hyde——but I have sent him back again for it. Pray advise with Adam Holland—Haslam—and other virtuosos in the skins of animals, whether I cannot have a buck-skin pair of breeches made of it. Perhaps you will think I'm off at th' side, or that I'm shaken from top to toe, when I tell you I sign with tears

Dear Sir,

Your most &c.

T. B.

P. S. I have thoughts of getting my old back coat turned for mourning but am afraid hair shag will look queerly inside outwards. Pray advise with my friends in this weighty affair (though the C——l's might do, if it could be snugly obtained) and also whether I should not have a brief?

TO THE REV. Mr. BARTON,

CURATE OF HEYWOOD.

March 21, 1764.

Rev. Sir,

Widow Butterworth, my neighbour, having received a letter from you with orders to pay the rent to Mr. John Hamer, sen. She desires me to write to you in answer; that she paid it to the said attorney the day before your order came to hand. She also begs me to lay before you a few hints of the treatment she has received of late from this your steward, which is of so tender a nature that I have refused several times to be concerned in it. However, as some facts are glaring, and not at all disputed in the neighbourhood, and for the sake of my quondam friend and the distressed family he left behind

him I now comply with her request, relying on your good nature and sense for my excuse.

She, and her husband (when here) had always a notion that you promised him more than once, that you would not raise the rent while you were landlord: but as I have no certainty of this I shall drop it. But then she says positively that her husband laid out money in building, and improving the land, that neither her husband or herself have ever received any recompense for, tho' this was promised. As to the building in particular, the widow says she can produce the accounts what it cost, and that she had a promise that such money should be allowed her. It seems to me that such promise was made because I know the persons who met to settle that matter, and that what ever was then judged reasonable by the parties, your potent steward, has positively denyed allowing her. Nay he interrupted the referrees, and would prompt, and dictate to them; and was so far from complying with this point of justice that he has demanded three pounds of her more than was any ways due; when asked what this sum was demanded for; he either could not, or would not tell. But the neighbours think it was done to frighten her, and screw the money out of her, that was allowed by the referrees for the building, &c. though that sum so allowed, was much short of what was laid out.

Now sir, I presume you are not acquainted with some of these things though matters of fact; and that if you had had the good fortune to have transacted these affairs yourself, the widows tears had been fewer; and reason, and justice taken place; for certainly your attorney steward has pulled the curse of the widow and fatherless on his own head; and which I shall not be afraid to tell him when opportunity serves. I hope sir you'll consider with candour, and excuse the warmth, in which I write in favour of the widow and children of my late deceased friend.

I am,
Rev. Sir,
With much respect,
J. C.

TO THE REV. Mr. HEAP,

DORKING.

April 15th, 1764.

Rev. Sir,

My friend Mr. Whitaker has been so obliging (according to custom) as to shew me your letter of the 10th inst. in which I see such ingenuous, friendly, nay brotherly spirit, that I should demonstrate myself a mere insensible, if I hesitated a moment to return you my hearty thanks.

I think myself particularly obliged to you for your favourable opinion of the Dialect. As to the new part, I do not like it myself; for though the stories in it are matter of fact; yet as you justly observe, they are mere local pieces, and not worth perusing, except in the neighbourhood where they were acted. Those parts you mention are certainly the best of a bad sort: and let my friend and countryman believe it, they should never have stared the world in the face (though a cat may look on a king) had not *necessity shoavt meh forrud*: and I had no military force under my command to lay the country under contribution any other way. For betwixt you and me, I know not what else to call publishing such stuff by subscription.

Indeed when I had considered the general turn of men's heads, and that dunces are always friends to dunces, but natural enemies to fine geniuses, I thought the scheme feasible enough; because the first being a great majority, might by parity of reason prove my friends; especially if I kept sense at a distance. This you know, sir, was very easy for me to do: for ah, lamentable case!——I could not do otherwise.——

In short the scheme has answer'd my end, and even past expectation for I had near three thousand subscribers; which I think are more than any fat priest in lawn sleeves within the dioceses could procure for a good volume of *Shake-bags*.

The last period brings to my mind the request you make, that I would, in future spare the levitical-order. I grant this, in part, with pleasure: for I really love, and reverence the lower

clergy, in general. But shall in my turn be ingenuous; and beg you'll give me leave to except the *Pluralist;* the *superstitious Bigot;* the *Non-resident;* and the rich *sordid Priests* of all denominations; who carry such weak heads, and grovelling souls, as not to know how, or dare not use, what providence has blest (rather cursed) them with; and are always studying to live hereafter, I mean not above; but in grandeur, and affluence below; for heaven comes no oftener in their thoughts, than charity out of their pockets.———

These men I can neither love nor reverence; I have an antipathy against them which I cannot conquer, at present because I think them the pests of society; and disgraceful blots to all religion: and were it in my power by scribbling, painting them, or otherwise; I would send every mothers son of them packing after their brethren the Jesuits, to their original, and most infallibly fallible Father the Pope.

'Tis not the fault of the laity if these men are not reverenc'd and esteemed; 'tis their earthly-minded schemes; their idolizing riches and grandeur; their thirst after power; their neglecting and despising the poor, the widow, and the fatherless; their forsaking their flocks, religion, virtue, their country's good, and all to fawn on the abandon'd great, to gain high, and multiplicity of benefices. These are the things that put on their heads scorn, and disrespect from the thinking part of the laity. And it is generally believed that every bishop who voted for the Jews-act, and supported those matchless ministerial measures would have turned Jew to have been made High-Priest; or embraced Mahometism to have commenced Grand-Mufti.

In short, they have almost ruined the religion they profess: for the commonality can soon smell out a hypocrite; the eyes of their reason are not now to be hoodwinked: nor are they to be led by their noses with those old-fashioned rings of infallibility, miracles, worshipping of saints and martyrs or swallowing God in a crust, as in times of yore.

Excuse this warm freedom, which points at no particular order, but at individuals of every class of priests; and believe me to be with equal warmth (but of another kind) and much respect.

Rev. Sir, &c.

P. S. I am glad to hear you have some thoughts of coming into our old neighbourhood, and should be glad to meet you at Rochdale.

TO Mr. H.

March 28, 1765.

Sir,

I thank you for yours of yesterday wherein you mention the curacy of Unsworth being void. I beg my compliments and thanks also, to your relation, for mentioning me (tho' perhaps by way of fun) for that place.

I have since thought seriously of it——: but was wofully gravelled about the method of getting into the sheepfold; or if you please into holy orders. However I find myself the true son of a parson, and that what's bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh——For I verily believe I should find it possible for me to leave a small benifice, for a greater, and to think two, or three good fat livings better than one.

However providence has lately pointed out to me a small hole or wicket gate, thro' which I could possibly creep in: in spight of the great shepherd of our parish; or a testimonial from any three of them. For the last night looking over some of St. James's Chronicles, I found in that of Jan. last (10 to 12) mention made of a Greek Bishop, who this last winter, followed the steps of the Jewish High Priests; for he made Priests of the lowest of the people, such as bakers, cheesemongers, taylors &c. Now sir, I suppose this same Bishop would make no bawks of metamorphosing a mongrel between a painter and a school-mas-

ter into a parson, by lending me his shoulders whilst I got in, at the little door.

Pray put this scheme to your friend and favour me with his opinion of it; for I utterly despair of creeping into the sheep-fold any other way: and tho' I should be a thief and a robber for doing it, there are others in the parish might shake hands, and call me brother parson.

The main obstacle for me getting in fairly is, I cannot help rubbing down the sore shins of a pluralist, both in writing and painting, when opportunity offers: and perhaps your friend, and my should be patron, may not approve of my droll pieces in this way. But I here give it under my hand, that if the curacy will allow it, I'll never work again, for I always hated it from child-little. So that I think myself exactly cut out by nature to be a true shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Let your relation know both my faults, and good qualifications, that there be no mistakes, disputes, or bickerings hereafter.

Should my intended patron think me made for this curacy, and the curacy for me, tell him I shall ever remain his, and your most obedient humble servant as long and longer than

I am

TIM BOBBIN.

TO Mr. HEN. WHITAKER,

MANCHESTER.

Nov. 21, 1765.

Dear Sir,

I had your letter the last evening which was very welcome to me; tho' at the same time it not only surprized, but vexed me too. Indeed I think I shall fall out with the world, as I find it grow worse and worse, and endeavour to shake it off like a man who has got too much wife: for by your letter I find it has the lawyer-like face to say I am dead, when I have never

had better health in my life; and when my head seldom aches with drinking, or my bones sore with falling off my horse!

If the old dotterels were right, who lived in times of yore, when they said the world degenerated: what would they have said: had they lived in these our days, when truth is forced to hide herself, and falsehood struts abroad like a flaunting duchess? Is it not so when this wicked world says *Timothy is dead?*

'Sflesh, sir, if Partridge could not make Bickerstaffe believe he was alive, though Partridge in his almanack affirmed it; nay that he lived before Bickerstaffe affirmed he was dead; and was also alive when he wrote that Tatler which affirmed him dead as a door nail; yet surely sir, you'll not help the world to play Bickerstaffe upon me? Nay if you chance to hear any one affirm it again, tell such person he's a d——d liar: and give me their name and place of abode, and I will produce such an argument of my vitality as Partridge never dreamed of; i. e. a good husk on the ear.

Suppose 7000 wheelbarrow full of lying devils had been jolted into the world, could it have been worse than it is, when it affirms *Tim Bobbin* is dead? Or do you think the court art of lying is got so far northward and that because the *Ins* and *Outs* help one another, we Lancashire folk must do so too? If his M——and his G——n rib jolt it between London and Richmond, and Richmond and London, must you and I get hobby horses, and our wives dolls and jaunt it between Manchester and Milnrow without considering what we owe, and whether our servants and children have bread sufficient, and cloaths to keep them warm?

I say if the court play the devil on two sticks, we are not obliged to turn monkies, and mimic their follies, and knavery. For my part I am so sick of our court politics; their bribing; masquerading, &c. and of the weekly papers stuffed with frolicks; that if they continue to be thus *Frenchified* and wear long pigtails, I'll clip my hair like an Oliverian round head: If their

hats have three corners, mine shall have two, or else four. If they live on coffee, tea, turtle and claret, I will live on beef and ale. Nay if they are determined to strut like paper ruffled Frenchmen; I'll e'en turn merry-andrew and learn to walk on my hands with my heels upwards: for I am satisfyed that if I can go on contrary to these caterpillars of the nation I shall stand a good chance to be right.

But I find I am got unwittingly into the dominions of Cloacina, and am irritated with the smell of these stinking regions: but dear friend, think me a welchman if you please, and that I hate to be vexed; so as you'll think me too great a dainty for the worms at present. For assure yourself, I will neither run, ride or battle it with death; who, as I hear, is but a scrubby rascal, and an utter stranger to me: so I'll have nothing to do with the scoundrel so long as I can blow.

As to the devil and methodist priest, I own I have been pretty much with them of late, and that you have reason to believe I keep bad company: but let me tell you, I prefer them to the grim tyke before mentioned. For hark you sir, why should I be behind any parson whatsoever? for they have made a stalking horse of the devil, and got money by him for thousands of years: and why cannot I get a little rhino by painting this agreeable couple on the same cloth? Indeed these punch-like puppets the Methodists, have improved on the old scheme: for they have not only made a stalking horse of him, but a dancing bear: for they can put a ring into his nose, lead him about, and bait him at pleasure. Nay, I think they abuse his devilship; for they make a cur-dog of him:——and can set him upon (or even into) you with whoop, and bring him off with a whistle. Witness, Wesley's Journals.

Now sir if all parsons can squeeze money out of him, why may not I? For, in my opinion, our trade requires as many brains as theirs; especially these last upstart devil whippers.

By the time you have got thus far, I hope you are convinced

that Tim is still in the land of the living. Pray my compliments to all friends, and tell them so: and that I can truly say of myself what show-men say of their wooden puppets; *all alive, all alive, gentlemen!* and whilst so shall certainly remain

DEAR SIR, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

TO MR. H. WHITAKER,

MANCHESTER.

Dec. 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I am now returned from my journey to York which has been so expensive to me, and so very irksome in those superabundant charges of chambermaids, ostlers, boot-jacks, &c. that I will never travel so far again in the shape of a quarter gentleman whilst my name's *Tim*.

The Devil scratch both the bitch Fortune, and the chambermaids too, say I, who are all blind alike; Fortune, for not giving me an estate, and these voracious cannibals, for expecting as much from me as if I had two thousand a year.

If ever necessity drives me with a cat-of-nine-tails a score of miles from home again, I'll fit these Antropophagi all alike. I'll go in an old painting-coat; my waistcoat shining with, and stinking of linseed oil; a lime-lad's hat, hooped round the crown with whip-cord; in which I will stick a lock of wool, or a hare's scut, my shoes dirty, my knees appearing through my stockings as though I was a methodist, and got my living with praying. I will sit by the kitchen fire; an ashen plant shall support my hands, which shall make a cushion for cheek; my eyes shall move like those in a clock, or as punch moves his when he first views his audience.

By this method I can have diversion; cheat the whores and rogues, and save money; not that I ever valued, or worshipped

this god of fools; but the world is so extravagantly whimsical, that one or another is continually demanding it of me; as though I had the mines of Potosi at command, or that my pockets were like the widow's cruse. Nay, forsooth, they'll have it too; or they will make a scullion of me at the great house of John of Gaunt. This you know, though I have no aversion to whims, might possibly raise a sour humour in my stomach and give me the heart-burning, or edge my teeth to that degree, that I should not be able to eat roast-beef, goose-pies, or custards, at a Christmas; or drink punch and ale, as now, when I sway the birchen sceptre at Milnrow.

York is surprisingly altered within these few years. When I and the young squire my son, entered at Micklegate-bar (built by the Romans) we were vastly pleased with the unexpected grand appearance of the lamps; fixed in regular order, and at every door one; which looked as beautiful as when you look at a branch of candles through a multiplying-glass.

The streets are very clean, and the pavements excellent. Handsome new buildings raise their heads, and seem to look down with scorn on their old neighbours; just as your Manchestertonian great fortunes look on a ruddy milkmaid under her pail. In short, the whole city is reviving; and may be compared to an old man whose quondam baldpate begins to be filled with beautiful curled hair, and his hollow jaws filled with a set of ivory grinders.

Notwithstanding this half resurrection of the town, the taste of the Yorkists seems quite antique, and very whimsical in some things. In Liverpool they are fond of parrots; but these people for want of them, have taken a liking to their own country fowls, and keep magpies. They have what I may call chicken pens for them in their kitchens; and teach them or cause them to be taught the art of speaking. The airs of these birds in their cages, are mighty brisk, and resemble your Jemmy Fribbles: but their tones are as gross as an Alderman's, or any poll

from Hindostan. They can whistle also! But whether with the mouth, nose, or backwards, I really cannot tell. Neither could I see how they screwed up the mouth, nose, or arse in the act of whistling, though I waited on one a good while to be satisfied; but whistle they did, and loud too: though I confess not with that melody of the ouzel, which so surprised one of your neighbouring Justices in times of yore; who would needs commit him to the house of correction for whistling of a Sunday, and breaking the sabbath.

They have twenty-two churches in York, besides their noble Minster: how they are filled on a Sunday I cannot tell, but I suppose like a country chapel in a forenoon. The churches, in general, appear venerable with age; in particular one which they call the Mother-Church: not I suppose that the Minster and all the rest were brought out of its belly, but that it is the oldest. Indeed it is of so odd a construction, that it might well be the unlicked embrio of some gothic architect.

Ruins of old walls appear all round the city; and cast up banks and little hills: some of which retain the name of Severus's hills to this day. But alas the different scenes threw me into a melancholy I scarce knew why. One reason was, I did not know what the different ruins had been, having never seen Dr. Drake's History of York, which should be read before a person views the ruins of this ancient city.

It seems to have been either a very holy, or a very hypocritical place once—: for there are vestiges of abbies, monastries, priories, and nunneries without end. But most of their subterranean vaults, or cellars that remain are turned into receptacles for more refined and spiritual things than fat monks, and barefooted friars were ever deemed to be, being generally filled with wine, brandy, rum, &c.

There are abundance of ladies in this town, as Lady Lawson, Lady Thompson, &c. for you must know they make a span new lady every year, not of a lump of clay, or of a rib as in old time;

but of fine, soft, warm, delicate flesh and blood; who retain the title durante vitœ. They are created thus, by lying between the identic sheets with the Lord Mayor, though he poor man is forced to return to his primitive function at the year's end, and sell tobacco, raisins, or treacle; or linen cloth and ribbands at so much a yard, and is plain Mr. Grocer again.

They have also their Aldermen as in London; and I perceive cast pretty much in the same mould. One of them hight Thompson, turned away his husbandman because the hedge he had made would not turn water, but went through and took part of the bank away.

The same magistrate having a ladder stolen, the note he drew up for the bell-man began, *Stolen or strayed, a Ladder, from Alderman Thompson's Stable, or Backside, of* 13 *Staves and a piece, &c.*

There is also an Alderman at this time in York (I think they call him Bowes) who about a fortnight ago, walking in the street, was applied to by a lady of pleasure for leave to stay a few weeks in the town. The good Alderman gave her leave for a fortnight only. She not thinking this long enough told his worship flatly, she would not go so soon. No——! says he, then you shall not stay at all. I will do just what I please for that. You shall not you impudent bitch, says he. I will, you pockified rogue said madam.——On which he claps his hand on her breast and pushes her from him———. Now she being a lusty jade, clasps her arms round the Alderman's middle, laid her down on her back in the street, and pulled him fairly upon her, then lifting up her heels gets them across the Alderman's hams, and so held him till the crowd had gathered about them: but with more laughing and shouting than ever was seen or heard in a Roman theatre over a couple of gladiators.

There was also the last week in the city a German Jew, particularly famous for his dexterity in the art of legerdemain: it happened that the same Alderman with others, was standing at the door of a bookseller's shop, when it happened the Juggler

went by. Ho—you fellow, says the Alderman, they say you are a Conjurer—*No, no—me no conjure*—: *me be de gret quick Leger-demain man.* But they tell me you are; and that you can tell all things, and do every thing—. *No, no; me do de vine sleet hond—me deceive de eye; me no conjure, no, no—me do deceive wid doing de ting, quick, quick, quick, but me no conjure.* Well, well, but you fellow, I'll try you in your cheating way for once—; Can you tell me how much money I have in my pockets? *Yes yes, me do dat ver vel*—: *but den you count it first, if you ple; ant you no cheat me.* That I'll do, says his worship. Then turning to a pillar in the street he counts the money into his hat, and clasping it close with both hands, now says he, tell me what money I have in my pocket? *Me vil do dat, but den you be honest an tell me de tru*—. Yes, yes, that I'll do; and do you speak out without quibbling—. *Yes me speak out ant tell you de tru too; vor you hav no money in your pocket.* This raised a loud laugh; and whilst the Alderman stared about him to see what they laughed at, the Juggler slipped away.

The same Juggler standing in a shop door with several others, there chanced to go by a woman, crying hot pies; *here, you woman, vid de hot pie,* said the Juggler, *give me von pie.* Yes, sir, and gave him one. *Vat me give you vor dis?* Twopence, says she, *dere den; dere be your twopence vor it.* Whilst she was covering her pies, and staring at him, he broke into his own, and pulls out a guinea. *Hey!* says the Juggler, *dis be good pie; de cheap pie indeed! me buy de noder pie of you.* The woman hesitated a little at selling another; but however did it, but still kept her eyes on him, whilst he breaks into the second pie, and pulls out a thirty-six shillings piece. *Hey day!* says he, *dis be de gooder cheap pie indeed! dis be de vonderful pie in all de vorld! me buy more your pie: me buy all de pie you hav sell.* But the woman turned herself hastily from him, and would sell him no more; but slipping into a corner, she took off all the pye-lids and sought them thoroughly: but alas, no guineas! no thirty-six shilling

pieces could be found: so the poor woman cried—; the mob laughed, and the scene ended.

Methinks I hear you say, and it is time to end your long letter, friend *Tim*. True, sir, but it is customary to tag letters with compliments, &c. so to be a cuckoo, amongst cuckows, I wish you good beef and pudding, fine ale, or friend Budworth's punch, a warm room, a good fire, a clean pipe, and agreeable company. If all these fall short of your desires, wish things for yourself, and give them to

Dear sir,

Your most &c.

T. B.

TO MR. TIM BOBBIN.

Manchester, Jan. 30, 1767.

SIR,

COMING into Rochdale the 21st current, and finding it very imprudent to pass the hills into Yorkshire that evening, because of the deep snow, I determined to light at the Union Flagg. Standing in the door, (it being duskish) I saw a man putting a paper on the cross, when he was gone I had the curiosity to borrow a lantern of the jolly landlord to view the contents: which having done, I concluded it to be a satirical joke on some rich miser in your neighbourhood.

This reflection induced me to pull it off the stone pillar, and put it into my pocket-book, a copy of which I now enclose you. There are two things in it I do not understand; one is in the first charity, thus, F——s, the other are the figures at the last, which though enigmatical may perhaps stand for his name. These I shall beg your opinion of when I see you here. You shall know me by this sign——; I will lay my right hand on your left shoulder, and in a hoarse voice tell you

I am,

Nicholas Noodlepate.

COPY.

To the Poor of this Town, and Parish of Rochdale, in the Hundred of Salford.

That is to say—to those, like, who have not at present, or ever had, any Relief from their respective Townships.

WHEREAS to relieve the Poor is an obligation, like as it were, which lies on the rich; and more especially at this time, like, when the high price of oat-cakes, seawl, and other geer, or eating-stuff, as it were, lies so heavy upon 'em: and this weight being still made heavier by the low wages given by a parcel of varlets: that is to say, by the full-fed proud master piece-makers: and the snow which now lies in such huge drifts that many honest poor people are damned, that is to say, made up, like as it were, in old rotten cotes, without bread to eat, or fire to keep them warm. Besides many are sick, at the same time like.

And likewise as it is a duty, as it were, to follow the laudable practice of some well-under-put neighbouring gentlemen and others; that is to say, those mentioned in the newspapers: and likewise pricked on, as it were, by one who signs, that is to say, writes his name *Chremes*, in Harrop's last paper.

Now, I say, considering the aforesaid premises, and of every part and portion thereof, both jointly and separately *I do hereby give notice*,

That I will (out of my well known charity, and tender affection for the poor; that is like such as are above-mentioned) *GIVE* to each honest house-keeper, within this parish, as much money, as he, or they might get in the looms, or otherwise in the same time they may spend in coming to my house at F—s: which at an average, I guess will be about threepence worse than	0	0	0

Item. I will bestow on him, her, or them so qualified, and to each person in such family one good wheaten loaf weighing eight ounces. Provided he, or they do not knock at my door or other ways disturb me. One who never went over any of my fences, hedges, or ditches, by hunting or otherwise; one who never was drunk, or eat of a goose, or minced pie: which may amount to, or near it, like..	0	0	0
Item. I will give to every poor person so qualified, 17 pounds of good beef, when I feed an ox to fill the bellies of the poor: that is to say, or kill one for that purpose	0	0	0
Item. As it will be dangerous like to their health, as it were, by reason of the great cold, for the overseers of the highways, with other able and willing inhabitants, to open the roads at the towns cost, (the which I have forbid) so as the poor may procure coals for firing. I will send gratis to each such poor family five loads of coal of two baskets each (provided the roads are not opened at the turnpike's cost) as soon as my shoulder is better; my cart-wheels greased, my horse geers repaired like, and my horse heels cured o'th scratches	0	0	0
Item. I will also give free leave for any of the aforesaid poor families who has a cow, to put her into my summer pasture (and eke into my eddish at the season) for the next seven years to come. Provided such cow be not too large, or does not pull up too much grass with her rough tongue; and also that they pay me before they take them away forty shillings for the summer gate, and four shillings a week for the eddish; any thing before-mentioned to the contrary notwithstanding	0	0	0

Item. I will give unto the poorest bald-headed tailor in this parish, qualified as above said (he shewing me such his bald pate) my old brownish, whitish, yellowish wig: in which I have done such upright justice for above thirty years now last past; and in which I ran away, in that terrible, and never-to-be-forgotten year 1745	0	0	0
Item. I will give unto such guardless, and graceless poor women who have had three children each, but never a husband, two old rusty padlocks, bought by one of my venerable ancestors about the time of the battle of Flodden field: and such as I put on my strong oak chests; the one to lock up her mouth, and the other to secure her tail, to prevent them from being any more chargeable to the parish	0	0	0
Item. And to such women as have but had two such children, but no husband, one lock each; as supposing like when it is duly, and properly placed, and as it were kept on the upper orifice the other would need none.....	0	0	0
These two last charities I bestow, as thinking them of the greatest utility and as the cheapest, and wheemest way to a reformation as it were, and worth about	0	0	0
Item. I will give during all this sharp unseasonable weather, all the offal of beef, mutton and veal; and likewise all the good ale left in my blue and white stone jugs, or pitchers as it were, after my man-servants and maid-servant have dined, like unto such poor person as first shall enter my house, without knocking, speaking, or making any noise, least it should disturb my dosing. This, on an average may be worth, like	0	0	0

Lastly I recommend these my charities, as copies, or patterns as it were, to the rest of the gentlemen in the hundred of Salford, hoping, and thinking, like, that they will not come much behind me in so charitable a work; and then they may follow me also in committing the rest of their wealth in safety to their oaken chests, and iron boxes, without fearing a mob. Or which may be as good like, or better as it were, in laying it out in good and sufficient Land security

Total 0	0	0

To all which I do hereby agree, and will fulfil; and to testify it, I do hereto put my hand and seal, this 21st day of January, 1767.



TO Mr. R. W.

Leeds, Dec. 20, 1767.

Dear Sir,

It seems pretty much of late, to be my fortune to be haunted by wild creatures (excuse one pun) for I am now at the Red Bear in Leeds; and I lay the last night at the White Lion in Halifax. I was sadly plagued in this last town with great, thumping, gaping and staring Yorkshire-men who were often treading on my great shoe in which you know I always put my sore toe. I was on the point of quarreling with one of them for setting his great strong boot on my slender pump. Indeed I find it very inconvenient for my sore toe, when my great shoe takes up near one half of the street——, but so it is; tho' at the same time I think the sick, and lame should stay at home.

Pray my obsequious duty to my Sovereign Lord, and Master at home; and tell her I sold to a gentleman (who I met with in Halifax) the following pictures :—

Hob and the Quack-doctor	1	10	0
The Pluralist	0	15	0
The Staymaker	0	15	0
Doctor Stern and Doctor Squintum	0	10	0
	£3	10	0

I have this money in my pocket, and wish my master had it, instead of me; as I think I have enough besides. Pray take some method to let Mr. Mills know what pictures I have sold; that he may not sell them again, and desire him to pack the above mentioned safely, and send them to Mr. Bolton in Armin.

I am tired, and poor Jenny almost blind, with the epidemical disease among horses. I'll stay all night where I am. Tomorrow I intend lying in York: after that time I know not what will become of me.

I think I could coop up all the souls I have met with in Yorkshire, in a nut-shell as the artist did Homer's Illiads———not one subscriber; except that great soul who bought the pictures.

I expected a letter from the engraver Bottomley before I left home, if my Duchess receives any, let me know its contents ———. Direct for me at Newcastle upon Tyne. My little great toe is easy at present, tho' I have not doctored it yet. Tell my Duchess to send Mr. Mills a Shude-hill fight to go along with the pictures the very first opportunity.

I beg my humble service to Messrs. Townley, sen. and jun. compliments to all friends, and believe it if I say

I am,

Sir, &c.

TO Mr. ROB. WHITAKER.

Newcastle, Dec. 25, 1767.

Old Friend,

I writ to you from Leeds on Sunday last, hoping to find your answer here, but have not met with that satisfaction. I left Leeds about nine on Monday morning (Bro. Thomas Clay coming luckily half an hour before I set off) and got to York before dark; though I alighted at the gallows *(Lord bless us)* to draw an old statue which stands up a lane just opposite them; and about six roods distant from those terrible wooden posts. This statue has the common appellation of old *Hob*, and my friends in York, and their historian old *Gent*, all conclude he was a Knight Templer of the Ross family. But on shewing my son the draught and arms hanging on his left arm (which are *Gules, three Water Bougets Argent)* he said he took it to represent a Knight Hospitaller, and that the arms belonged to the family of Roos or Rouse. However the carving was in a good taste, considering when it was done; but time who mangles every thing had knocked off poor *Hob's* nose, and lamed both his feet, at which I shook my head, but kept silence; for nobody was by but *Hob* to hear my complaint, and he, poor fellow through age was grown as deaf as a door nail.

These Knight Templers, were instituted by Baldwin, the fourth king of Jerusalem, 1118; and their office was to defend the Temple, the Sepulchre, and entertain, and conduct the foolish pilgrims who visited those parts. By the folly of those times, and the cunning knavery of priests, they grew so rich, that the order possessed in Europe 16000 lordships besides many other lands. These large possessions made them in general very dissolute; which gave Philip the fair, king of France, our Edward the second, his son in law, and the Pope, a handle to seize all their estates, and dissolve the order. Nay Philip not content with that, burnt 57 knights, their Grand

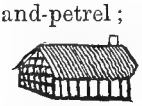
Master being one of them. Some of their lands were given afterwards to the Knights Hospitallers, from whom sprung the Knights of Rhodes, who held that Island about 200 years. But Solyman sent them packing; and the Emperor Charles fifth gave them Malta, where the rogues continue to this day.

I repeat it like a hubbling parson that I got into York in good time. The person I would first speak to, was my friend Mr. Atkinson; who (excuse vanity) jumped for joy on seeing me. He conducted me to a good inn; sent billets, or cards, immediately to such as would be agreeable company to us, and ordered a supper at my inn. There were present his Grace the Duke of Milnrow; my friend Atkinson, carver and projector; Mon. Boutatts, a good portrait and history painter, a Fleming; Mon. Vanderhagen, a Dutchman, an excellent carver and modeller; Mr. Russel, writing-master; Mr. Hindley, a noted mechanic and clock-maker, and a merry captain.

These were a set of the best natured mortals I ever passed an hour with since my name was *Tim.* I need not tell you how we spent the evening; but happening to shew them my Battle of the Flying Dragon, they made me read it twice that night, and once the next morning. We parted about twelve, all merry, but sober, (tell this to my crooked rib as a wonder.)

The next morning (Tuesday) I went to see all their different performances which pleased me extremely; more especially with the ingenuous good nature with which they shewed them to me.

I left York at half-past eleven, and passed through some of the best roads and pleasantest country I ever saw; got to Easingwold about one o'clock. The houses here are all post-and-petrel; and thatched both on the sides and ends, thus



Here I began to find I should want an interpreter, as I could not understand what they said, under twice or thrice asking. The man and his mare wanted feeding: so

I began at the first sign—Have you any bran for my horse? Indeed sir, we ken no what ye say. Says I, I want the remains of wheat when it is sifted into flour. O ho, says one, he means *Chissel*——Yes, yes, gude sir, quoth she, we have indeed. So I lighted thinking to have some scalded bran immediately put Jenny up and went into the house: but alas—! when there—— I could have stolen all the fire, put it in my bags and rode to the next *toon*, without singing them. After an hour and half's waiting, with the help of some sticks, nine coals about the size of walnuts, a good pair of bellows, and much huffing I got the water hot, but not boiling. Now sir, what do you think? But Jenny eat up the *Chissel* as though it had been good Lancashire bran; and her master bread, the colour of black turf, and a little butter, as if it had been a London roll, or a penny pie of Fringe-Jenny's.

I left Easingwold without tears at parting, and got to Thirsk at seven. After Jenny and I were fed, I found my landlady a handsome widow; so I would by all means be shaved, and my caxton tossed up: so stepping to the next barber's, I found he stammered worse than James Stock of the Ashes: besides he looked two ways, both upwards and downwards, as if he knew not whether to go to heaven, or stay where he was. After much stammering, which you must fancy; quoth he, I cannot shave kind sir; but my wife can: for Ise ganging oan the street the last Saturday neeight, when ye ken sir is was very froasty: So Ise fell wa ma shooder agean some steean stepps, an Ise brack ma shooder-beean yeall to tatters. I then looked at the female shaver, and thought her of the handsome order; but alas sir, this might be a mistake; as I begun to think every woman handsome. However I suffered her to shave and toss up my wig: guess sir, how my modesty was shocked whilst she was lathering, and shaving; and what odd emotions run through my frame————In short, I thought she had done too soon————————————.

I left Thirsk an hour before the sun got out of bed, without breakfast; it was so very keen and frosty, that I was afraid of being transformed into a young *Hob;* or if you like the simile better, into another King Charles on horseback; which dreadful catastrophe had certainly happened, had not my crooked rib, and Miss Kitty hindered it. Perhaps you will say, How the d—l could that be, and they at seventy miles distance—? Why sir, they had very luckily stuffed my riding-coat pocket with some gingerbread-nuts, kneaden with brandy; which I never thought on till this critical moment. My arms and hands were so frozen I had much ado to get at them; but by pulling a hole in the paper I fell on as greedily as a dying lawyer takes doses of physic; or as a Romish priest on a sirloin of beef after Lent. These warmed my stomach as if a flannel had been wrapped round it, or indeed, as if I had swallowed all the fire I found in the Easingwold inn.

Next I got to a town they call Smeaton, about eleven; here I thought to breakfast like a Duke, i. e. on mulled ale and brandy, and buttered roll; I had a very handsome ostler, who was also my cook, and both of them proved my landlord's daughter. Several thoughts flew through my head in the stable, but no words vented; only I asked her if she could make me some mulled ale? She seemed vexed at the question, and answered short, *Ise try.* But alas, when she got into the house, and enquired of an old woman, her mother, for eggs, she answered, *Indeed coind sir, ther be na eggs in a the toon, nur a rooal neeigher thin Thirsk: but Ise can mak ya a peent o hoat yeeall; an ye me ha some a oor broon bread an butter*—. Necessity has no law. I breakfasted and was content.

I passed on to Darlington, a pretty town, and pleasantly situated: but I drove on, in spite of Jenny, who told me many times she would call whether I would or not; that she was not well, and wanted to rest her; and was sure I had no business any further. I told her to the contrary, by giving her whip

and spur; this vexed her ladyship so, that she sprung out of the road; and she would needs go into a house full gallop: this frightened me so, that I used all my strength and art to prevent it; which if I had not done, Parson Haigh's job at the Loweryates, had been a flea-bite to mine: for, on this very day I must have been buried at Darlington————Tell my sovereign Lady this————and take good notice whether she crys, or not————.

This peep into another world both frightened and vexed me so, that I made Jane go two miles an hour faster than before; so got to Ferryhill soon enough to see a black lion from a red one: but so shaken, I was near losing an arm, or a leg on the road, my sinews stretched, and joints so loose that I could not stand, or cut up a pullet I had ordered for supper, but the Landlord took pity and helped me plentifully. The Lord reward him accordingly.

Thursday morning I left Ferryhill, half-past eight, sans breakfast; fine road as the Vicar's Moss; and got to Durham, would not light there in spite of Jenny's teeth although hungry enough: I bought a pair of buck-skin riding-gloves, a penny-worth of lean cheese, and a halfpenny roll; resolving to have breakfast on Jenny's back (for I had not forgot my fright at Darlington) and thought it the best breakfast I had met in my journey.

I arrived at Chester-le-street before twelve. This is an old Roman station; and where a number of foolish monks hid St. Cuthbert's carcase, for fear of the rapacious Danes stealing it: here I fed Jenny, and washed my roll and cheese down with two pints of *gude yecall.* I left this station: and about two o'clock got to one of the oddest situated *toons* I ever saw; the Tyne runs nearly through the middle of it; and the inhabitants say, it is the most like London of any *toon* in the three kingdoms: I could not help swearing, By th' mass, then London's an ugly *toon* indeed: for which I run great hazard of having my head broke.

This *Toon* of *Toons* they call Newcastle; where I found my two sons in good health, and so tossed up, that I hardly knew my own, especially Charles. I was much better pleased to find, on enquiry, that their reputations were better than their cloaths.

Charles laughed when I enquired after the coat, waist-coat, &c. he took from Milnrow: which I found he had sold to a tailor for less than half value; instead of which he has got a pink-bloom suit dyed in grain, of twenty shillings a yard. John has several suits of fine black cloth of the same price; and both laugh at my church-going coat of three and sixpence per yard. Let them go on and prosper, say I————.

They both send their duty to their mother—Compliments to all friends—Thanks to you for old Leigh's Heraldry. I my humble service at Belfield, and to you; and dear respects to her Excellency the Duchess of Milnrow, being with much esteem,

Dear Sir, &c.

P. S. Hold———I had forgot my great-little-toe — which, and the foot too, was much inflamed at York; but pretty easy till the last night, when my foot was red, and swelled, with a hollow black spot on the top. This made me curse the Halifax great boot. However I poulticed the whole, and it has been easy ever since; and now fancy my toe the best part. You wanted to know all circumstances; query, have you enough?

TO Mr. ROB. WHITAKER.

Newcastle Jan. 6th, 1768.

Old Friend,

I had your favour of the 27th in course, but having writ my second from hence, a day or two before

I received this last, I have waited till now for your answer to my said second, but can hear nothing of it.

I thank you for your pain and care, especially for sending my groom Harry to Mr. Mills's, and your kind intentions on my wife's account.

I want to know what news from Manchester; both on your brother's and cousin Bottomley's account. I think I did not relinquish the Manchester affair, but on condition that I was paid by one of the parties. However as the Col: seems to take notice of the frolic, I am glad things are as they are. If you think proper you may shew him the copy of my letter to your brother on this subject, which you will find in my old bureau in the school, and let him know I am much at his service.

I have acted, in general, the part of a dumb man since I came to this London the second, having kept little company; and even then, I am obliged to be mum; which you know is no easy task for me to perform; for I cannot understand one half what they say: happening to say thus in company, a Newcastle Cit took it in dudgeon, and disputed my veracity. This stirr'd my Lancashire blood; and seeing him the less man, and I forgetting my lame foot, was for carrying him out of the room into the street: but my son John having more sense than us both put an end to this momentous dispute; I having forgot that my dialect might be as unintelligible to them as theirs was to me.

I take them to be all Scotch or Scotch-lowland-bastards, having their twang at the end of a sentence to a tittle: but even this dialect is murdered by making it run Gantlope thro' their noses, and throat: so that Gihan's *braid Scoatch* is as plain as our Father, when compared to the Northumberland Brogue.

My respects to my crooked-rib, blessing to my children, and compliments to all friends; and tell my doxy, that her son John is tired with living free as a Hawk, and wants to be pent up in the cage of matrimony like an Ouzel. I have laid before

him what he may reasonably expect by putting his neck into that noose; and told him the age I was, before I acted my part in that droll scene. But all will not do——the lad's smitten with *no beauty;* and with no great fortune, I believe it will be £400: and I perceive the principal reason of his sending for me, was to consult together on this affair. He's dancing with her whilst I write this; tell his mother what danger he's in; and that I think Charles will be a good, and ingenious lad. John has not been his journey to Carlisle, Scotland, &c. by reason of the deep snow, his business lying chiefly in the cross-roads which they say are unpassable. So that my coming to old England is as uncertain as a Wood-cock's. For which reason I would have my duchess make some bargain with my old curate Thomas Belfield to attend to the school. Indeed whilst the snow lies so deep, and the frost continues, there will be but few scholars: and as they will but come at nine, and go at twelve; come at two, and leave off between four and five, I think he may do it for a little: but she'll do her best; and I'll come as soon as I can.

There are Hares here in plenty; I have supped on one and another hangs in the room where I am writing: I wish she was hanging by the hams in the little dining-room at Milnrow.

My toe has gathered once; is now pretty easy; and I think it will be quite sound before the Rochdale Bailiffs grow honest: the Col. pleased me highly with giving the rogues their desert.

Query, has my Duchess any letters come to hand? From Thomas, at London, especially? Has my Duchess got my rhino from my doctress, if not, what prospect?——be sly——.

The last week three highway robberies were committed within two miles of this town——Little of this work happens in honest Lancashire. Pray, how does the Col.? Is he at home? if so, how long will he stay? and when goes he to Preston, Lancaster, &c. enough at present from &c.

APPENDIX.

Tuesday 9 o'clock at night.

Sir,

Since I wrote the above I sent Charles to the post office, who brought me your's from Belfield of the 3rd instant, and observe the agreeable contents. I am glad cousin Bottomley thinks my proposal equitable. That if I get a greater number of subscribers than he does two shillings shall be allowed me for each supernumerary, and the same allowed him in the like case. There must be further alterations in the conditions: but I will write to him.

Monsieur Boutatts the Flemish Painter approved my scheme of publishing a book of heads in my own way, it being a new whim: but advised me to draw the heads larger than those I shewed him; so that four may fill half a sheet. I approve the hint, and so must draw them all over again. But if we raise 250 subscribers at fifteen shillings as proposed, I can and must afford to take more than common pains with them.

I thank the Col. and other friends for their care about my toe. He knows as well as me the truth of those two lines in Hudibras

> A wound to him who is all heart,
> Is dangerous in any part.

But as tis so far from the pulmonary-vein I apprehend no danger; and hope that my now sober living will make me as sound as an acorn, before I see your new mill again. Pray how goes it on?

John sends his compliments, and thanks for old Gerard Leigh—Charles does the same, and to James Clegg &c. I thank you for the hint about my school; but refer to the other side, and to what you and my duchess think proper: only let not the scholars be neglected; and tell my curate that the fewer scholars he has, to make their lessons longer, or more of them: I do so very often.

I am sorry for the loss of my little butcher————. But princes must die, and so must every butcher's son. Alas, poor fellow!

I am obliged to my friends and neighbours for drinking my health.—We are even with you all, for we drink your health's often, especially the Col. Charles has just brought me word, that people out of the country tell him the snow is half a yard deep, but it lies very even. Compliments to your Brother and all who think it worth while to ask after me. John, and Charles send their duty to madam. You talk of me not reading your scrawl, pray, can you read this? Tell my duchess I feed——Query, do you think its with being at my Uncle's ith' North? I have only painted six heads since I came hither: but done nothing at the London order: I shall begin of that to-morrow.

About twelve years ago I painted some heads for one Rudd of this town and what blunder do you think I made? Why sir, I only painted five fingers* and a thumb on one hand. Rudd died, and a gentleman bought them. I offered to alter it gratis, and make a christian-like-hand of it; but I thank you; he would part with one of his thumbs, as soon as the odd finger——What's a gentleman without his humour? I once painted a bare scalp, but the d——l an ear had it—so that I have no room to laugh at the taylor who stitched the sleeve on the pocket-hole. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

BLUNDERING JOHN.

TO Mr. ROB. WHITAKER.

Newcastle Jan. 17, 1768.

Dear Sir,

I think it was the last Wednesday but one that I writ my last; and have now waited several days without the

* James Smith, of Lowerplace, has five fingers on each hand.

pleasure of receiving your answer. I want to know how they go on at Milnrow, especially about the school: what letters are come to hand that are material? How they all do at Belfield? Whether the Col. be at home? or any thing that has happened that will be news to us here.

I told you I thought my son John was smitten; and he has proved it with a witness; and also that his chief reason in sending for me was to advise about changing his state of life. The match was made up the last week *between* Robert Rankin, his wife, and eldest son on the one part, *and* two John Colliers, painters on the other. When after a little canvassing the matter and talk of security for paying her fortune at stated times, we thought it proper not to insist on security, but to trust them, as I believe them very honest: and as they have already given two of their sons £500. a piece, it was not probable they would cheat their youngest, and favorite daughter.

In short the bargain was; my son to receive £200, in six months after marriage; and other £200 at the year's end; and instead of interest till the last £200, is paid, he is to enter on a house of theirs of £14. per annum, rent at May day next, and keep possession till it was paid.

Here I have shewn (I think its the first time) my worldly-mindedness and made, in a love affair an arrant bargain: which I have so often ridiculed. Do you think I shall grow covetous as I grow old? Or that I shall act like a great many other old fools, who as they come nearer their journey's end, want more money to bear travelling expenses than when they set out? Notwithstanding the above, I thank God I feel not the least spark of this vile absurdity yet.

I shall stay no longer here but just to see the old fashioned ceremony over; which is fixed for next Saturday, her birth day; she being then eighteen years old.

John has taken a strong likeness of the Duke of Milnrow's face, or all are mistaken who see it. If I cannot spare myself

the next week, tell the Duchess I will send her his grace's picture—. Ask her if that will do—.

John has been at Carlisle, and many other places in three days and a half; I think he has not spared Jenny Cameron; I know not how she is after this journey. I had forgot, my worse toe is the better—.

I wish my curate would peep into the stable to see how Harry behaves to the cow, and goes on with the hay. I have seen Tinmouth, the ruined abbey, the castle, and Shields, I'll see more if time permits. How goes your mill on?

Charles is in bed a quarter of a mile off me—John with his doxy—'tis near one o'clock, Monday morning; dear respects to wife, children, compliments to friends———adieu till I see you being sincerely sir, &c.

P. S. Jan. 13th one o'clock. I have just been with a man who lives about eighteen miles from Durham, who wants his son, a fine youth of eighteen, to be an apprentice with John, he asks £50 and seven years service. I am afraid they'll agree, because I want my son to reserve places for Tom, Charles, and even cousin Charles Clay of Swillington: so I shall not encourage this affair, tho' it would bring grist to Jack's mill.

I have broke this open to tell you I've received yours of the 14th current and will observe, and thank you for the contents. We are surprized to hear your weather is worse than here: I think the posts have but missed a few hours. Poor Marriott. Pray write soon, or I shall not receive it while I am here, and believe me,

Dear Sir, &c.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

From the Bottom of Blackstone-edge, Lancashire.

Aug. 6, 1770.

Mr. Printer,

The following is part of a tragi-comedy that happened here, on the death of John Halliwell, of Pikehouse,

Esq. the news of which had the following strange effects amongst his tenants in this neighbourhood. I shall begin this account with what happened to

Moll o' Doll's, who wed *Charles o' Bobby's*, this woman is deaf of the right ear; but when the news entered her left, she set up a heavy groan, and cried *E wal a dea—! neaw aw's o'er—! aw's whoo up—I mun be reast o meh rent—! I ha pede ten shillings a year for meh new heawse aw-ready: on neaw I mun pey fifteen, I'll uphowd meh*————This was all she could utter: then turning up the white of her eyes fell backwards, and light with the back of her head on a drink-pot, broke it in pieces, and after a few sobs and groans, expired!

Abraham o Stock of Tunshill, another tenant, was standing near the midst of his house-floor, with a mess of milk-pottage in his hand. Abraham had just brewed a strike of malt for the mowers, and the liquor was working in a tub just by him. On hearing the news of his landlord's death, only cried out, *Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo*————Then shutting his eyes dropt his pottage on the floor, fetched a sigh, clapped his hands three times together, and fell sideways upon the working-tub; broke a lagging out of the side, and consequently spilled the liquor: then rolled himself to and fro a good while for grief and vexation in the wort and barm, and was at last taken and laid in the nook with his head on a birch-besom—. Whether this poor man will recover, and come to his senses again is very uncertain—.

P. S. It is whispered in the neighbourhood that his wife has laid speech; and is in as dangerous a way as her husband.

Owd Meary at Tunshill, their neighbour, on hearing the sad news of her landlord's death, begun her part in the tragedy with wringing her hands, and crying *Oh, ho, ho—hum, hum, hum m m m m n n n*— Then tears gave vent to the following exclamation: *E Jone, had we known this—Had we bo known heaw lung eawr good Lonlort would ha liv'd——had we bo known*

heaw soon he would ha deed, we would newr ha limt this feelt—. Jone, con to scrope it off ogen? I wou'd to would scrope it off——we mun never ha no profit ont——Now, now, not a bit a lime shou'd ha cumn on——we mun be reast in or rent, or flit, Thus she went on repeating her grievances, and the last account there was of her, she was crying still.

Mrs. G—b—n happened to be standing with a gentleman traveller, with a sixpenny bowl of punch in her hand, and pretty near a couch-chair. On hearing the words, Mr. Halliwell is dead—turned pale, and staring on the man said, *not a Godsnum!* says the man, *bo its as true as I meh cloggs on*—now the punch-bowl dropped, and madam fell on the couch-chair; broke the fore-rail and the cord, then sliding gently on the cushion there lay speechless. After some time, with the help of four men and two women she was carried to bed, and the last hint we heard of her was, there was little hope of her recovery.

On the disagreeable news reaching the Hills to the Rough-bank, James Ashworth, the elder, who is lame in the crupper, though no swelling appears in his shanks, was taking a pack-saddle off his horse; who on hearing the words, *our Landlord is dead*, lets fall the o'erlay, but takes the saddle on his head, waddles through the porch with it, up stairs he goes, and throws the pack saddle on the bed with the hollow side upwards——then lays himself fairly and quietly down in it, seemingly resolved never to rise again: and began of rocking and groaning, groaning and rocking, with his eyes shut, but without uttering a word, or taking the least notice of what was said to him.

In this fit of despair they left him for about an hour; and then one of the family stealing up softly to see how he went on, found he had rocked himself asleep: and in this gentle doze he continued when the post came away.

Another tenant, *Owd Ab o'th Beet* ith' Broad-lane, had been a cripple, and lame on one knee for some years. However with the help of time and a stick he made shift to carry his piece to

Rochdale the Monday before his landlord died. Old Ab and his son were spreading dung; on hearing the bad news he lifted up his head and cried out *We're aw undone—! we're aw undone—! quite undone—! aw's whoo-up with us efeath—! we can never live—never peyth' rent—never get rags too ar a——e—for we mun aw be reast—No moor muck will I breeod. I'll give o'er this trede—Lad—give o'er breooding that muck: theawst no breeod another shoo-fo—. I se, if tha do not give o'er I'll clut te oth' sow we meh muck-scroyth. We mun noather keep horse nor keaw, cat nor dog, for we mun sell up, an go toth' Poor-heawse, or the Deel knows whither—!*

After sobbing and sighing for about half an hour, old Ab's sound knee fell ill, the lame knee much worse, and he could not or would not stir a foot: however in two or three days it seems he grew a little better for he was met on a Welch-dob, with two crutches tied to his side, by which it appears he has got a little use of his limbs again. Whether this be a strain of policy in the old carl to prevent his being raised of his rent, is not fully agreed on by his neighbours; as he has been suspected of dealing in cant and hypocrisy for many years.

TO Mr. H. WHITAKER,

MANCHESTER.

Nov. 26th, 1770.

Dear Sir,

The Col. and I send back the 2 vols. of Biogra. Britannica for which I return you more thanks by ten times than there are cuckolds in Manchester. Indeed I have had more pleasure in conning over these two folios than I ever had in perusing two books since I ever knew a P. from a Q. The laboriousness of the authors, or compilers, their impartiality, and method they take in the text, notes, and margin, please me to a tittle. The only fault is (if it be one) that they speak well of all men.

The most fulsome, and worst written Life, I take to be that of Bishop Burnet: collected chiefly from his son Tom's Gospel Truths. And as it came so near the life of good Doctor Bulleyn, the contrast was nearly throwing me into swooning fits.

There are numberless of curious anecdotes which I must never have seen but for these two books: and the more I read, or know of Courts, and Ministers; Bishops and Pluralists, the more they sour my humour, and set my teeth on edge.

To my fancy, the life of *Caxton*, the first printer in Britain, is one of the most curious amongst them, and well deserves printing in a pamphlet by itself: in which I have found out the true worth of a book I purchased the last year. I knew it to be a valuable curiosity but now I find it much more so. It is *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales;* and I take it to be the 4th, or 5th book, that ever was printed in England. I have described it in a paper which you'll find in the book, stuck in Caxton's life (which I hope you, and the gentlemen concerned will not take amiss.) I shall take it as a favour of any gentleman concerned in your circulating library that has, or knows of any book of the same edition, if he will let us compare and if possible make one complete book of this chief work of Chaucer's.

There are but two copies, besides mine, known to be in England: one in the Harleian Library in Oxford; the other in Magdalen College, Cambridge, and both imperfect; and sorry am I to say it, so is this of mine, for I think it wants two leaves at the beginning. I think your turn of fancy is not so whimsical as mine in this way if it be; you may have it a month or two: and any gentleman that has another imperfect copy, I would lend it to him to make his complete, if possible, and only wish the same favour from him. If I could meet with one I could copy the type so exactly as not to be perceived. For the description of this curious book I refer you to the paper in Caxton's Life, as above.

I am, &c.

TO MR. ROTHWELL,

SCHOOLMASTER, OF BLACKROD.

Milnrow, Aug. 30, 1771.

SIR,

SINCE I had the pleasure of seeing you here, there has fallen into my hands the History of Manchester which work I doubt not but you have seen, or at least heard of; more especially as there were some Remarks on it in Prescott's Manchester Journal in April and May last.

The author, Mr. Whitaker, thinks it the most singular and admirable production that ever antiquarianism produced: be that as it will, I am not a little pleased that Chremes, who writ the Remarks above-mentioned, has much the same opinion of this book, that I have: and presume that many more will view it in the same light, though few will think it worth their while to criticise on it. But as you had a knock at one odd parson, I was resolved to have a rap at the shadow of another; and have written some censory Remarks on this wonderful composition, which are now in the press and will make a twelve-penny pamphlet in octavo.

I intended on setting out to be more serious than Chremes; but the author's dogmatical style soon banished gravity, and turned my observations into whipped cream or ludicrous droll reflections.

It is worthy of observation that all three of our Lancashire antiquarians, Percival, Watson, and this pendragon of antiquarianism, agree in fixing the British *Coccium* at your village of Blackrod: and yet when they come there disagree about the particular site of it. The two first fix it at the end of your village towards Manchester, and on the area of the Castle-croft. But the Manchester pendragon will have it on the banks of the Douglas.

Now I am doubtful whether any of them be right in taking Blackrod for *Coccium*, as Ptolomy says it is 18, and Antoninus 17 miles from Mancunium (Speed makes it a little more) and I take Blackrod not to be above 14 miles from that town. Secondly because all former antiquarians agree that Ribchester was the Roman *Coccium*.

Now sir, as you live in the place, pray give me leave to ask the following questions—. How far is it from Blackrod to Manchester? Whitaker says it is just 18 from your Chapel to Manchester Cross.

What is your opinion of the ruins which are to be seen in Castle-croft? What dimensions they are of? Whether in your opinion they are very ancient, or more modern? Whether you think this Croft was once larger than at present?

Whether you have universal tradition in your neighbourhood, that Blackrod was once a considerable town? That it once stood on the slope of a hill to the N. W. in two fields, one called the Rie-Hay, the other the Smithy-field, in the course of the road to Preston; and what ruins are there? Whether tradition asserts a battle to be fought near it, a great officer slain, and so many men that your river Douglas ran crimsoned with blood to Wigan? Whether the banks of the Douglas are lofty where a brook falls into it? And what ruins are there, and in the two fields aforesaid.

To these queries I beg your speedy and particular answer; as far as your own knowledge, and proper enquiries will enable you to be satisfactory both to yourself and me: for as I have proved this wonderful pendragon of antiquity to affirm falsehoods in many places of his work, I am very suspicious that most of these so positively asserted may be of the same manufacture, and consequently, ought not to be imposed on the public without a proper detection.

This doing will greatly oblige

Sir, &c.

TO Mr. NICKSON,

PRINTER, YORK.

June 27th, 1774.

Sir,

The reason for my not returning this M.S. of the list of high Sheriffs sooner, was because I did not approve of the type, especially of the capitals; nor of the form of the pages or leaves, which resemble too much those of Jack the Giant-killer, Tom Thumb, or Newberry's Namby-Pamby's playthings: Indeed the paper seems too rough and burley, for folding so small a thing up neatly. If it be not neat it will never answer my end. It is my opinion, if the paper had been longer and narrower, it would have had a more elegant appearance. I would propose a few things if consistent with your art (without much expence) which I should be glad if you approve of. Suppose you could with little trouble lengthen the pages (say one half) and make this type and strong paper print off those for frames, with the title running over the top: leaving one column, or a little more, at the end, in blank for the insertion of some future Sheriffs. Then for those which are to be folded and stitched in gilt paper, and printed on both sides; I propose a smaller type, say that with which you printed the Explanations for my Book of Heads; and in long narrow pages, thus  I have tried foolscap, and I find it will be near this shape and may do very well.

I will have the title-page engraved, which you must consider, and write me by the first post what you think of the above premises.

I guess there will be 30 lines in a page; if so, it will come in 15 pages: so there will be 9 remaining out of the sheet for the Sheriffs' names in future. If you have no foolscap, let me know directly, and I will send you 17 quires, which will produce about 400. You may print all the other on strong paper, on one side, Almanack-wise for framing. I may perhaps have for-

got some necessary circumstances; but the above are all that occur at present. I suppose my Human Passions will not sell at the price I fixed—You may let them go at half a guinea each: though what are printed off are nearly sold.

I am, &c.

TO THE REV. Mr. H——H.

Nov. 13, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

This morning I have received intelligence from my friend Mr. Whitaker, that there is likely to be a great struggle in this county, and especially in the neighbouring parishes, between the stupid flattering addressers, for coercive measures, and those who are for an honest, and humane reconciliation with our abused Colonies: the old short-sighted Major at the head of the first and the Col. at the latter. There are two printed papers on foot, i. e. a fawning lying Address, and an honest Petition: which last I fear is not dictated in terms plain enough for our country Yeomanry; such as our Moor-end folks in Butterworth, who look ten times at the head and horns of a twinter, and in the face of a tup, for once in a newspaper for politics. For my part I would have told them plainly, That this weak and scandalous Address to the throne in favour of coercive and bloody measures, is stuffed with lies, fraud, and the most shameful adulation, tending to the misleading and flattering a weak k——g—: a stupid, tyrannical, and corrupt administration: to the blinding and keeping his majesty in ignorance of his own and the Nation's true interest, or the real state and grievances of the Colonies. To the enhancing the present grievous taxes, encreasing the national debt, the destruction of trade, the introduction of foreign troops into our strongest fortresses; and the great encouragement of our national enemies.

That it tends to all these, and many more pernicious consequences, is plain to me, and I wonder that any Englishman with his eyes open can possibly think to the contrary——. However, I rejoice at our mutual friend, the Colonel's spirited and patriotic honesty; and that there are yet 50 left in this county who have not, and I hope never will bow the knee to Baal, or worship the clumsy and tattered image which a corrupt ministry have set up.

As for my part I will sign John Collier with my right, and *Tim Bobbin* with my left hand, to any petition for reasonable and conciliatory measures; and hope you will do the same, whatever application may be made to you to the contrary. For though your crape and band brethren sign to the ruin of their country, and go plump to the Devil for interest, I see not the least glimpse of reason that you should follow them.

I am,

Rev. Sir, &c.

TO Mr. TESSEYMAN,

BOOKSELLER, YORK.

Feb. 24, 1776.

Sir,

You'll see by the above advertisement that time which produces many strange events, has brought my bandyhewit to bed again of a litter of 6000 whelps. The bookseller therein mentioned, who is my partner in this edition, and his brethren in London, have fixed the price of the puppies at 2*s.* 6*d.* each, which is 6*d.* more than I intended, and I doubt will hinder the sale——. But so it is——. So it must be—: and I cannot help it.

However, as there are 12 pages more in the Dialect—: the Battle of the Flying Dragon (never before printed) many words

added in the Glossary, and 5 plates more than in the last edition; I hope they will in some measure compensate for the high price of the whelps. The booksellers must give 2*s.* each; and if they take 25 a quarter book will be allowed them. If you think you can dispose of 100 or two, write immediately to

Sir, &c.

J. C.

A COPY OF

Doctor Absolute's Letter to the Rev. Mr. Stopford.

Dated Salford, June 1st, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

Upon full conviction of the unjustness of the suit you commenced against Mr. Millward, I have decisively resolved to defend him in it. Your action therefore will now be nominally against him, but really against me: and I mention this to you for a particular reason. Overtures have been repeatedly made to you of accommodating the difference by referring the object of it. These you have regularly slighted, by going on with your prosecution meaning plainly to intimidate by that, and taking it for granted that you could have recourse to a reference at last: but as you will have no hopes of success in the former design, when you hear that I have placed myself in the room of Mr. Millward; so I now preclude your views of the other by recalling every overture of reference that has been made. You have chosen to appeal to the law, to the law will I go with you. This alone shall adjust the dispute between you and

Sir,

Your humble Servt.

JOHN WHITAKER.

TO THE REV. Mr. STOPFORD,

MANCHESTER.

July 8th, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

I here return you Dr. Absolute's letter with a paraprase in Hudibrastic verse hoping it will meet your approbation. This I the rather expect, because you will find it concise, and treads close on the heels of its original.

The job deserves more than half a guinea; which I hope you'll duly consider; for tho' poets delight in riding that bonny hobby-horse, Pegasus, and love skimming in the clouds, they cannot always live upon air.

I also send the dozen of the Cobbler's Politics which you ordered, with which I hope you'll make a quick dispatch and write for more to

Rev. Sir,

Your most &c.

T. B.

A Paraphrase on Dr. Absolute's Letter.

TO THE REV. MR. STOPFORD.

July 8th, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

Conviction strong stares in my face
Your cause is bad in every case
Which you've commenced 'gainst brother Millward,
And will prove light in Justice Still-yard
I have decisively resolv'd
He shall not herein be involv'd
But will defend him Tooth-and-Nail
Let who the Deel will Stave and Tail
Your action therefore now must be

'Gainst him in name—; in fact, 'gainst me
And this I mention unto you
For reasons plain, both good and true.
Some overtures have been repeated
That matters might be friendly treated
Between you two—: but these you slighted
And Flames of Prosecution lighted
Spurr'd on the Law, to make a brother
Bow down, and give his rights t'another
Taking for granted that you could
Refer the case whene'er you would
But hope must vanish and decline
To gain success i'th' first design
When e'er you hear that—*I am come—*
The mighty I——— in Millward's room
So I preclude all views oth' latter
By here recalling ev'ry matter
And Overture of Reference
That has been made in any sense
And since you've chosen to appeal
To th' Law with so much furious zeal
To th' Law I'll go———*most absolutely*
With you———and drive on resolutely
For this alone shall end th' dispute
Betwixt you————and

JOHN ABSOLUTE.

TO Mr. CREUDSON,

GROCER, MANCHESTER.

Sept. 19, 1776.

Friend Creudson,

The woman who I sometimes call wife, sometimes duchess, and at others my crooked-rib, having dwelt some weeks at that busy tabernacle of worldly-entertainment, vulgarly called

the Buck, observed several properties in thy sugars not to be found in those of others; thy price considered.

If it be agreeable to thee, this woman, my crooked-rib, esteems herself capable of dispensing with two loaves of white, and 100 of brown; of the same sort thou sentest her friend and crony Mrs. Wordsworth: that is to say, white at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ and brown at $4d.$ the pound.

If thou thinks it will suit thy worldly interest to have it ready against Saturday next, I will endeavour to get a neighbour of mine to call for it at thy dwelling at that time: to whom do thou deliver a bill of parcels, on which do thou write down these or the like words—*Tim, thou must pay for these thy sweet sauces in months from this day.* And if my crap is not *aw* done, thou mayest expect about that time, to see or hear from thy friend and well-wisher, both to thee and Peter the carnal philosopher.

TIM BOBBIN.

TO Mr. WORDSWORTH,

ROCHDALE.

Oct. 4th, 1776.

Dear Sir,

I think you will excuse, and not wonder at my absence to day, when you consider that all men are subject to misfortunes. For yesterday when we were loading your post chaise like an American transport, George, the driver, stepping suddenly back, struck his spur into my shin: both of which are as tender as the conscience of a Methodist: but Providence in the shape of rust, hair, and clotted blood in the rowel, favoured me so, that I verily think the points never entered the bone above a quarter of an inch.——Besides, in stowing of the passengers, some of them would have a stool in the chaise, for one

of the younger sort to sit on: but my duchess, who you know is Dutch-built, and requires room, would not allow of any such thing; so the stool was immediately turned out of its office:

Now this stool, by some unlucky hand or another, was carried, and set in the midst of our house-floor, and there it stood till it was dark: for though it had three feet, yet it wanted brains to run into its own corner, though it absolutely should have done so, and that without bidding.

After Dom. Whitaker and I had pretty well moistened our whistles I marched home, when hastily crossing the floor, in the dark, to gain my easy-chair, spiteful fortune set the three-legged blockhead a running against my shins, or my shins against it, I know not whether; let the learned decide the point: however this I am certain of, that my unfortunate tender shanks lost the battle, and my wooden enemy triumphed with very little loss in the skirmish. In revenge of this, I am now sitting in my great chair, and make the jolt headed stool carry both my shins it has so inhumanly battered: which after so desperate a battle refuse to carry me to your christening: for having no mind to be laughed at, I cannot think of coming on crutches; or even as s—tt—n Buckley on one crutch and a stick ————Compliments to the company who I wish merry——— and do you believe

I am, &c.

LIMPING TIM.

TO Mr. JOHN ASPINALL,

BURNLEY.

Milnrow, Nov. 21, 1776.

Sir,

On Tuesday the 12th current I received your last favour: but cannot guess when it was written, it being *sans date.*

I know not what sort of a mortal your Laurence is; but I fear he is a *Tummy:* for suppose Mr. Wordsworth was not in, when

he called at the Roebuck, his master in petticoats was; and surely a receipt from that hand would have answered his purpose as well, as one from an inferior pen—. I say again, fillip this Laurence, (or this *Tummy*) on the nose, and tell him to use a little more judgment in business, especially when it should replenish *Tim Bobbins* finances.

I have not seen, or heard of the burlesque of the Duenna, you speak of. As to the affairs on the great Western Continent, those poor people may make a glorious struggle for liberty—: but whilst a b—dd—r-headed — and his debauched ministry, have both Houses of Parliament at their beck, and consequently the purses of Great Britain and Ireland at command, the Americans may whistle Roger o'Calveley if they please: or if you think it will suit better play the old tune of Martyrs in Flames on a Scotch pair of *Bog-peeps*.

You tell me, bonfires like meteors blaze in your quarters: let them blaze on, that all sensible men may more conspicuously see their madness and folly: and for my part if they do not burn me, my crook'd rib, or my scrubby library, I care not a hip.

I am glad that our opinions jump as to Father West's History and Antiquities of the Abbey of Furness.

In answer to your P. S. I am confident that the master drone of the hive believes, that whatever he and his bear-leaders do, is right—. Jammy the 2nd, thought so; but he, and the rest of the bigotted-puppies were mistaken except one or two, who extricated themselves by mere dint of cunning, and knavery.

I see few, or no publications, except now and then a newspaper of Col. Townley's——my purse forbids the bans—. So that if the Reviewers, and the Reviewers Reviewed, fall short of satisfying your curiosity in this point, I must despair of doing it.

I have not published the Devil's Speech to both Houses of Parliament as yet: for though I think the majorities so bad, that they are not worth his Devilship's talking to; yet I believe things are not quite at their crisis though they seem to be within

the jump of a flea; or if you like it better, two tumbles of a louse.

A line from you (the sooner the better) would be very agreeable to

Sir, &c.

T. B.

TO CAPTAIN TYLDESLEY.

Milnrow, Feb. 8th, 1777.

Dear Sir,

When you was last here, and I on the merry pin, you all seemed to laugh at me, when I told you I was just then in a fit of sickness; and that my crooked rib's opinion was, I was very feverish. Though this passed for a joke, yet it seems I was not much wide of the mark, and demonstrates that your company only, banished all disorders from me whilst you stayed with me—: but Cyril, the chaise driver, had no sooner cracked his whip and cryed *gee—ho*—but these enemies to mankind begun to creep on me again, one after another. My hurt with my horse now plagues me again—The gravel is crept into my back and reins; and my ancle is as much swelled as if my father had committed a most egregious blunder in making his last will, and left me the rheumatism, scurvy, and gout, instead of three estates—. Be this as it will I cannot get a shoe on that will go into a stirrup. So I beg you will not give yourself the trouble of sending a horse for me to day; for as my leg must want the support of a stirrup, I'm afraid I shall lose it on the road, and I must then be obliged to get a wooden one; which will give a handle to this spiteful world to call me by another, and more disagreeable name than those I have already, and which I fear would be *Timber-toe.*

I send compliments to you all—and do you believe I am

Your bro. in affliction,

TIM BOBBIN.

Mr. VINUS HODGKINSON,

Officer of Excise Tarporley.

June 24, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

I was more than a little pleased to hear by Mr. Shaw, of Lees (who desires his compliments) that you was not only in the land of the living, but in the business of the Excise, and continued with your inchifyed stick to rap at the ends of barrels, and take the dimensions of bungs and diameters as usual.

However I was not a little chagrined when I found him unable to answer my queries about your spouse—What number of children you had—How long you had been a Cheshire man, &c. But he told me you looked well and was merry—These I took for good signs and that all was right with you; and this made all things right with me.

He also told me you wanted to know whether I yet hugged my old earthy tabernacle about with me? This I a little wondered at; as believing you in the Excise, and know you could write a good legible hand: for if you had sent a letter directed to John Collier, or to Tim Bobbin, in this world or another, you had most certainly had an answer: though it had been stuffed as full of queries as K. George's ministry are full of blunders, or my crazy head of maggots—For admitting I had been slipped into the regions below, one friend of mine, or another, left behind me, would most certainly have answered them all.

To prevent troublesome questions on your part, I now tell you, I am in my 70th year—. That almost all my teeth have deserted their stations though my greater bones remain in statu quo: which is a strong hint that I made more use of the little than the great ones—. That my hand trembles, I need not tell you, as every word in this epistle crys aloud—See, how it shakes—! But whether this happens by drinking punch, or old

Time's nibbling at me, authors are not agreed—But I think the case may fairly be divided between them both.

My wife, my duchess, or crook'd rib, choose you which, is about 14 years younger than me—but fatter, and heavier—We have had 4 sons and 5 daughters: 3 of each are alive and well, except my eldest son—I have one grandson and 3 granddaughters, and expect more—My youngest son Charles is married at Kendal—He has bought the house I live in, and given it me, and his mother durante vitæ, which I think is something wonderful, as the kitling seldom brings the old cat a mouse—But you see Providence takes care of him, who never took care of himself; and who never valued the world, or any thing in it, as knowing the vanity and instability of all mundane things—though adored by fools of every class—I wish you and my unknown cousin health and happiness, i. e. contentment: and write to

Dear Cousin,

Your affectionate Kinsman,

JOHN COLLIER.

TO Mr. HITCHIN,

Steward, at Royle.

July 9th, 1780.

Sir,

On receiving the agreeable news from Mr. Wordsworth of Rochdale that you are to pay the odd trifle that was due to me from the late Robt. Parker, Esq. of Cuerden and having an agreeable character of you from Dr. Taylor of Rochdale, determined me to write freely to you, and draw on you for that sum which is £3 : 15 : 0, which I hope you will pay, or cause to be paid on receipt of this.

It was for 5 books of Human Passions delineated, and left with Mrs. Parker, by Jacob Wilde, Picture-frame maker, in Manchester, in or about the year 1773.

I sent for it by a friend about 2 years ago: but Mr. Parker being in the gout, and consequently very cross, would not part with any cash, or so much as give the messenger a horn of ale, but curses in plenty; which were not very relishing, and too airy a diet for the man to live on. I also called at Cuerden, soon after Mr. Parker's decease: but Mr. Wilcock wanted either the power or will to pay me; so my labour and expences proved as chaff before the wind.

When I published this Book of Droll Heads by subscription in the year 1773, it was a scheme I laid to pay my debts; which I thought was an honester way than turning foot-pad, and as honourable a one as Mr. Wilkes took to rub off his old scores: and though my scheme is not quite completed, yet I presume my debts will be discharged before *K. Geo.* can get receipts for the fag-end of his: so if I can come even with so great a——— as his Majesty I will not complain of the world: and the world should not complain of me.

Besides, I had no other way of laying the country under contribution, as not having the military at command, as our wiseacres above had, at the late riots at Westminster. Indeed I had always good hopes given me of being paid, by my good friend Col. Townley; but generally with a hint that I must have patience: however I am glad I had it not before; for if so, it had probably been after some more, which I have put out to use for which I must never receive either stock or interest: and my earthy tabernacle is made up of such a dry sandy mould, that it often requires watering. Then again I have but one barrel in my cellar, and my crooked rib (alias my duchess) will not suffer it to be broached till our pagan popish ceremony called a Rush-bearing arrive: at which time, if you be in this neighbourhood, you shall partake with the rest of the friends of

Sir, &c.

TO Mr. JAMES GLEGG,

Cabinet-maker, Liverpool.

July 19, 1780.

Sir,

As my crap's aw done, and many of my neighbours in the same circumstances, I would gladly contrive a way to replenish my pockets. I cannot think of a better at present, than by sending you a small box of my droll heads by way of venture, which I intend to pack off by Hargreaves on Monday next, the which I hope you will meet with in a few days afterwards. Upon the opening of which, I desire you to roll them, two or three at a time, backwards, like a roll of paper, and it will make them lie straight, and proper to hang up by the loops which you will find at the back of each picture. There will be about 20 of them, and hope you will find a proper room, with a good light to place them in: you will find a bill of parcels in the box. All which I beg you will communicate to my friend Mr. Chadwick schoolmaster of Whitworth, who intends to be with you in about a week after you'll receive the box; and doubt not but you will contrive matters for my interest.

Should you enquire why we are all so poor in this country, I cannot ascribe it to any thing but the harum-scarum management of our wise-acres above; who took it into their gotham-heads to plunder the American Colonies but these understood their interest too well, and loved money better, than to be robbed standing still, like passengers in a stage coach. Our Scotch obstinacy here and their tenaciousness of liberty forced them to lean upon what may possibly prove a broken reed, I mean the French; tho' the Spaniards have clapped them a crutch under the other arm. These impolitic measures have enabled the Irish to run away with too much of our Lancashire Trade and what will be the consequences of these mad freaks of administration, and Scotch-counsels I am not conjurer enough to foretell; but I like not the lowering clouds from

so many different quarters———God send prosperity to old England——the K——a good pair of spectacles——and the Scotch into their *nane Kintry.*

I beg compliments to all friends, particularly Messrs. Latham & Broster, wine merchants; Mr. Knowls schoolmaster; Mr. Dickenson (who is a kind of phænomenon, being a quaker fuller of projects and mathematics, than many of his brethren are of inward light) Mr. Parr of the Neptune's Coffee-house; Mr. Rediough the merry barber and my beard cutter: who all of them jointly or separately may possible help you to a customer or two: which that it may happen is the hearty wish of

Sir, &c.

P. S. May a golden Angel fly away with me, if I had not forgot Mr. Wilson who keeps that sign.

TO Mrs. COLLIER.

Sep. 10th, 1780.

Old Friend and Acquaintance,

This letter may possibly surprise you more, than any you ever received from me before: but having neither will, or leisure for circumlocutions I'll come to the point, and tell you———that on Thursday last, I found myself much disordered by a cold, as I thought. The day following I was worse; and yesterday the worst of all—my distemper increased all night, and all this forenoon (being Sunday)———The symptoms were so bad, that my neighbours who came to see me all looked on me as a dead man—. Their fortune-telling-guesses proved true for once—for I departed out of your comical world betwixt two and three o'clock this day Sunday the 10th day of Sep. 1780.

I made no will for I drove it, like many other indolent persons, till I had neither will, time, or power to do it: only I ordered them to bury me in my lower garden near the arbour

and there is room for two more if you care not for my company in this place, when you come from the world where you are, I would have Mr. Whitaker on one side of me: but if he prefers a bustling Church-yard before my calm retreat, then let Ned o' Christians rest his crooked back and dry bones at the side of me who I well know will like it better than any double-consecrated ground in England. Let the great Stone in the School-yard be laid over me and if Ned rest him here I shall not have much objection against that epitaph to be cut on it which was thought to be sent Mr. Whitaker by some good natured, but short sighted parson.

I would have you have all my worldly-wealth (after paying my debts,) which I think is no little, and more than I ever desired or deserved—*provided* you marry in three months after the date of this letter———If you stay six months then you shall have but one half———If you do not marry before twelve months are expired, then be contented with one quarter of my wealth: and what then remains I would have you give it to your daughters in what proportion you may think best.

As far as my little experience teaches me, I shall like very well in this world———: and I plainly perceive that not one of your parsons have the least distant idea of this country, notwithstanding all their descriptions and harangues about it—That the doctrines they preach up to the commonality are wild and extravagant, and so very wide of truth that they even are bad guessers. Whilst I was with you I looked upon them, in general, as blind guides—hypocritical—proud—covetous—in short, tell all of them you meet with to stay where they are—as quite unfit for this country where I now am—who was once,

Dear duchess your whimsical husband,

J. C.

P. S. I know not what strange things I may meet with as yet: but if it be not contrary to the laws and customs of this

country, I may perhaps send you an account how all sorts of persons are received here; and what offices and employments they are put to, from the king to a chimney sweeper, and from an archbishop to a methodist preacher. In the mean time be happy, and think of a new husband in the room of

Dear duchess

Your once whimsical husband.

TO Mr. BOTTOMLEY.

Dec. 11th, 1780.

Cousin Bottomley,

I have yours of the 8th current enclosing the receipt and thank you for all your trouble. I did not understand that my Rev. friend Mr. Watson's work had been that of the arms of the English Nobility; but that of the arms and pedigree of the Warren's Family. You say the work is very curious; and that it would be a day of fine amusement for me. Now here seems a very material *Hiatus;* which I wish had been filled up with telling me how, where, and when I may attain this day's fine amusement: i. e. whether it be in yours, or some other person's power: or how I may come at it, if it be come-atable. I would take great care of it, and return it when required. I also wish you had mentioned particularly the size—number of plates—who engraved them, and what letter-press, if any. These with other particulars would be very agreeable to me: and you know, as well as I that I am in the evening of life: and that it is not at all probable that I can spin out my days above three or fourscore years reckoning from the date of this letter. Had truth always reigned triumphant in this world I should have gone through more perils than ever fell to St. Paul's lot; for Fame's trumpet sounded aloud twice that I died a natural death—twice was I killed off my horse—once I was drowned—once I was near having my skull divided to my jaws

by one of the light horsemen who came the last month into Manchester, only for breaking my walking stick on his head, tho' he found fault with me for pissing on his horses legs— And the last week it was current in Rochdale that I was dead of an apoplexy.

Besides these I have gone thro' many other perils; for once I was within half the length of a Taylor's clothyard of being thrown over the battlements of Sowerby-bridge into the water, having had the misfortune of giving my nag too much corn.— Twice was I lost in the snow—once was I in danger of having my brains knocked out by a drunken parson (Mr. H——m of Saddleworth) who threw a chair at me across a table, but fortune assisted me in stretching out my arm, which put it by and it broke to pieces: may not this be truly called a peril amongst my tipling brethren?

Indeed I believe I have lived more genteelly (i. e. more rakeishly) than ever St. Paul did: for I never heard that he was drunk three times a week for forty years together (as my crooked rib says I have been) or that he had three easy chairs: that he ever wore a banian, or morning-gown and rode his own mare: or that his credit was so good as to enable him to run into debt as I have done.

I say considering these things, and that life is so precarious; help me to this one day's fine amusement before I die, if in your power: for I ever thought God too good, and wise to create man on purpose to live in sorrow, want, and trouble: or that we should go whining and crying hypocritically thro' life: or not enjoy those things he made purely for our use.

For my part, I hate a popish lent, and a hermits diet. I'll take all in my reach, which he gives me and thank him: and let all wrong headed lent keepers, and methodistical misers pine on barley cakes, parched beans, and pease husks, the very refuse of hogs: for I want not to be number'd amongst

Pharaoh s lean kine, but let me always be reckoned your most affectionate kinsman

JOHN COLLIER.

P. S. Compliments to all friends between Bleakstone-edge and Beeston-castle.

TO Mrs. COLLIER.

Aug. 8, 1781.

Dear Duchess,

One reason of my writing to you now is a strong one; for I begin to want you—You are very sensible I never desired a multiplicity of places like many of our pluralistical Right Reverends; and many of King George's court caterpillars: for though you know I am (now in your absence) High Steward of the Household, Lord Chamberlain, Chief Butler, Master Cook, and prime Gardener, any one of which offices is enough for one of my indolent temper; yet I chuse to live like a pauper rather than be genteel and live in affluence, and make a bustle in a world, which I look on as not worth my notice.

I suppose you remember that Sam o George's, my under gardener, was to dress up our two little gardens for a pair of my old blue breeches. He began with the lower garden on Saturday last, which done, he was at the other on Sunday morning by peep of day; whilst many an idle parson was lolling and snoring on two feather beds, wearing out the fumes of the over night's debauch, or pulling wry-faces with wringing stabs of the gout.—Whether poor George, by getting a pair of old breeches on a rushbearing Sunday morning, or such parsons tortured with luxurious living will be deemed the wickeder mortals in another world, I will leave to our most reverend and critical divines to determine.

My Bro. Clay, with an exciseman from Bury made their appearance here on Sunday about eleven o'clock—. It may be

proper to tell you, that I refused the beef you bespoke at Sutcliffe's it not pleasing me: so I had neither beef, mutton, veal, roast or boil'd, pies, tarts, or custards in the house; so was finely prepared for a country rushbearing: and tho' I believe there was materials in the house to make a pudding of, yet neither the housekeeper you left me, or I, knew how to mix them up. However I had the brains to take them to James Clegg's where we dined on good plum-pudding, roast-beef, and potatoes, and made up our mouths with cheese and cranberry tarts, and washed all down with my march beer. He that kibes, or throws up his nose at such a dinner as this, should board with me, or live with our neighbour Joseph o'Leache's, a year or two till he comes to his senses.

After dinner they determined to go over to Tim Bobbin's Head, and I must needs go with them: but a son Richard had brought me a horse that stood waiting, I soon mounted and took to Littleborough.

My old friend Mr. Mills being dead and gone, I thought all things had a queer aspect: so after one pint I set off for Rochdale; where a Jimmy Bag-man on tasting my punch would throw in his sixpence, but would not stay till it was out: and I thinking I had enough reserved the other in petto till another opportunity, and went home almost as sober as you could wish me.

At Milnrow I found old, young, middle aged, and many within 4 or 5 miles all in a bustle, some drunk, some sober, and most of them merry—but all of them wise, handsome, and clever. Many hobbletehoys with silk bands about their hats, fastened with fine shining bright buckles. New leather breeches, and large square buckles glittering at their shoes: all as proud as Major Generals. The lasses standing in the market in white aprons, silk, or washing gowns, small hats placed over the nose; so that all was incog. but the screw'd mouth and the chin, with as many doubled ribbands as you generally see at a country marling.

I not liking tawdry gewgaws, and monkeyish tricks, left them and took to bed as sober as a judge.

Monday I dined at Belfield, and found all well there—Mrs. Townley enquired after you—I told her you had over-run me; and that I was then going to seek another—She smiled and hinted, I was tumbled too far down hill—This not quite pleasing me, shortened our conversation, and we soon parted.

Mr. Whitaker and I then took to Rochdale, and knowing his Reverence Mr. Shaw was very badly, we called to see him. He had a small order for me of a few heads: but he being in no tune for conversation we left him and took to Mr. Fildes's. There we had two excellent sneakers of punch, which were as good to me as oil to a clock. We went from thence to the Buck, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Haslingden, from Manchester, in company with one I took for a parson, of one order, or sect or another. We had mighty struggles by way of argumentation together, and as my tongue was pretty well loosened, was told the day after, that none knew who was first, or who last. However I got to bed pretty soon, according to custom, but not drunk, Madam, as I fancy I hear you think.

I breakfasted with several sorts of gentlemen, or bagmen, I know not which; all as proud as our country gobbins at a Rush-bearing—About 11 Mrs. Wordsworth would fetch her children home from Milnrow—She ordered a chaise harnessed, and kindly invited me to take a seat with her; I had no more sense, or grace than to accept it—and so rode home like a gentleman.

I had not touched any liquors before Mrs. Wordsworth's return, neither did I intend to do it—But lo—! Mr. Whitaker, with an attorney or two called on me about 5 or 6 o'clock, and I must needs go over with them to Tim's Head: I being you know in these cases of a very pliable temper condescended. They, and neighbour Stock of Ashes, treated me with 5 or 6, 12 penny bowls; and my finances running low I made no scruple of conscience to accept them. All weighty matters conclu-

ded I went—or if you please, Madam, staggered to bed. 'Tis now Wednesday 5 o'clock, and nothing has defiled my mouth but one gill of beer.

My grandson John Clegg is just now in the height of his glory. The boys have dressed up a wheelbarrow filled with rushes: John rides on the summit, carries a garland, and is as full of pride and ostentation as a Roman General in the midst of a Triumph.

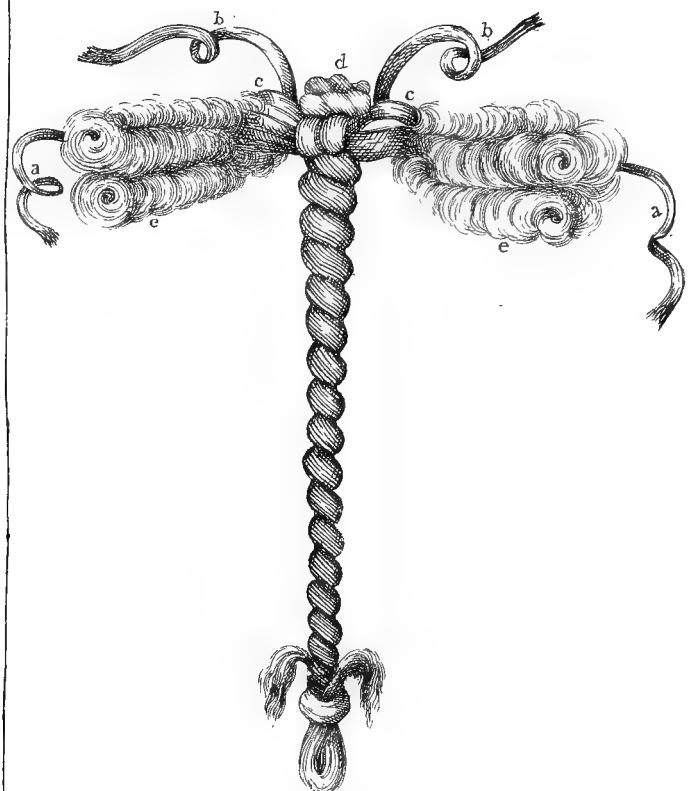
I was with Mr. Gore on Monday evening, who told me you had been at Liverpool; and that you would only be at Allerton about that time: but let not this hinder you from giving me a full account of every days transactions since you left me; and what benefit you have had or expect to receive from bathing.

I beg my humble service to Mrs. Hardman, and all friends who think it worth their while to enquire after me—My blessing to Bet and think me (if possible) Madam,

Your good and obedient husband,

J. C.

P. S. Send me word when you intend to come, that I may know whether to pursue or drop my present courtship.



a a Represents a silken string that goes from the Locks round the fore part of the Head under the Hat.

b b The ends of the Ribband platted with the hair of the tail, and fastens it to the hair of the Head.

c c A thread that goes to ye back of the Head to fix the Locks

d The end of the Tail which is ty'd to the hair of the Head by the Ribband b b. e e The Ear-locks.

Tim. Bobinv. del. et f.

THE BATTLE

OF

THE FLYING DRAGON

AND

THE MAN OF HEATON.

Spectatum admissi risum veneatis ?.....Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 5.

TO THE READER.

I have very little to say to thee, O my friend; only, I hope by the following short Poem thou wilt see that I wish Englishmen would be content to be Englishmen, both in dress and politics.

FAREWELL.

THE ARGUMENT

A LANCASHIRE beau being at London, fell in love with the large pig-tails and ear-locks, and consequently brought the French toys with him to Lancaster; business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his courser, dressed in the pig-tail, ear-locks, &c. a-la-mode francois. The toy rolled on his shoulders till the blasts blew away both that and the ear-locks, they being fastened to the tail with black ribbons.

A countryman coming that way, and seeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a FLYING DRAGON, and after mature deliberation, resolved to kill it. This produced three battles; at the latter end of which, (the wind ceasing, and the pig-tail lying still) he thought he had manfully performed. Elated with the exploit, he twists his stick in the ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as boys commonly do adders; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was with much ado convinced; and then in great confusion sneaked away, leaving his reverence in possession of the monster, who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shews it with much diversion to his friends.

THE

FLYING DRAGON

AND THE MAN OF HEATON.

PART I.

WHAT man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With spaniel nose, and eagle's eyes,
Can tell this hour what th' next will fling us.
Or whether joy, or sorrow bring us;
That no dispute there needs of this,
The man of Heaton witness is;
A man he was, and very stout,
But whether quite so wise, some doubt:
And as my muse dare not decide,
The foll'wing facts must be our guide:
So leaving him in doubtful mood,
Let's hint at one more understood.
Our other hero, for we've two,
Right Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo,
Was late arriv'd from that fam'd city,
Half French, half English—ah, what pity!
Where courtiers, pensioners, and placemen,
By frequent ins and outs, disgrace men:
Where doughty squires to knights are vamp'd,
Where half-thick lords to earls are stamp'd:
Where all the arts of jockey-ship
Are us'd, as at the turf and whip:

Where one throws out his dearest brother,
And statesmen jostle one another ;
Who lay their meagrim brains together,
To make our feet find their own leather.
Our eyes must see, sans sun or candle,
And in the day mope—dingle dangle ;
Where bribery's the chiefest trade,
And laws against our interest made ;
Where Britain's fate is—hum—decided,
And all 'mongst W——s and R——s divided !
But stay—should I their actions paint,
Our heads would ache, our hearts would faint ;
So leaving them, and their grand squabble,
My muse of better things shall babble.
This man I say was just come down,
From that French pig-tail foppish town
As gay as daw in borrow'd plumes,
And all the airs of fop assumes.
This ramille secundum artem,
Was toss'd up—bless me,—ah ad fa—t—m !
His ear-locks too !—near eye brows plac'd,
His countenance genteelly grac'd ;
A pig-tail dangling to his a—e,
(O truth 'tis thou that shames my verse)
Being tagg'd with curious shining hair,
In various colours did appear ;
With powder dusted, smooth'd by tonsure,
He look'd as grand as monkey monsure !
His nag high mettled shin'd like raven,
Both sire and dam, of blood in Craven :
He mounted, hem'd—fill'd cheeks with wind,
Spur'd nag—(who answer'd from behind)
Away he flew—now boisterous Boreas
Vex'd to see man so vainly glorious,



Resolv'd this champion's pride to humble,
And make his furious courser stumble;
But finding soon this scheme to fail,
He aim'd his force at the pig-tail,
And whisk'd it round both back and shoulder,
Still he rode on—and still look'd bolder!
Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
At ear-locks blew with might and main,
Not dreaming of their being ally'd,
And to the tail so closely ty'd.
All Skyppo's head attire so gay,
The blast had nearly blown away,
When fortune raising rufflʼd hand,
Kept wig and beaver on their stand;
But pig-tail with the ear-locks new,
Away with Boreas waving flew,
Our hero spruce neʼer missʼd the toy,
But rode for Sunderland with joy;
Thinking to shew the fashion new,
Which sight would make one laugh—or spew.

Part II.

But who comes next! the man of Heaton,
Whose very name old time hath eaten;
For authors in this point do vary,
Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*.
But I incline, for private reason,
To call him *Oamfrey* at this season;
And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,
As suits my rhyme, or helps my wit.
But on he comes;—and fame rehearses,
His nose, two feet before his a—e is;
A trusty knob-stick fill'd his hand,
And thought no power could him withstand:

When lo!—his lifted eyes assail
A long, black thing, with wings and tail!
The wings quick moving with the wind;
The tail in curls, turn'd up behind;
So *Oamfrey* stops his sauntering course,
And unto musing had recourse.
Then stamp'd his knob-stick on the ground,
And crying in amaze profound,
"I'th name o'Jesus say—whot art;
"That two black tungs fro meawth con dart?
"Whooas twisted body's like the hurn
"O'that fem'd beeost the unicorn!
"I say, whot art? I'th neme o'God!—
"My stick shall—howd—I've heard a rod
"Of willow will demolish soon
"The direst snake below the moon."
With that, stout *Noamp* his thwittle drew,
And on the edge three times he blew;
Then from the hedge he in a crack
Brings a tough willow with him back;
But whilst the leaves he from it strips,
Across the lane the dragon skips!
Quoth he—"I see theaw'rt marching off,
"Boh howd o bit;—this willow tough
"Shall, if strength fail not, stop thy flight."
So strikes the pig-tail with his might,
And cries out "Boh!"—then quick returns,
Then gives a stroke—then backward runs.
The monstrous animal up flew,
And *Oamfrey* starting, quick withdrew.
His eyes oth' stare, his face grew pale,
With open mouth he view'd the tail,
Which briskly wanton'd in the wind;
Then swore—"It's of the dragon kind!"

On deep reflection he grew tardy,
And thought it sin to be fool-hardy.
"If I con seve meh sell," quoth he,
"Whot's flying dragons unto me?
"There con no wisdom be I trow,
"In feighting things we dunnaw know;
"For should it chonce fly e meh face,
"I'm deeo'd os tripe—witheawt God's grase,"
So *Oamfrey* he the wand threw down,
Took up his stick, and march'd for town.

PART III.

Two roods he had not gone, before
A blast of wind the monster bore
Within two yards of *Oamphrey's* stick,
Which vex'd our hero to the quick.
Quoth *Noamp*, "Be this I plenely see
"It mun be oather thee ur me,
"And sin 'tis so, I'll never run,
"Boh kill ur dee before eh done."
Then in a passion from his hand,
He threw his stick and fetch'd the wand;
And poor pig-tail with courage fresh,
And all his might began to thresh;
But still the dragon kept the field,
Cock'd up his tail and scorn'd to yield.
This furious combat by report,
Did last while *Oamfrey's* stick grew short,
And a cessation, as fame reckons,
Continued till he got fresh weapons.
But *Oamfrey* having luck to find
A weapon to his murdering mind,
Says softly thus unto himself;
"Theaw feights for honor, not for pelf;

"And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
"Thy feme will bleze, un ne'er goo eawt,"
Then hemming twice—spits on his hand,
And snatches up the magic wand,
Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
So strikes with all his might the dragon;
And thus the battle was renew'd,
And both sides to their tackle stood.
Again fierce *Oamfrey's* stick did dwindle
Into the length of common spindle;
But thinking now the battle gain'd,
Because he with no blood was stain'd;
Resolv'd to fetch another switch,
To kill outright this dragon-witch.
Now while this third great duel lasted,
Fierce *Oamfrey's* strength was almost wasted,
The dragon too, now wanting breath,
Had symptoms of approaching death;
And ev'ry member seem'd to fail,
He hardly stirring wing or tail,
For Boreas likewise, tir'd at length,
Had quite exhausted all his strength,
And all was hush; so fortune gave
The field and battle to the brave!
And pig-tail lies as still as stone,
As tho' to live it ne'er had known.
And thus the Dragon here was slain,
Whilst *Oamfrey* lives to fight again.

Part IV.

Our hero's courage none can doubt:
Nor love of fame was he without:
For when this glorious feat was done,
And such a vict'ry fairly won,



Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,
Put kersey coat on sweating back;
And then with cautious stare he view'd
The dragon which he'd hack'd and hew'd;
But still it prov'd above his ken,
As it might do to wiser men.
Here *Oamfrey* musters up his senses,
And pride threw down all meek pretences;
So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the spoils of war.
With this intent his ample foot
Held down the pig-tail, whilst he put
His stick within the frizzl'd hair,
And thus before him did it bear.
Ten furlongs he'd triumphing past,
But met no mortal man or beast:
When, lo!—he met with heart full gleesome,
The rev'rend rector styl'd of Heysham.
The parson star'd, whilst *Oamfrey* held
The dragon, which he'd lately kill'd:
And after clearing up his weasand,
He query'd thus, to know the reason!
"Why *Oamfrey*, man! what have you got
"Upon your stick?" "That I know not."
"Where did you find the tawdry thing?"
"Tawdry!" quoth *Noamp*, "why 't has a sting."
"A sting man!—nay no more than you."
"By th' mass, good parson, that's naw true;
"Look at its tungs;—it's stings ith' tele,
"Or else I'm sure my senses fail."
"True," quoth his rev'rence, "that may be;
"And in that point we both agree:
"But if my eyes, like thine, don't fail,
"It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail."

"A pig-tele, pars'n! that's good fun!
"No moor thin bacco-pipe's a gun.
"Why 'twas alive ten minutes since,
"An that I'll swear be king or prince;
"Nay, moor thin that, it flew abeawt,
"An that no swine-tele, or his sneawt,
"Cou'd ever do sin Noah's flood,
"An this I will maintene for good."
The rector laugh'd, and *Noamp* look'd sour,
For to convince he wanted pow'r:
Nor could *Noamp* to his thoughts give vent,
As anger cork'd up argument.
His rev'rence then began again
To reason thus: "Why look ye man,
"This is black silk, and this is hair:
"Feel and believe,—you need not stare."
"Not stare? why, pars'n, did naw you
"Affirm just neaw, a thing naw true:
"Did naw yo sey it wur a pig-tele,
"Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a snig-tele."
"Why man: but so they call the thing;
"You see 't has neither head nor sting;
"These ribbands are to tie it on,
"As you shall see I'll do anon."
His rev'rence then his wig took off,
And *Noamp* began to hem and cough;
His doubts he found to disappear,
And that he'd got wrong sow by th' ear;
For as the parson was adjusting,
Things grew the more and more disgusting,
But when he put o'er all his wig:
"The d—l ta' yer tele o' pig!
"What sense is there e tele so black,
"That's teed toth' heeod, an rows o'th' back?



"If they'd ha things weh netur jump,
"The tele should awlus ston o'th' rump;
"That fok moot know oytch foolish brat
"For munkey greyt, or meawntin cat;
"Boh gawbies neaw gin kersun names
"To things naw hardly fit for flames."
So *Oamfrey*, grumbling, budg'd away,
But neither bade good night, or day.
The rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again
At *Oamfrey's* notions thro' the scene;
And took the pig-tail with him home,
For sport to friends in time to come;
And keeps it to this very day
At Heysham, as my authors say.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

A POEM.

THE

DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST

HIGH AND MIGHTY STERN-VISAG'D

Pluto,

PRINCE OF STYGIAN DARKNESS, CHIEF

ENGINEER OF NOCTURNAL THUNDER, AND GENERALISSIMO

OF ALL THE DEPARTED GHOSTS IN

THE INFERNAL REGIONS,

&c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS AND DREAD PRINCE!

I am very sensible 'tis the highest presumption in me imaginable to address the following POEM to your grisly majesty: but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements; for where could the *Whistling Ouzel* have found an asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable enemy) but in your swarthy dominions? Though at the same time she flies to you for protection, she's possessed with an ominous fear, that when her adversary makes his exit out of these terrestrial regions, you'll immediately degrade *Æacus*, advance him to the bench, and assign to his profound and equitable care all the European provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant judge in your shady jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profound wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful monarch! that 'tis my humble opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my advocate, since 'tis the d—l of a POEM, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure style, and therefore none so proper for its patron paramount as your gloomy majesty.

Another reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient or modern higlers in rhime, ever dedicated any of their productions to your dusky godship: tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous name, extol your supreme power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the cosmography of your ample dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny gods, and goddesses, of mere terrestrial lump; and the press has given us a modern proof of a thresher, who has thrown down his unwieldy flail, and taken up the pliant nimble pen, to make one who has lately passed thro' your sooty territories, as powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the goddess CYBELE was to the ancients.

Since the clumsy flail has presumed to address a terrene queen, accept, great prince of darkness! of the first fruits of the swift-paced shuttle; which was a scion that blossomed, and whose fruit came to maturity this keen benumbing storm, when looms were more terrible to cringing, thin-bellied weavers, than ever the pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of your's, *Pryn and Bastick.*

And now, methinks, I have almost beaten that modish and much frequented path of dedication enough; tho' I neither have nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind; and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I tell your stygian gloominess that if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great self, you had never heard of the *Whistling Ouzel:* neither would I have you think, that I have played the timid Indian, and offered the *Black-bird* to your ghastliness as a propitiation for some enormous crime, committed against your majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-bird*, on her well balanced sable pinions, to your sootiness for protection; the which I hope you'll grant her: and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch and nestle about your awful throne. If your dreadful majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *i. e.* go whistle.

I am,
Tremendous Sir,
Now and ever will be,
TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,
Jan. 15th, 1739.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

A Poem.

THE INVOCATION.

Thou who with Ale or vile Liquors,
Didst inspire Whithers, Pryn, and Vicars,
And force them, though it was in spite,
Of Nature and their Stars to write;
Assist me but this once I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more. HUD.

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The southern course, and in our climes begun
To perfect blossoms and the budding flow'rs
To paint the fields, and form the shady bow'rs,
The distant prospects all around were seen,
To wear a curious eye-delighting green;
And school-boys stood, while sloth put on the reins,
And with cramm'd satchels sauntered in the lanes;
The younger sort would stroll about to get
The daisy, primrose, and the violet;
While Tom and Will with eager eyes would view
Each bush and tree, from whence a linnet flew,
And every hedge did pry into, to find
The downy structure of the feather'd kind.
SUCH were the days when MINOS would be drest,
To look more awful on a day of rest;
His sapient head he deckt in perriwig
Of three-tails dangling to look *Quorum* big;

His beaver cock'd plain dealing-wise, he pull'd
So low his forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
But this was done, his visage more to grace,
And coup'd a third part from his pouting face;
Being cloak'd and booted, they who knew him not
Thought Hudibras o'er gloomy *Styx* had got:
And as that knight, so he'd a squire to wait,
Whene'er he sally'd forth thro' creaking gate.
This for his outward man; but I must strain
For to dissect his wonder-working brain;
Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning muse,
To bathe my skull in crowning laurel-juice;
But since I've ventur'd the outside to scan,
I'll slightly touch upon his inward man.
(But know, my angry muse reflects not on
This tinkling cymbal for its jarring tone;
But for affecting those celestial airs,
By which the organ charms the list'ning ears.)
If speech be the true index of the mind,
And doth denote with what the head is lin'd,
We may conclude, that since his speech is clipp'd,
His moving garret is but half-equipp'd;
But lest a pun won't please the *would-be-wise*,
His wit wants ballast, and his judgment eyes;
For nature made him without care, or art,
And left unfinish'd much the better part;
Or else, in forming, tir'd with too much pain,
She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his brain.
If any wonder why as judge he's plac'd,
Or how the bench comes with his worship grac'd,
That thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we
Are sway'd by fools, much greater knaves than he:
We grant, he seems a genuine chip of those
Convention-wits, who lead us by the nose;

Tis true we go like Bruin to the stake,
Who knows his task, and fain his bonds would break;
But forced on he shakes his shaggy fur,
And looks with fury on each brindl'd cur;
* *Craftsman*, the bearward, doth promulgate law,
And threatens wounds from deep Panonian-jaw;
Asserting ne'er a collar'd-whelp doth play
The game that's fair, but runs a thievish way;
And thinks with Justice, in this dire contest,
Each cur should run with fawning tail the first.
Or, if you please, smooth-chins should rule the roast
And hairy ruffians kick'd from ev'ry post.
Which scheme before all others I prefer,
If my old grannum may be treasurer,
For I'm her only fav'rite and must taste with her.

But lest some critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,
And from a *Black-bird* 'tis a *Bear-bait* grown,
I'll to his worship once again repair,
That's going now to snuff the country air.
After a turn or two within the room,
A hem breaks forth—and then he calls his groom;
Here Jack? where's Jack? I'm here his man replies.
Bring out my horse, and straightway *John* complies.
He being gone, the knight must see the glass,
To fix some upright airs in oblong face;
His hand adorn'd with ruffl'd shirt he drew
Unto his head, and set his wig askew;
Then gently stroak'd his manly beard, and then,
Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again;
The bob before he'd often toss behind,
As pleas'd his curious self-admiring mind;
He lower'd his eye-brows, made a furrow'd brow,
Pull'd in his chin, more majesty to show:

* Vide Gentleman's Magazine for Jan. 1740, page 20.

Pleas'd with the sight, and first aside the man
Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began,
"I'll say't thou'rt graceful:—very graceful—and
Thy very look will reverence command!
Thy dress is handsome—very genteel!—still
Not the least foppish, if I've any skill;
Besides 'tis known this head can penetrate
Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,
Or as the proverb says, can see as far
Into a millstone"—here the gate did jar;
For John had done according to command,
And waiting stood, with nag and cap in hand.
THE steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's beast;
Nor ever was don QUIXOTTE's dapple fit,
For speed and beauty, to be nam'd with it;
So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack
Of precious ware, as they, upon his back!
And all agree his worship's teeming full
Of just such wit as they bore in the skull.
This bonny nag Sir MINOS did bestride,
And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride;
About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
The knight and 'squire, of silence broke the door:
And then it was the Justice came t'himself,
From contemplating on his wit and pelf:
With lisping accent and emphatic voice
(While pate and bum, on thigh kept equal poise)
He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,
And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.
Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,
Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly task:
Sir, there's no doubt, (says John.)—Then tell me pray
What says the world that now I bear such sway?

Why sir! they speak exceeding well of you,
As wise and good, to king and country true.
Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,
The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.
Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
As he came on; but hark thee, Jack:—tell true!
When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake?
Yes, that they do, and like an aspen shake.
What do they think, when I'm upon the bench?
You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.
Whose judgment is't a knotty matter clears?
Sir, your's alone sinks twice as deep as theirs;
Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on
Thy words are good—I'll mend thy wages, John.
I thank you, sir;—I'm much oblig'd to you.
Now th' *Ouzel* whistles wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u,
And so went on like a shrill flute to play
That gleesom tune, the twenty-ninth of May,
Hold, Jack, stand still, I hear a whistling noise
Within that house: 'tis sure some atheist's voice:
Tho' catholics, I've heard my father say,
Would whistle, dance, and sing o'th' Sabbath-day,
But who can this be? says John, I can't tell,
But man, or maid, it whistles very well.
Some papist! Jack: in that I'gree to you;
Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u.
Both listen'd, while the tune was whistling o'er,
The knight more vex'd than e'er he was before,
Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious mood,
Said, I'll commit him,—he's the serpent's brood,
He sees me stand, and yet he whistles on
This sabbath-day; was such a thing e'er known?
'Tis papist-like to whistle against me,
Or, what's the same, against his Majesty:

No doubt he knows I represent the king,
And that we both are but the self-same thing.
Sir, says the squire, this thing I know t'be true,
Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u,
And so proceeds with the old tune again:
The knight cries out, O monstrous and prophane!
Was ever antichristian impudence
So base, to give both God and man offence;
'Tis most seditious!—Jack, light off thy horse,
And bring the rascal, else use all thy force;
For I this moment will commit him safe,
Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.
Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
—But he repeats, the whistling man must go
Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.
The man replies, "the whistler's good and true,
"And serves me well; but what's all this to you?
"He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat,
"Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat;
"He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
"Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs;
"He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
"Within the room, and slight his stern command."
Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat;
Howe'er he goes and tells the justice flat,
The whistler would not come; he fear'd no law,
Or king, or justice, valu'd not a straw,—
But when the knight heard this, be rav'd and tore,
And sev'ral times thus by Astrea swore,
"I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
An everlasting monument of ill;
A sad example of seditious tools,
To pagan knaves and antichristian fools."



And with these words he nimbly quits his horse,
Raging with passion; never fury worse;
And in he flies, with "Where's this profane wretch
That slights the law; whom I myself must fetch;
Where is this whistling Turk; this stinking he Jew?"
And now the bird sings, wheet-wit, wheet-wit whee'u.
And then the twenty-ninth of May begun:
"What," quoth the knight, "was such a thing e'er known!"
And, puppet-like, he whisks himself about,
To see if he could find the whistler out.
The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,
Sought every corner, and about him gaz'd;
But still this whistler was not to be seen,
Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen:
He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
As tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling Jove;
And then burst out in this emphatic strain:
"Ungodly! wicked! heath'nish, and prophane,
To break the sabbath? whistle against heav'n!
The king and me! 'twill never be forgiv'n!
A disaffected tune, too! shameless man!
Notorious rogue! he's of the Jesuit's clan;"
And then once more tow'rds heav'n his eyes he sent
And saw the *Black-bird* in a wire cage pent,
Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,
Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with light'ning slain.
He motionless as old Lot's wife did stand,
And still stretch'd out his sense-directing hand;
But at the last, he wheels himself about,
His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out;
Is this the whistler? nay, I scarce believe,
But both my eyes, and ears do me deceive:
I'll say 'tis strange! surpassing strange! a bird
To whistle tunes!—the like was never heard;

I thought it was not possible for art
To teach birds music!—not the easiest part;
Sure this is some Italian ouzle brought
O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught;
Why poz,† I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all
My life before, and with a thing so small!
I'll say't, I took it for some jacobite
That whistled thus, but who is always right?
A Solomon may play some foolish tricks,
And British Cato ‡ err in politics.
Then beck'ning finger makes the man draw near,
And in soft tone thus whispers in his ear,
Here, honest man, I'll give thee half a crown,
To promise me this thing must not be known,
For should the wicked ever hear this thing,
'Twould shame both me and our most gracious king
The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
But, wiseman like, in promising was slow;
And knight perceiving that the bird was put
In close confinement, and in limbo shut:
Old Oliverian and fanatic zeal
Grew cold, and did to crusted ice congeal;
And, calm as midnight, took his leave, but said,
Be sure this thing be never public made,
Thus Minos left the Black-bird closely pent,
And, mounting steed, on new adventures went.

† A favourite word of the Knight's for positively.
‡ Walpole.

THE COBBLER'S POLITICS;

A Country Dialogue,

ON THE PRESENT TIMES.

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbas.—Juv. Sat 2. 1. 63.

To T. B———n.

POETICAL SIR,

SITTING in a corner of a country alehouse the other day, I overheard the following dialogue.—One of them whom they called GEORGE, I took for a blacksmith, because of his swarthy complexion: the other (being much the greater politician) I soon found was a cobbler.

Their discourse and manner of reasoning I thought so much above their appearance, and so apropos to the present times, that I soon resolv'd to put them down in paraphrastic doggrel, and send them to you as a present, either to publish, or suppress, just as your whimmy fancy pleased.

If the cobbler thought proper now and then to use a little Billingsgate language, I hope your critical eyes will overlook it, because the subjects appear so naturally to demand it; and as to others, whose tender peepers cannot bear the refulgent blaze of truth, I advise them to wink like owls, in the sun, or put the cobbler's politics under the tea-kettle; for should they be offered up as a sacrifice to CLOACINA, they may perhaps give them the P—es.

I am, Sir,

Your unknown hble. Servt.

NAZ.

THE

COBBLER'S POLITICS:

A DIALOGUE.

GEORGE.

PRAY tell me, friend Robin, what means all this Tustle
Of signing sheep-skins o'th' American bustle?

ROBIN.

As I apprehend it, some sign for a war,
And want the poor slaughter'd, both soldier and tar.

GEO.

To me this is strange! and the dule of a temper;
In war and in bloodshed, our friends thus to hamper.

ROB.

That's true, as the gospel, but view the world wide,
'Tis int'rest makes villains to warp o'th' wrong side.

GEO.

But pri'thee now, Robin, what says t'other party?

ROB.

For peace, and for quietness, they're all very hearty.

GEO.

Now God's peace be with 'em—quo' George, in this glass,
Here's a hearty good health to them all by the mass:
But teastrils that study their brethren to murther
The dule skin them all——but go on, tell me further.

ROB.

These tykes stuff their parchments with flattery and fraud;
Glue up the K—'s eyes, and make truth int' a bawd:
The ruinous measures pursu'd of late years
Approve, nay applaud!—they should mourn for with tears:
Call ev'ry hard grievance a rebel's pretence,
Which will ruin our trade, and drive liberty hence:
And bring Hanoverians (here rhime wants a halter)
To keep Port Mahon and preserve Gibralter!
And hunger-bit Germans, with pay more than double
Are hired to cut throats, to save Englishmen trouble.

GEO.

Hold Robin, said George, thou drives on so fast
I cannot keep with thee; and join first to th' last:
But what is all this to th' Americans pray thee?

ROB.

I'll tell thee so truly, there's none can gain-say me.
They've alter'd their charters; depriv'd them of fishing;
Debarr'd 'em their rights, and left nought worth their wishing.
Deny'd habeas corpus, and trials by juries,
Made Admiral-courts, which will rule them like furies:
Establish'd a popedom, nurst papists like mothers,
But persecute cousins, and ruin their brothers.
Made the bill of Quebec a strong crutch for the pope:
(For which let majority *each* find a rope)
By parliament-acts seize their money and goods,
And drive them to live, like the Indians, in woods.

GEO.

Why, surely, the like to't was ne'er heard before!
No Jews, Turks, or Papists could ever do more.

ROB.

No more, George! then hear me, and thou may'st believe,
I scorn to belie them, or thee to deceive—

They've made all the judges dependant o'th' crown ;
A thing so unheard of, was never yet known !
'Gainst natural right, against law and good sense
Th' accused when here, had no legal defence.
No agent or counsel for them must be heard,
But from law and from justice, entirely debarr'd.
They hir'd a Scotch lawyer, t'abuse Doctor Franklin,
For which a Scotch ministry paid him, and thank'd him.
They've burnt some good towns, and ruin'd poor Boston,
And murder'd some brave men we all mourn the loss on.
Our m—n—y value nor right, law, or charter,
But for pow'r and int'rest, they all three would barter.
But Britons will pay them, or sore I'm mistaken,
For villains, by nature, should ne'er save their bacon.

GEO.

Besides, if report tell us true, I hear, Robin,
The Scots int' all places, their noses do job in.

ROB.

That starv'd northern swarm like the vandals of yore,
Than locusts more keen, rob from shore unto shore !
Commissions i'th' army—commands in the fleet—
Large pensions and places are laid at their feet ;
As if not a briton, born south of the Tweed,
Was able, or worthy to serve us in need ;
But a rebel to England lies lurking behind,
And dances each puppet, just to his own mind ;
And strives to make breaches, 'twixt subject and king,
That Stuarts may enter, and high masses sing.

GEO.

Thou'st e'en said enough, and more than I ever
Could think or believe were the whole put together !
But hark thee, old neighbour, I hear whining Wesley
Has written a conjuring paper—(Lord bless me !)

ROB.

His *Calm Address*, Georgy, thou means, as I guess;
That canting mix'd hodge-podge; no more, nor no less;
In which inconsistency stares folk i'th face,
Yet impudence for it expects—a good place.

GEO.

Then he writ it to serve as a ladder of rope
To p-ss on the clergy, and mount English pope,

ROB.

Yes; I know the old fox kens when th' iron's hot,
When knavery triumphs, and truth goes to pot:
He peeps round to see what old TIME will bring forth,
Lifts one hand to GOD, and the other to NORTH!
He wheedles his lambkins to heighten his gains,
And pilfers his writings from other men's brains:
He says and then unsays it, just as times go;
A goddess makes liberty—then a Dutch frow!
His claim unto prophecy, miracles, wit,
Who reads but his journals his sides he must split;
He stares up to heav'n with heart that's all mammon,
Holds forth against bacon, then dines upon gammon.
But speech is defil'd with off'ring to paint
This motly odd creature—this pious sweet saint!

GEO.

If he be a true saint, I'm sadly mista'en,
That writes, prays, and preaches, and all for pure gain.

ROB.

But let's leave this canter, and speak of another,
Whose doubly-bronz'd bacon face speaks him his brother;
A parson wrapt up in his cassock and band,
A shame to the clergy throughout the whole land.

GEO.

If that be the case, why dont they cashier him?

ROB.

That's done already—for no one will hear him!
His sermons quite suffocate folk with their smell,
They're larded so strongly with sulphur and hell:
On vanity's pinions he soareth so high,
Truth skims out of sight, and sense cannot come nigh,
His name Doctor Absolute—writes in a cause
Destructive of liberty, commerce, and laws;
A right mongrel black-coat, of F. S. A. blood,
Lies basking in falshood, and rolls in its mud;
A giant in scandal—a hero in lies—
Would fain, like the basilisk, kill with his eyes;
Whose notions fly winged, where'er the whim leads,
Or like th'Amphisbœna, crawls on with two heads;
When vex'd, would defame both his king, and his G—
And send you to hell with a look, or a nod.
Ah, Doctor, thy letters to S-n-y, and H-n-by
Were read—then abhorr'd; and thy own party scorn'd thee.
Thy true brimstone genius did glaringly shine,
And murder and blood-shed blaz'd forth in each line!
To day all for tyranny in the worst sense,
Next Mancunian patriot is thy pretence:
Thy pride still intoxicates ev'ry just thought,
And right and wrong, pat, to thy balance is brought.
In haughty bold impudence, none can surpass thee,
As witness thy scurrilous letters to M—ss—y.
A Billingsgate muse with a hundred foul tongues
Cann't vent so much ordure as to thee belongs.
In Styx may old Charon thy fiery soul quench,
For sland'ring such virtues, as honor the bench:
Whose names will endure, whilst thine with a puff
Will pass like a vapour, and stink like a snuff.

GEO.

Enough of such vermin—or rather too much,
And on the great clergy pray give me a touch:
I mean how the lawn-sleeves and mitres behave;
Sure they're all for peace, and this blood fain would save.

ROB.

Ah! George!—that I could but confirm that good thought,
But quite different news in each paper is brought:
Nine-tenths of the bishops—deplorable case—
Did vote to establish the popish grimace!
They hold with Scotch politics; foolish and weak;
Are silent, but when they for tyranny speak:
They bow down and worship great Bel and the Dragon,
Which some call preferment, and simony brag on:
But when wanton pow'r and sweet interest join,
They'll part none, till drown'd like the Gergesene swine,
And sure as my hammer doth pelt hard on leather,
Eighteen of their heads should be knock'd hard together.

GEO.

Quo' George, by the miss, and had I the knocking
I'd make ev'ry skull soft as fuz-ball, or stocking:
But Robin, too much of these great rogues is vain,
Pray how do the parsons in gen'ral demean?

ROB.

Hum—George—I am sorry, they're chips o'th' same block:

GEO.

Why then, by th' church-steeple, I'm none of their flock;
If conscience lies snoring and int'rest bears sway,
I'll never believe them, whatever they say.

ROB.

Why, George, when did parsons their int'rest forsake,
Or miss a preferment would butter a cake?
They'll point thee the road unto bliss with both hands,
But still as a guide-post, the parson he stands:

And, poor humble creature, will, for a good slice
Of sordid cold earth, give you mansions i'th' skies:
But parsons are parsons at M———r too,
At L———rp—l, Litchfield, and all the world thro'.

GEO.

By th' miss, honest Robin, I think thou canst preach,
And point truer doctrines than ever they'll teach;
'Tis plain as a pike-staff their all is below;
So here's to thee, Robin, for now I must go.

ROB.

I'm willing enough—but first let us drink
Some sentiments proper to th' times, as I think;
For thou, and I too, as we sail in this ship,
May sure wish its safety, and dread a false trip.

GEO.

With all my heart Robin, for sure I can drink 'em
If thou can propose 'em, or ever once think 'em.

ROB.

Here's wishing the m—n—ry, headed by th' mitres,
Must lead up, at Boston, our regular fighters;
And stand the same chance, which they force upon those,
Who are wiser and better by far, as fame goes.
So God bless the king, George, and send him such eyes,
As may blast all the knaves, and more honest men prize;
And wishing it never prove England's hard lot,
To be rul'd by a Stuart, a Knave, or a Scot.

PLURALIST and OLD SOLDIER.

A soldier maim'd and in the beggars' list,
Did thus address a well-fed pluralist:
  At *Guadaloupe* my leg and thigh I lost,
No pension have I, tho' it's right I boast;
Your rev'rence, please some charity bestow,
Heav'n will pay double—when you're there—you know.
  Plu. Heav'n pay me double! vagrant! know that I
Ne'er give to strollers, they're so apt to lie:
Your parish and some work, would you become,
So haste away,—or constable's your doom!
  Sol. May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and then,
You'll say I'm poorer than the most of men:
When *Marlbro'* sieg'd *Lisle*, I first drew breath,
And there my father met untimely death;
My mother follow'd of a broken heart,
So I've no friend, or parish, for my part.
  Plu. I say, begone!—with that he loudly knocks,
And timber-toe began to smell the stocks:
Away he stumps—but in a rood, or two,
He clear'd his weasand and his thoughts broke thro'.
  Sol. This 'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach
Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach;
But their disguise, to common sense, is thin,
A pocket button'd—hypocrite within.
Send me kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain's face,
Who gives me twelve-pence, and a curse, with grace;
But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,
These treble-pension'd parsons ever meet:
And when I die, may I still number'd be
With the rough soldier, to eternity.

THE FORTUNE TELLER:

OR THE

Court-Itch at Littleborough.

THE vice and folly which at court appears,
The country soon the leprous livery wears.
Curs'd pride and luxury engender soon,
And straight produce their darling—CUCKOLDOM.
Plac'd k—s and pension'd w—s devour the land;
The bribed vote as bribers do command;
But time may come when we may think it sport,
To sweep with brooms a dirty, vicious court;
Whose fashions do us country fools bewitch
And we catch vice, as people catch the itch.

THE

FORTUNE TELLER.

SWIVER,* a looby, known full well
To those who near him chance to dwell:
Because with stick and slouching hat,
He strolls to find out calves when fat;
And if his cash, with help of credit,
Can buy a good fat sheep,—will stab it!
This lusty carl one day did peep in
Where buxom RUDDA house was keeping;
A girl as sweet as flow'rs in May,
As rose in June was fresh and gay;
Whose very look, with keen desire,
Set SWIVER's panting breast on fire;
Who for a while, as sheep was dumb,
And all his speech was *haw* and *hum.*
At last comes out, *I con,—for sartin*
I con,—for shure,—tell lasses fortin.
Can you? quo' she, then tell me mine,
And all I have in pocket's thine.
He took and gently squeez'd her hand
And in the palm each line he scann'd;

* The butcher's bye-name, which, in this part of Lancashire, only means a slasher, or cutter;—as, swive me off a beef-steak, &c. tho' it might probably be given him by one who understood it in its primitive sense, as 'tis reported he got a woman with child the night his first wife was buried; so the application is proper enough in either sense.

Then cobbles up a hubbling story,
How she must live in wealth and glory
Be married soon and have a boy
That must his father's lands enjoy.
This pleas'd her so, she lost all strength,
And swooning, fell on couch at length!
The God of Love now prompted to him,
And all the charms of Rudda shew'd him:
So Swiver nick'd the lucky time,
And did!—what shames our modest rhyme!
Rudda that while, whate'er th' pretence,
Had not of feeling lost all sense:
Nor would the butcher do't to halves,
But oft enquired there for calves;
And always did her fortune tell,
Which now he could do full as well
As any courtier of them all,
At good St. James's, or White-hall:
For he had got to th' highest pitch,
That noxious plague, the Courtier's Itch:
And was as learned in the lore
Of cuckoldom as punk, or whore.
At last it chanc'd, her master out,
And Swiver, being on the scout,
Tipp'd her the wink;—she knew th'intent,
And all the servants out were sent:
The doors were shut a certain space,
Her master hearing in few days,
Did unto Rudda question put,
How came the doors one day t'be shut?
Rudda deny'd they ever were,
He then for Swiver sent, we hear,
And ask'd the same, who, humming twice,
And finding it a point too nice,

To answer which he was unable,
The question is not reasonable;
Nor is it fit that you should know,
Said SWIVER, and away did go.
Not many months had pass'd before,
The trump of fame began to roar,
That RUDDA'S pretty chubby face
Grew thin—but thicken'd in her stays:
Which dire report soon reach'd the ear
Of pretty RUDDA, as we hear;
Who slyly trac'd it to its source,
And vow'd the law should have its course.
Straight for a warrant RUDDA goes
To Justice, who, each baby knows,
Is blind as beetle, and her scales
Will turn with th' parings of your nails:
Except when int'rest drives a peg
I'th' centre!—then an arm's a leg;
White may be black; right may be wrong;
And what's too short, be much too long.
Now warrant's serv'd on Tommy S—tt,
Tho' innocent as child, God wot;
Who ne'er affirm'd this lusty SWIVER
Had given RUDDA a close driver:
Or, if you please, had given her pledge
Of steel, would cool, or whet an edge;
Or whisper'd, that behind a curtain
She had been told her all her fortune;
So prosecution hot as fire,
Was driven on by female ire.
The magistrates, with imps below them,
Who just have brains to pull fees to them,
Harrass'd poor Tom all sorts of weather,
Till feet lost some, and bum more leather;

His fob of guineas was bereav'd;
For he paid costs and k—s receiv'd.
Thus j——s, who loll on benches,
Do sometimes favour pretty wenches:
They smile, they squint, they ask a question,
How oft?—where?—when? and thus they jest on,
Till the deluded trembling creature,
With blushes purples ev'ry feature:
Her shiv'ring limbs can scarce support
Her shame, which some folks turn to sport.
With chagrin'd mind, poor Tom sits down.
A few short weeks;—when thro' the town
'Twas whisper'd, that the other night
This dark affair burst into light;
And that the butcher had confess'd
His sins to th'wife, and thus profess'd;
Why Ann,—indeed,—I've made a faut;
A greyt on too—as fok mey cau't!
For 'tis a faut, Ann,—yet if I
Had but a little cash;—by th' bye,
I think I could buy this job off,
Witheawt mitch sheme, and little scoff.
His downcast looks, and meek pretences,
Made Ann to muster up her senses,
And cast about how she could raise
The cash;—so quickly took her ways
With wisket—and for wool she run,
And money drew before 'twas spun.
And to her husband gave it soon,
With, see thou knave that this be done,
And careful be thou never more
Tells fortune to another whore:
For when thou plays such pranks again,
May old Nick take thee for thy pain.

Now Swiver to his doxy goes,
And helps to pack her Sunday cloaths,
And tells her which way she must steer,
And he soon after would be there.
Thus both are gone, and leave behind,
Sin, shame, and scandal, to the wind!
Now bats and owls are seen by pairs—
Two magpies ricking, hopp'd:—two hares
Run cross the road:—a ghost was seen
At boggart-well, dress'd all in green:
But some affirm, who saw it plain,
'Twas red as blood, or cloth in grain:
Yet wisest gossips think them right,
Who say that it appear'd in white;
But this dispute we'll pass by here,
And to some other matters steer.
Our Rudda's brother, late one night,
Held out the child to p—ss or s——:
Then calmly John lay down to rest,
But gloomy thoughts his mind oppress'd.
Long he'd not been thus musing on
Poor Rudda's fate, so lately gone,
But heard a noise that stunn'd his ears,
And drown'd his senses in his fears!
He thought for sure the crashing sound,
Was pewter-shelf that dash'd to th' ground.
A waft of wind he thought did pass
As cold as could be o'er his face!
This made John creep within the bed;
When lo!—he plainly heard the tread
Of bare feet plodding o'er the floor
Which made him sweat and tremble more:
'Till at the last, with courage stout,
His sweating nose he first put out;

Then on his backside sat, and spies
As plain as could be, with his eyes,
A spectre, in a woman's form,
The like ne'er seen since man was born!
Her garments white as flaky snow;
Hair hung in locks her breasts below;
Her eyes with weeping much were blear'd;
Her sobs and groans he plainly heard;
She cross'd the room five times that night,
Then vanish'd in a flash of light!
John now was frighten'd worse than ever!
His sweat was cold!—teeth hack'd together!
He toss'd and tumbl'd without sleep
And left his bed when day did peep.
  This frightful story he told soon,
Which spread two miles before 'twas noon:
His neighbours trembled at the tale
And good wives bless'd, and turned pale!
Some few persuaded John to find
Out Swiver, and the rogue to bind
To th' sessions, and to make him tell,
If Rudda was alive and well.
The other party did prefer
His going to a conjurer:
As far the best and cheapest way,
And then no fees would be to pay.
But this dispute's not worth our while,
And much too great to reconcile,
And John to take the wrong is loth,
At present hangs between them both.
  Ann was not long before she heard,
How th' apparition had appear'd
And frighten'd John; so straight her mind
Foreboded something was behind;

And that more ill-luck might attend
This fortune-telling in the end.
  This in the fire did cast more oil,
And Nanny's wrath did higher boil;
With spite and anger she pursues
The rogue, and puts this in the news.

Advertisement.

  From Littleborough there lately stray'd,
Or by fair Rudda was convey'd,
A lusty carl,—no fluent speaker;
A slouching hat, much like a quaker:
And who sometimes, pretends to tell
Fortune, or lay a nightly spell.
Whoe'er can this, our Swiver bring
To Ann, his wife, in rope or string,
Shall for their pains be the receiver
Of a good steel and heavy cleaver.
A pond'rous axe and leathern belt,
A swine-hook sharp as e'er was felt,
With two good brats* of Russia cloth;
(The which to part with I am loth)
Yet all's their own, who takes the pain
To send this rascal home again.

* Coarse linen aprons.

THE CUCKOW AND OWL:

A Fable.

A CUCKOW many years had rang'd
  Amongst the feather'd kind;
To see if he a mate could meet,
  Would fix his roving mind.
He tried all, he loves but few,
  For some too high did soar;
Some were too little, some too big,
  And some too ragg'd and poor.
At last he would a courting go,
  To broad-fac'd Mistress Owl,
Believing her the prettiest bird
  Of all the winged fowl.
Transported with this odd conceit
  Away the Cuckow flew,
And in a very am'rous strain,
  Be thus begins to woo:
Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been
  Long captive to your charms,
Nor can it have a moment's rest
  Till your soft down it warms.

This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd.
The Owl she turn'd her face:
As knowing coyness whets an edge
And gives a better grace.
Sir Cuckow would not be denied,
But struggl'd for a kiss;
Which having gain'd, the Cuckow cried
What melting joy is this!
Thus thirteen moons the Cuckow woo'd
Her ladyship the Owl,
Who thought her sweet-heart lov'd her more
Than Miller loves his toll;
Because he talk'd of hymen's noose,
And needs would have her go,
To have it ty'd about their necks,
By help of Parson Crow.
But as it chanc'd the Owl was deep
With Rev'rend Crow in love:
And hoping still to make him her's,
The thing did not approve.
But lest she should not gain the Crow
She would not flat deny,
The roving Cuckow's queer request,
Lest she alone should lie.
The Cuckow smelt the cunning jilt,
Too wise to be a tool;
And carries on the farce a while,
To countermine the Owl.
For long he'd lov'd and was esteem'd
By th' solitary Jay;
To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
The Owl to time a prey.
For she not pleasing Parson Crow,
Wish'd she'd the Cuckow then:

But 'twas too late, the time was gone,
And would not come again.
Her ruddy face, so gay before,
Is turn'd a tarnish'd white;
Her sprightly mind, and brilliant thoughts
Are like a cloudy night;
So now she haunts the lonely woods,
And hoots in barns by night;
Complaining of her fine spun wit,
And hates to see the light.

MORAL.

The Virgin thus in all the bloom of life,
Is lov'd and courted for a happy wife;
But she denies—expecting nobler game,
Till forty comes, and she's no more the same:
For time is gone:—then wishes vainly rise;
She curses Av'rice, and a Maid she dies.

THE GARDENER AND THE ASS.

A Fable.*

PART I.

AN ass with poverty long strove,
And pastur'd in the lanes,
Till, hunger-bit, he thus to *Jove*
In rueful tone complains:
Ah! hadst thou made me any beast,
That laden by doth pass,
Then had my paunch been fill'd, at least,
With straw—if not with grass!
Jove hears his plaint, and soon doth send
A fox, with this advice,
Cheer up, and look more brisk, my friend,
Hunger should make thee wise:
Behold how gay the fool and knave,
Do stiffly strut along:
The rat is sleek, I fat and brave,
With murder, theft, and wrong,
Look thro' that fence, where spinage sweet,
And coleworts green do grow,

---

* There is something like a MORAL at the end of this tale; but as TIMOTHY could not, would not, or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the general scope of the fable, as it ought to be; he has left it (like a skein of ruffled silk) for hyperpolitical critics to unravel.

The lettuce and the juicy beet,
  Then who'd be hungry now?
The ass pricks up his slouching ears,
  And into th' garden peeps;
He longs the more, the more he stares,
  Then thro' the hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiscuously doth browse
  On herbs and choicest flow'rs,
Till *Tom*, the gard'ner, doth him rouse,
  And all his sweetness sours.
For lo! a heavy club cries thwang
  Upon the ass's side;
He starts at this unwelcome bang,
  And o'er the bed doth stride.
The fine glass bells and pots are broke,
  Carnations fully blown,
Alike are ruin'd at a stroke
  And wholly overthrown!
The gard'ner distracted, sees
  The havock which he makes!
He flatters much—desires a peace
  And thus the ass bespeaks—
So, honest *Balaam!* so, my lad;
  Stand still—I pry'thee stand;
The club is lost which late I had,
  As witness now my hand.
Thus, fawning, he with cautious strides,
  Lays hold on *Balaam's* ears,
And out of paradise him guides,
  To pay for all repairs.
For, 'tis resolv'd, old *Hob* must pay
  And *Balaam* stoop to th'yoke,
By fetching pots and glass next day,
  Instead of those he broke.

II.

The morning scarcely peeps, when *Tom*
Between the crates is got,
And busy thrashing *Balaam's* bum,
For plunders past, God wot!
The ass bewails his dismal case,
And groans for freedom lost;
And longs his rider to displace,
From his triumphant post.
When lo! he sees behind a ditch,
Two thorny bushes, where
He straight runs through, as if bewitch'd,
And quits his rider clear.
The crates and *Tom* are left behind,
He sprawling in the mud,
His face is scratch'd, his peepers blind
With mixed mire and blood!
Thus crates and saddle which, of late,
Tom, dauntless did bestride,
Mount in their turn—thus mighty fate
Doth humble human pride!
He scrap'd his clothes, he wash'd his face,
And then for *Balaam* stares,
And saw him nibbling at the grass,
Discharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom swore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be
On thee, by hook or crook;
So with some pains and flatt'ry,
Again he *Balaam* took.
The ass is saddled once again,
And *Tom* again him mounts;
Resolv'd to ride with careful rein,
And make him clear accounts.
He then bang'd on about a mile,
Where he'd a bridge to pass,

And *Balaam's* ready with a wile,
As any other ass:
For he was dry, or did pretend,
At least, for to be so;
Tom thinking he'd no other end,
So let the bridle go.
The ass put down his shaggy pate,
Then tosses up his rump,
And tumbles *Tom* from off his seat,
Who lights i'th' water—plump.
Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd.
But as he march'd away,
He found his head was still restrain'd,
Tho' *Tom* i'th' water lay.
For he'd the bridle in his hand,
By which the ass did draw
Him bravely sous'd unto the land,
Ill chagrin'd in his maw.
Tom had no sooner found his feet
But banged at the ass,
As if on purpose to be beat,
As iron is, or brass.
But now his cudgel waxeth short,
And cooler grows his ire:
Yet mounting steed is not his sport,
Or trotting his desire.
For, hanging bridle on his arm,
He walks before the ass,
As fearing that some greater harm
Might quickly come to pass.
So Time, who sees the end of things,
Doth half his journey see,
Where *Tom* his pots and glasses rings,
Poor *Balaam's* load to be.

III.

Now *Tom* his brittle ware doth pack,
In straw well mix'd with care,
And lays them on the ass's back,
Which made him grunt and stare.
Howe'er, with patience *Balaam* went,
Until he came unto
The place where will, or accident
So late his master threw.
Nature, or man's contrivance, made
A high and lower way:
The one for such as love to wade,
One o'er a wŏod-bridge lay.
The ass by chance, or choice, had got
Upon the higher road,
When *Tom* began to dread the lot
Of his precarious load.
No farther durst he drive the ass,
Nor could he bring him back;
And *Tom* in such dilemma was,
As put his mind o'th' rack,
Fear and vexation fiercely mov'd
Like light'ning thro' his breast,
Until his fury master prov'd
And then he smote his beast:
The blow on *Balaam's* nose did light,
Which drove his head askew;
A foot behind slips off for spite,
And all the rest o'erthrew.
Now, topsy-turvy, bell and pot
Do jingling tumble down,
And *Balaam* lies with four feet up,
Quite dead!—or in a swoon!

The gard'ner, with uplifted hands,
Extends his mouth and eyes,
And like a marble statue stands,
In terrible surprise.
A neighbouring tinker by doth come,
And shakes him by the nose;
Tom answers with a haw and hum,
As people in a dose.
Then index finger he doth stretch,
And points at all his woe;
For look, said he, that clumsy wretch
Is tumbled down below.
Well, tho' 'tis so, the tinker says,
An ass is but an ass:
Tom quick replies,—That's not the case,
He's broke my pots and glass!
The tinker owns the story bad,
But says—Thy standing here
Will never mend it—come my lad,
Let's view thy broken geer.
Tom and the tinker now agree,
And soon unloose the ass;
Then roll him off the crates, but he
Seem'd deadly stiff, alas!
Then both of them began to throw
Away the broken ware;
But those they found in *statu quo*,
Are pack'd again with care.
This done, the tinker takes one crate
And saddle on his back,
Tom lifts the other on his pate,
And homeward both do pack.
As on the road they jogging went,
Tom told the story o'er:

The tinker did his case lament,
But still he roundly swore,
Tom was a fool in grain to think
Of coping with an ass;
Since more we stir the more we stink,
In ev'ry dirty case.
The ass now left—contention sore
Arose between these two;
Tom thought him dead—the tinker swore
"No more than I or you."
All authors since do vary here,
In this mysterious case;
Some write "he broke his neck," some swear
"He outliv'd this disgrace."
Be this as't will, we'll leave him here,
'Twixt doubtful life and death;
Expecting time will make it clear,
If he still live and breathe.

MORAL.

So have I seen a MINISTRY bestride,
A common-wealth in all the pomp of pride;
Who for the public good ne'er laid a scheme,
But dear self-interest was their only aim;
And nestl'd in the umbrage of a crown,
Rode Jehu-like, nor dream'd of tumbling down.
Brib'd S—n—rs, sold votes, to make us pay,
Three-fifths to those, who squander'd all away:
But now such taxes ne'er before were known,
Yet knaves cry up the times, when freedom's flown.
O! glorious times! when candles and the sun,
Must yield them thousands, or all's dark at noon!

The red-streak *apple* golden-juice must yield,
Like bits of paper, or the sterile field,
We feel the yoke and fatal ruin see,
Yet dare not struggle for lost l———y!
But tho' at present all things smoothly pass,
Take care, ye *Jockies*, lest ye RIDE AN ASS!

THREE CONCEITED BEAUTIES.

A Fable.

FIRST.

THREE country bumkins chanc'd to meet
Whose phizzes look'd like vizards:
The first, the second thus doth greet,
"Thy face is like some wizard's!
The ugliest of the ugliest sort,
Thou art, or I'm mistaken:
Sure nature made thee all for sport,
Or sight has me forsaken."

SECOND.

But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,
And ev'ry feature's pleasing!
This I would swear on twenty books,
But for my sin increasing.
For sure, thy nose, thy mouth, thy eye,
Would suit no other mortal;
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
On ent'ring grim death's portal.

THIRD.

The third, and ugliest of the three,
Said "Lord! how you're conceited!
I cannot stand a mute, and see,
Two neighb'ring friends thus cheated.
I wonder why such mortals should
About their beauty fall out:
Were I as ugly, I ne'er would
From my poor cottage crawl out:
For with an axe, and owler-tree,
I'd make two men as handsome;
Or live a slave in Tripoli,
And never sue for ransom."

MORAL.

This is an emblem of all human kind;
We ev'ry one to our own faults are blind:
Nay, tho' they're blazing, them we cannot see,
They're beauties all, or pass from censure free.

Lancashire Hob and the Quack Doctor.

A TALE.—1762.

A THRIFTY carl was tir'd of lonely cot,
Because the tooth-ach he so often got:
Six teeth were all he had to chew his food;
All gave him pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing *Rochdale* town did then contain
A famous quack, that drew teeth without pain;

To him he flies, and in a voice as loud
As *Stentor's*, thus bespoke him thro' the crowd:
"*Ho—onist mon whot munneh gi' yo t'drea*
A tush ot pleagues me awmust neet un dea?"
"Six-pence," the quack replies.—*Hob* spoke again,
"*Un conneh do't meh, thinkneh, beawt mitch pein?*"
"Oh, well enough!"—Quoth *Hob*, "*Suppose I two,*
Yoan do for neenpunce?" "That I will not do."
"*Heaw monny then, for twelvepunce winneh poo?*"
"All that thou hast."—Quoth *Hob*, "*They're just enoo.*"
The doctor took this for a country joke,
Till he saw *Hob* hard pressing thro' the folk,
And mount the stage.—Quack now some mirth intends,
And slily for a pair of pincers sends;
Thinking he'd met one of those puny fools
Who'd run away from such inhuman tools.
Hob takes the pincers, "*Vara weel,*" said he,
"*If they'n fit yo, I'm sure they win fit me.*"
Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,
With open mouth, in which the quack did stare;
Who laughing said, you have but six, I find,
And they're so loose, they'll wag with every wind,"
"*Better for yo, yo knone, do yo yer job.*"
"Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest *Hob*,
Hold up your head"—"*Oh!*"—"Here is one you see,
Come, hold again—here's two—would you have three?"
"*I think ot mon's a foo; we bargint plene,*
Poo theese aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen."
"If that be th' case, hold up again, my friend,
Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end."
Hob now extends his spacious jaws so wide,
There's room for pincers and good light beside.
Cries Quack, "Here's three, here's four;" *Hob* bawls out *Oh!*
"Hold, hold, says quack, "there's something more to do:

Come, gape again;—here's five, here's six, and th'last,
And now I'm sure thy tooth-ache pains are past."
"*That's reet,*" *quoth Hob,* "*gi' me meh teeth, un then*
I'll pey os freely os sum roycher men."
The quack complies, and *Hob* his twelve-pence paid,
Then, in dismounting, to the mob thus said:
"*They're arron foos ot sixpunce pein for won,*
While for a shilling I ha six jobs dun;
But still they're bigger foos that live e pein,
When good seawnd teeth may choance to come agen."
The doctor stares—and hastily replies,
"They come again! not till the dead shall rise.
One single tooth no more thy jaws shall boast,
I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth hast lost."
"*Tis done,*" quoth Hob:—and stakes a Charles's crown;
The quack as nimbly throws five shillings down.
Hob takes up all, and in a neighbour's hand
Secures the total, then makes his demand.
"*Measter, yo knone eawr bet is that I've lost*
My teeth—and that I have not won to boast."
The quack replies, "Tis true, and what by that?"
"*Why see, I've six, neaw, e meh owd scull-hat,*
Ne, sur, if yoon geaw wimme whoam, I'll shew
Yo e'ery tooth ot e meh meawth did groo."
The quack, ill vex'd he such a bite should meet,
Turn'd on his *heel!* while Hob said, "*Sur! good neet.*"

JOHN OF GAUNT'S LEASES IMITATED.

APRIL—1759.

BY this, *R—d T—y*, of *B—d*, doth grant
To *John Clegg*, the dyer, three things he doth want:
The dye-house, as he many years hath it held,
With leave for two tenters to stand i'th greave field;
Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;
One likewise the field into two now divides:
The brow, or the lower part of the said field,
Together with all above mentioned, I yield
Unto the said dyer, for his life and mine,
Or whether lives longer:—But then I confine
Him duly to pay me and mine ev'ry year,
Three pounds of good money, and I'll taxes bear.
One half he at *Whitsuntide* strictly shall pay,
The other as duly each *Martinmas* day,
To shew that the dyer this lease did not steal,
Behold, here I fix both my hand and my seal.
Signed and seal'd, this day, before
Two sober mortals, and no more.

ANOTHER.

I R—d T—y, of B—d, the younger,
Do grant to John Collier, for whether lives longer,
The *Wheat-field*, and th' *Bylings*, the rent four pounds ten,
Which payment neglected, are both mine again.
That my heirs may take notice, *know all*, that this came,
From my hearty good will, so here I write my name.
Signed this day, sans fraud, or guiles,
Before *James Haslem*, and *J. Fildes*.
December 16th, 1758.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND LAY-MISER'S SPECULUM.

A RHYMING SERMON.

ON THE DECEASE OF DR. FORSTER, THE PLURALIST.

From James, chap. v. 1, 2, 3.

Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl, ye know
Your garments moth eat; riches canker'd grow;
The rust shall eat your flesh, like fires that glow.

HEAR this, ye gripes!—ye blind insatiate crew,
Whose hoards abound—whose heirs and friends are few!
And your own fate in *Forster's* glass here view.
What's now become of all his griping schemes,
Of hoarding wealth, which foster'd silken dreams?
The flash is vanish'd like our northern gleams! (a)
The sweetest consolation riches yield, (b)
Fly quick and wither, like a flower o'th' field, (c)
You trust a broken reed—a crazy shield! (d)
Woe to you misers—you that live at ease,
Who swallow up the poor, your wealth t' increase,
Your mis'ries come: but tell me when they'll cease? (e)
Can racking tenants, and your treasur'd wealth,
Give calm content, or purchase balmy health?
Or bribe grim death from creeping on by stealth?
No—here you're feeble! tho this gloomy thought
Torments the mind, that Time will not be bought,
Tho' bags and chests with mighty gold are fraught.

(a) Prov. xxiii. 5. (b) Luke xii. 20. (c) Luke vi. 25. (d) James i. 1. 2. (e) James v. 1.

Consider, now, if sordid pelf will gain
A seat in bliss, or ease one dying pain?
If not, from squeezing of the poor refrain.
Expand your narrow minds—your bags untie;
Nor tremble when you give a groat,—for why?
Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)
Relieve the wants, and cherish the sad heart
Of your poor neighbours, who endure the smart
Of meagre want, that pierces like a dart. (g)
But *Forster's* gone, whose life we thought was wrong,
And tho' the devil at the court be throng,
He'll fetch—who starts?—another e'er't be long.

(f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. 1, 2.

THE GOOSE.

A Poem.

DEDICATION.

To J.——— B———, Esq.

SIR,

As I have the honor to be a member of the ancient and venerable order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the laws of the great *Chin-Quaw-Ki-Po*, emperor of *China*, to read, yearly, some part of the ancient records of that country.

I was performing my annual task when the extraordinary piece of justice in the following poem fell under my perusal, but more reasons than one determined me to translate it into verse.

Your worship is too well known in these parts for any one to imagine, I could long hesitate in the choice of a patron.

The stupidity, peevishness, passion, and vanity of the Chinese justice, will undoubtedly serve as foils to set off, and illustrate your consummate wisdom, and prodigious virtues.

You may believe, sir, 'twas with this regard I dedicated the poem to you: every true Briton who hears of your justice, candour, and humanity, (especially to strangers) must be charmed with your conduct; for had all Britain such justices as your worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord,—"Our country is finely governed!"

But though I give you your just praises, I am afraid I offend your modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the animadversions of critical ears: and for that reason have been often on the point of changing the title of my poem from the Goose to the Gander. But, reflecting that the geese who gave warning of the enemy's approach, were called Servatores Romæ, I chose to retain my former title in honor of them, and such-like illustrious patriots.

To you then, Sir, the Goose waddles for protection, and begs leave to assure you that the present Poet Laureat* shall never want a quill to celebrate your immortal praises.

May your worship live as long here, as you are an ornament to the high station you are placed in: and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferred in the other, before Æacus, Minos, or Rhadamanthus, which is the sincere wish of

Sir, &c.

---

* Colley Cibber.

THE GOOSE:

A Poem.

WEARY with homely food, and toils of life,
With crying children, and a scolding wife,
A weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,
And live to day, let what will come to-morrow:
For who the tiresome loom can always bear,
And not regale his stomach with good cheer?
With this intent he from his loom doth start,
And asks his pockets, if they'll take his part?
And fortune favours, for they answer—Yes!
Which makes him skip, and thank his stars for this;
Then Sunday-coat he o'er his singlet* puts,
And in high-spirits to the market struts;
Where geese, and ducks, and chickens feast his eyes,
But only one fat goose poor shuttle buys.
And now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph thro' the streets, and bear the trophy home.
But who can guard against the turns of fate?
The wench he bought the goose of cries—a cheat!
From hence ensues a noisy, doubtful strife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and wife:
The gaping crowd around in parties stand!
But, lo! old *Granidoodle's* just at hand:
When now their anger boils to such a pitch,
That there was whore, and rogue, and dog, and bitch!
But words like these a poem may debase,
And only suit the hero of the piece.
His worship hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud—"What noythe, what noythe ith there?

* A woollen waistcoat undyed.

Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do reprethent hith Chinethe majethty?
Or that in vain I wear the thowrd and thield?
My name ith, wath, and will be———"
Both trembled at his voice—but first the man,
Made a respectful bow, and thus began.
"May't please your worship's honour and your glory,
I will exactly tell you all the story.
This goose I bought for twelve-pence, and paid down
In good and lawful money, half-a-crown:
But now, a saucy slut, my change refuses,
Demands more coin, and gives me gross abuses."
"What thay you, woman! ith thith falthe or true,
Thith fellow doth athert contherning you?"
"May't please your sov'reign lord, the king's great justice,
In whom for goose or money all my trust is;
I wish I ne'er may see my spouse, or house,
If ever I receiv'd of him a souse."
"But will you thwear thith ith the cathe? if tho,
He thall to bridewell for correctheon go."
"For God's sake hear me, Sir," the weaver cries,
"I'll swear to ev'ry thing which she denies:
If I ha'n't given her half-a-crown then never
Let warp and weft be firmly join'd together."
"What! huththe! thirrah! he thwear, you thwear too:
If Tholomon wath here, what could he do?
The matter ith tho nithe upon my troth;
My mind inclin'th me to confine you both,
But hold———————
I'll toth a piethe of money up, that'th fair,
Whitch thall dethide the perthon that mutht thwear:
But mark me well, the woman ith to chuthe,
Or head, or tail, like chanthe to win or loothe."

No sooner said, than done—both parties willing
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid shilling;
While she, (ah nature, nature,) calls for tail,
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she should fail!
But chance decrees—up turns great *Chin-Quaw-Ki-Po*,
Whose very name my belly sore doth gripe—oh!
His worship view'd with joy the royal head,
And thus in broken lisping accents said:
"By thith event we very plainly find
That Juthtithe will take plathe, tho thumtimeth blind:
And had not I by providenth been here,
You two had fought it out like dog, and bear.
Here, fellow—take the book—for chanth decreeth
You take the oath—but pay me firtht my feeth:
From peril of the law you'll then be loothe;
Huththe, give him the change and eke the goothe:
And, thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
You mutht not pamper your ungodly belly!
Geethe, duckth, and caponth, are far huth thage cato'th,
Be you content with thjannock and potatoth."
His work thus finish'd, passing thro' the streets,
He tells the wond'rous tale to all he meets;
And hugs himself for this rare action done,
Whilst all men stare, some laugh; still he goes on.
"Plain ath a pike-thtaff 'tith, that I in pow'r,
Do king and country thervith ev'ry hour;
And to my utmoth do good order keep,
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep
O! two, three, four, nay, five timeth happy nathion,
When magithtrath have thuch a penetrathion;
No thtrangerth now for bread thall dare to roam,
But with their wiveth and children thtay at home:
Ath for philothopherth! I'll make them thqueak,
In thpite of all their latin and their greek;

Newton himthelf tshould here find no protecthion,
And all hith pupilth tshall rethieve correcthion!
They're papith all, in diff'rent mathkth and we
Tshould watch, like arguth, dangerth to forethee.
The nationth right on juthtitheth depend,
And tith our duty rogueth to apprehend.
Thuth withe men alwayth act, and I, thith day,
Have church and thtate pretherv'd by quelling thith
thad fray."

THE MAYOR OF ———'S PETITION:

AN ANECDOTE

Paraphrased from St. James's Chronicle, Dec. 21—23, 1769.

THAT merry monarch, Charles the Second,
Who mirth and women lov'd, 'tis reckon'd,
On progress once, must needs go thro'
A borough which sent members two;
And govern'd was by its own mayor,
And aldermen, a doughty pair!
Whose pockets were so thinly lin'd,
That all was out when e'er they'd din'd.
These three, when join'd by all the people,
Could not erect within the steeple,
A clock to tell them by it's chime,
When pudding smoak'd at dinner time;
So were resolv'd they would lay hold on
The king to get a little gold on:

So that the clock might be erected
Sooner and cheaper than expected.
  This wight, the mayor, my authors say
Would eat and drink—a summer's day—
His cheeks rubb'd on his breast and shoulders,
With Falstaff's belly to beholders:
Had form'd a speech, he'd got by rote,
Which, gracefully, he thought to quote.
  The king was driving, Jehu-like,
But seeing th' mayor, with glance oblique,
He stops his train that did approach,
And eke his glitt'ring gilded coach;
And at the door receives in state,
This jolly, rustic magistrate.
  Behold this liege-man true now making
A low obeisance—with much quaking;
He utter'd—humbly—May it please
Your majesty,—when lo!—his knees
And belly squeez'd so hard together,
Wind broke—like thunder in hot weather!
  This dire explosion gave the king
A fit of laughter—but did fling
The mayor into such confusion,
His speech he made but little use on:
But after hemming thrice, he muster'd
Up so much sense, that out he bluster'd,
May't please your majesty,—I had—
As good a speech—as—e'er was made:—
But greatly fear—as—I'm a man,
At the wrong end—on't—I began.—
  Stop, brother Sov'reign quoth the king
By G—d you cannot mend the thing;
Or any other man in England,
In Scotland, Denmark, or in Finland.

This said, his majesty threw pat,
Twenty broad pieces in his hat:
And bowing to the mayor, drove off
Most highly pleas'd, with many a laugh:
Swearing it was, tho' highly scented,
The strong'st petition e'er presented!

THE SCHOOL BOY AND HUNGRY SOW.

A FABLE.

IN times of yore when brutes could speak
Both hebrew and old fashion'd greek;
A school-boy sauntering in the way
Laid greasy psalter down one day:
We can't say whether greek or hebrew;
But psalter 'twas as all agree to:—
That is, when new—for now by thumbing,
'Twas blackish grown, and unbecoming;
Of many leaves was quite bereft,
But penitential psalms were left.

The boy i'th hedge was getting nuts,
When sow came by with empty guts,
On acorn-hunting; when she found
The curious morsel on the ground:
She smelt—then took it in her jaws
And eat—for hunger needs no sauce.

The boy peeps thro' the boughs and sees
His book eat up, like bread and cheese,
And laughing—asks the sow, how she
Approv'd the dainty novelty?

The sow replied, the words are good,
But quite, alas!—too airy food—
And want the pow'r, friend, I must tell ye
To satisfy my hungry belly.

MORAL.

Thus our rich clergy teach the poor to live
On heav'nly food—they nothing else can give!
This unto bigots seems most complaisant:
But where's the priest, who keeps the poor from want?

CLERICAL CHARACTERS:

Belonging to seven ludicrous Pictures sold at the Roebuck in Rochdale.

1762.

BEHOLD the course old Levi's tribe pursues,
Squeezing from tenants, tythes, high rents and dues:
But still with double chins they boldly preach
Benevolence, and other duties teach:
Display the vanity of worldly things;
Shew how lay-pleasures carry poignant stings:
That abstinence for bliss doth qualify,
Whilst practice gives their theory the lie.
For guide post like they point us out the way
To future bliss and everlasting day;
Content with trash, poor saints, they here below can stay.

The first's an honest country Curate, who
Is the best Christian of the rev'rend row.

His income's forty pounds a year, yet he
Maintains a wife and numerous family;
Gives more to th' poor than any other three!
His merry vein procur'd him here to dine,
With doctor Screw, half drown'd in sleep and wine:
Who always fleeces—seldom feeds his sheep,
But leaves them for his Curate, poor, to keep.

The next we see enjoying of his pipe,
Is a rich Levite, who we'll christen Gripe:
He stoop'd to Walpole—then to Pult'ney bow'd;
For he was best, who most on him bestow'd:
Yet, tho' receiving is his dear delight,
He lives a pauper—scarce bestows a mite!
He's Vicar, Rector, Dean, and Prebend too,
His stockings moth-eat, and each mouldy shoe
In garrets lie, for mice and rats to chew!

On his right-hand, with fat deserted pate,
Wig under arm, and glass awry is sat,
A right right rev'rend Dad—Hight Doctor Rake,
In eighty-six, his first degrees did take
And was for th' court—in two years turn'd about,
For Billy pray'd, and was a Whig devout!
Next he huzza'd, and drank Sachev'ral's health;
Preach'd church's danger, and heap'd store of wealth:
Then, like a rat, he smelt a falling house,
Turn'd tail again, and Tory disallows.
Bribes, like old hock, slip down his throat with glee,
Drinks healths to Walpole, and his black levee.
And thus our modern Priest—this Vicar o' Bray,
Rose to Right Rev. and holds it to this day.

The next with broken pipe and wig askew,
Keeps a gay lass—who keeps his house, 'tis true:

Was never married—and he's no occasion;
For why can't Rev'rend Doctors be in fashion?
Eight hundred pounds a year, and Chaplain's place;
Not giv'n by God—not they—but by his grace!
Visits his parish once a year, to draw
His rents—but cares not for their souls a straw.
Allows his starving Curate surplice dues,
But puddings none; or quarterage for pews;
Screws up his tenants to the highest pitch,
And looks you see, like succubus, or witch!

The next's a jolly toper, Oxford bred,
Who ne'er old Polycarp, or Austin read:
He smokes, he drinks, he hunts, the fox and hare;
But of his flock he takes but little care.
His rectory is three hundred pounds a year,
Besides some lands—yet nothing has to spare.

But hark!—the clock strikes two: who is't we've here?
Is this his grace so drowsy doth appear?
Whose heavy head on shoulder doth recline;
Stuff'd with rich viands, and o'er-charged with wine:
With double chin, and pouting mouth looks big
And valet comes and brings a cap, for wig.
Yes, this is he, who lolls on couch with ease;
Who swells his bags with tythe of pigs and geese:
Whose pride's predominant—e'en whilst he prays
Unto his God,—or scripture truth conveys:
But 'tis not habit that doth make the monk,
For see! his lordship privately is drunk!

'Tis thus, alas! whilst britons seem to sleep,
We're driven on by fools and knaves like sheep.

LETTERS IN RHYME.

TO RICHARD TOWNLEY, ESQ.

SIR,

'TWAS *Thursday* last, when I, *John Goosequill,*
Went for some odds-and-ends to *Rochdale,*
With charge to buy some beef and mutton,
But these, alas! were quite forgotten:
For lighting on some friends I sat
An hour (my wife says two) too late,
However, chance threw in my way,
Some Dutton cockles, fresh as May,
Which well I knew would please wife's palate,
Better than any lamb and salad.

Quite free from care, I spent the hours,
Till Time bawl'd out to horse, to horse;
Twas then the wallet press'd my shoulder,
And on I march'd, no hussar bolder.

When I got home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my wallet
Of candles, soap, and such like stuff,
Of which wed-folks have ne'er enough;
But left the cockles still at bottom,
(Bought to keep quietness when I got home;)
Then pour'd some water out of jug,
Mix'd with some salt into a mug,
And turn'd the end of wallet up
For fish (like other folks) would sup.

'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound,
Chim'd ill with cockles full and round:
But, far from smelling any rat,
I took up this and look'd at that,
But all were empty—then I curst
Bill Porky, as of knaves the worst,
For selling nuts but ne'er a kernel,
And wish'd him with the d—l infernal.

Now searching on quite to the bottom,
I found some stones;—thought I, ah rot'em!
Poor *Billy Porky's* honester
Than th' best of my companions are;
Unless the fish could, all at once,
Slip from their shells and turn to stones.

Awhile I stood considering
The plaguy oddness of the thing:
Grop'd at my eyes, lest it should prove
A dream—but felt my eye-lids move;
I studied how I might come off,
Without *Moll's* frowning, or her laugh;
Thought I, my rib will think I joke her,
And brought home shells just to provoke her;
Or, frowning, tell me some mad tale,
Of minding nothing but good ale,
Then, sighing, rais'd my maudlin-head,
Reel'd up the stairs—and went to bed.

No sooner up, but there's a query,
Put by my loving wife: Hight, *Mary*,
What meat I'd bought?——Why—nothing else
But pebble stones and cockle-shells!

TO MR. COWPER,

WINE MERCHANT, IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR, Dec. 24th, 1761.

A DIZZY head and thoughts o'th' ramble,
Makes me to write without preamble,
And bold as any trooper;
To let my friend at distance know
The plague and trouble I go through,
Because of *Mr. Cowper.*
For my *Crook'd Rib,* each now and then,
Doth frowning ask me, pray, sir, when
May I expect my mountain?
I shrug my shoulders—why—e'er long,
Twill be at *Rochdale,* good and strong,
And clear as any fountain.
But as the clock strikes at the heels
Of the last hour so *Timmy* feels
His ears stunn'd with this question—
When will my wine and brandy come?
I clear my weasand—answer—mum—
Though I've your word to rest on.
Perhaps your pictures you expect,
Before I feel the warm effect
Of your care-killing liquor!
But hark you, sir, the days are dark
And cold; *Un then I hete aw wark,*
As ill as any vicar.
But in a month or two at least,
Except the sun wheel back to th' east,
You may expect your beauties;
But, in the mean time, must I fast,
Or guzzle ale not to my taste?
Nay, hang me on some yew-trees!

I from my cot, this *Christmas Eve,*
Write with a troubled mind—believe,
And wife in doleful dumps;
For who can merry be, that's wise,
While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,
And vex'd with jeers and frumps?
Pray send a line, that I may say,
To my *Crook'd Rib,* on such a day,
Your gossip's nose shall job in
A tankard made of mountain wine,
Sweet water, nutmeg, sugar fine,
And set at rest

TIM BOBBIN.

TO MY FRIEND T. M————TT,

In a severe fit of the Gout—1764.

AH me, what rumours stun my list'ning ears!
What dire reports are these, Tim Bobbin hears!
Fame, with her trumpet crack'd, most hoarsely blows,
That ease is fled, and pain hath seiz'd your toes!
This makes your friend now try to banish pain,
And re-enthrone soft silken ease again:
Should this be done—the mark I surely hit;
Then, patience, sir! and read when pains admit.
Eye-dazzling *Riches* was the teeming birth
Of Proserpine, but stroll'd from hell to earth:
She was a beauteous soul-enamouring fair;
Who saw her, lov'd, and dropt into her snare:
Yet was by nature prone to all deceit,
And jilted fools and wise, the small and great.

A miser first procur'd her for a wife,
And strove t' enjoy her, even after life!
She was the dotard's joy—his soul—his God;
And in his heart she found a warm abode.
Nay when he came death's bitter cup to taste,
The flame burnt fiercer, and his love encreased:
But, as he dos'd, the gipsy slipp'd away,
And left old Nunk's a lifeless lump of clay!
A quaker next espy'd the lovely dame:
His holy eyes drank in the amorous flame.
He knew her nature, always giv'n to change:
That her delight was ev'ry where to range:
So durst not trust her from his careful sight,
But watch'd her closely morning, noon, and night.
He humm'd, he haw'd, he sigh'd, he shook his head,
Yet dream'd, one night, the gipsy from him fled.
This spurr'd desire—his heart more fiercely burn'd;
The inward-man was all to cinders turn'd:
So he, good man, a Phœnix soon became,
And left the world expiring in this flame!
A merchant next spent all his time and care
In courting of this saint-deluding fair:
He, for her sake, ran to the spicy east,
And for to gain her sail'd unto the west:
But, when on board he had her safely shipp'd,
His vessel founder'd, and she downward slipp'd!
He sav'd himself by swimming on a bale,
And paid his debts by—lying in a jail.
No sooner had she left the wat'ry main
Than a purse milking lawyer's plodding brain,
Attempted with sly arguments to win
The gilded prize and thus he did begin.
Ah! madam *Riches!*—what would I not do
To gain your favour, or one smile from you!

My ears I'd pawn—my neck in hemp should twine;
Nay e'en my soul should go—were you but mine!
I must—I will enjoy!—by force then he
Seiz'd on, and lodg'd her under lock and key.
His heart, his soul, his goddess were the same;
He found no diff'rence, only in the name.
And as he found fresh beauties ev'ry day,
So care encreas'd, lest she should slip away.
Thus many years he kept his paramour;
Till death one night rapp'd at his office door,
Great was the knock!—the lawyer prick'd his ears;
And sweat came trickling, mix'd with trembling fears.
When thus he spoke:—What booby raps so loud;
And stuns my ears like thunder from a cloud?
Some country bumpkin, with his empty pate
Disturbs me thus, by rapping at my gate:
Come up, ye fool—when lo! pale death steps in,
And with hoarse voice and a contemptuous grin,
Did answer thus:—Behold a writ is here,
And you must now before the bar appear;
And shew just cause why, vi et armis, you
Seiz'd on the jilt who was another's due.
The lawyer here demurr'd, and would remove
The cause—for why? he lik'd not courts above.
This forc'd a smile from unrelenting death,
Who grasp'd his throat, and stopp'd his falt'ring breath.
Next was the knav'ry of a monarch seen,
Who was resolv'd to make the minx a queen.
He plumes himself and thinks the gaudy toy
Would prove a goddess, could he once enjoy.
But in his breast she rais'd ambition dire,
And neighb'ring nations wastes with sword and fire;
Till rigid fate,—on sieging the last town,
A ball sent out, which whirl'd him from his throne!

But should the muse the cheating jilt pursue
Thro' half her freaks, they'd tedious prove to you.
Tho' worldly-witlings strive the toy to catch,
She ne'er was made for mortal men a match.
Nor could these spouses any offspring raise,
A sylph she was, and slipp'ry all her ways.
Now let us see for what dame Nature made
This phantom *Riches*;—this deluding shade:
Pleasure she saw, a youth of blooming charms;
He fell in love;—and she into his arms.
This knot appear'd to ev'ry mortal eye
As sweetly knit, as Nature's self could tie
And soon produc'd a buxom girl, and she
At present's known by th' name of *Luxury*,
Who in her teens, a baron of high fame,
Espous'd for life, lord *Riot* was his name.
This wanton couple saw each ball and Rout
And issue had a crabbed son, the *Gout:*
Who at his birth gave such heart-wringing throws,
That all lamented his fond parents' woes!
And as he grew, his stubbornness appear'd,
More strongly rooted, and more groans were heard:
Till at the last, with ev'ry pois'nous dart,
He kill'd his dad, and broke his mother's heart.
Kind providence—my thanks I give to thee,
Who kept back *Riches*, and the *Gout* from me.

COLLIDON'S COMPLAINT

FOR THE ABSENCE OF ROSALINDA. 1734.

O COU'D I now in doleful lines express
My drooping sorrow, or my deep distress!
My doleful sighs———; my numerous flowing tears;
My bleeding heart—or my prophetic fears—!
But how can words, or this my virgin-muse
Pourtray pale grief, which parted love now screws
To the highest pitch? Or can my nimble pen
By scribbling here, this tide of sorrows stem?
O no, 'tis vain—; 'tis all in vain—; since I
Have lost my dearest, all my pleasure's die!
My bosom friends in whom I took delight
Now seem insipid———radiant day seems night:
The well-tun'd flute which once did pleasure yield
To pensive sighing, now must quit the field.
Th' harmonious cornet, and the loud hautboy,
Instead of pleasing do my fancy cloy.
Whilst you was here I the spectator lov'd;
The tatler too my active fancy mov'd:
But now you're gone all my delights are fled,
No books or music please my love-sick head:
No room I find for these, they trifles seem,
To that dear creature I so much esteem.
I own I love———: experience too has taught
It is return'd, in wish, in soul, and thought.
Our hearts are barter'd; and since mine is gone
Let yours ne'er wander, or by art be won.
What tho' you're absent, know, I still can love;
Nor can th' enchanting charms of beauty move
My fixed heart, which like a solid rock,
Stands curling waves; and smiles at every shock——:

Learn then of me, and shun man's tempting smiles,
Their wanton looks, and their deceitful wiles:
And by all things which you hold dear on earth,
By all the charms of love, by former mirth;
By that alluring face——those sparkling eyes:
By all that's honest, virtuous, rich, or wise;
Nay by your charming self, whom I hold dear;
Or by my pensive heart——or by this tear
Which now obstructs my sight, never do you,
Resign those charms which to my love are due.

AN ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE,

FROM THE

THREE PRETTY MISSES S——S, H——, AND L——.

March 11, 1735.

LADIES,

YOUR lines I've got, where numbers sweetly flow,
But don't pretend the poetess to know:
Perhaps your wits you join'd, to puzzle me;
Howe'er I answer thus, to *one, two, three.*
But ah—! the arduous task, what Hercules
Can e'er pretend, three pretty girls to please?
But as I'm stout—, and very large my heart,
I'll it divide, and give to each a part:
Nor frown ye fair, but be contented then,
A turkey's leg, outweighs a roasted wren:
And never more poor *Tim* ungrateful call;
Tho' I'm all heart, I'll swear you have it all.
I feel my passion is so vastly grown,
I love three more, than others can love one.

The letters S——H——L——stick in my heart,
And deeper pierce, than Cupid's thrilling dart.
When e'er I take the pen, great Jove, thou knows,
S——H——and L, spontaneous from it flows:
But still alas, when I your verses see
My love o'erwhelms me like a half-drown'd bee:
The more I want to write, the more I feel
The words stick fast——my thoughts I cant reveal.
But sure your piercing thoughts can penetrate
These dusky clouds, of bashfulness so great;
And thro' the mists perceive my passions glow;
As Ætna flames when cover'd deep with snow.
You hint——my heart's so very closely fixed
On some sly lass, that none can come betwixt:
Or else some dowdy meets my am'rous flame,
And lurking steals——the thing I dare not name.
But hear ye *Tim*——believe, ye ladies fair;
No flow'rs he plucks——; none in the gardens are
That he has chose, can prove his taste so ill
To slight the rose, and chuse the daffodil.
You think a blush, because the flash is great,
Proves, I'm for entering on the married state:
But how can I pretend to live at ease,
When I love three, and take a fourth to please?
No——I've no passion that defiles my heart;
No low intrigue to make my conscience start:
But if to love you all be reckoned so,
What shall I do——? or whither must I go?
Alas I'm lost——! I'm drown'd in bitter woe!
Direct me then——ye soul invading three;
Be council for me in extremity;
Guide with your numbers my far wand'ring feet;
Or visit *Timmy* in his calm retreat.

AN ANSWER TO ANOTHER LETTER,

From Miss L——, one of the Three Poetesses.

April 12, 1736.

MADAM,

WHAT balmy pleasure ran thro' ev'ry vein
When your's I open'd, writ in pleasing green!
The beauteous thing I view'd with eager care,
And wish'd the Writer, only with me there.
Methought I saw the God of Love profound
Make the green margin, and indent it round.
I kiss'd the paper where your snow-white hand
Touch'd, when the pen it did so well command.
These strong ideas heighten'd to your charms,
That fancy grasp'd you close within my arms:
But envious Time, convinc'd poor *Tim*, too plain,
Such thoughts were idle, and such hugging vain.
Then reading on, a few smart hints I mark
As tho' my style and sentiments were dark.
Next was a prayer, that all the powers above
Would always be propitious to my love:
And then a promise you would ever be
A faithful friend and counsellor to me.
My thanks are due to so sincere a friend
Accept 'em then——for I'll on you depend.
Some soft complaints do next my eyes invade;
You say I'm fickle, and a wand'ring blade.
In my last lines, 'tis true, I did pretend
To love all three, that I might not none offend:
But should you think this scheme too wild, and vain,
These queries answer, *apropos*, and plain.
Suppose, as you allow, that I'm in love
With one of you——Pray, would that one approve

My ardent passion——? Would she quick return
Those warm desires, with which for her I burn?
Nay would she ventnre the world's ocean wide,
In my small boat——be pilot, w——e, and guide?
Consult ye fair; together, or alone;
Reply all three, or only answer one.
Be quick——; be serious——; since I'm ev'ry limb,
Your faithful slave, and

Humble Servant,

TIM.

TO MISS MOLLY B———R,

OF MANCHESTER,

In which she enclosed some Matches to burn her Letters.

Milnrow, March 1st, 1736.

MADAM,

LAST day brought to my hands
Your lines, with all your neat fire-brands
And now, to shew I'm none of those
Who're wedded unto plodding prose,
My fancy bids me at this time
To write to you in jingling rhyme:
And sure I'm not the proto-ass
Who's imitated Hudibras.
And, Madam, first, with soul as humble
As e'er did at the Pope's-toe tumble
I beg you'll take a closer view
(If matches have not spoil'd their hue)
Of my last lines——; in which you'll find
That to your sex I'm not unkind;
Nor did I say, I never yet
Found any but wou'd scold and fret

Or else with folded arms wou'd sit
Or shew their Bacchanalian wit
Wou'd wrythe, wou'd twist, and twine about
Or worse—: wou'd make bull-feathers sprout.
I ne'er said this, in whole or part
Or ever thought it in my heart.
  You in your letter ask'd me pardon
For faults that spotless ne'er had heard on
Which made me say——I'm in the case
Awise——but saucy fellow——was:
He a good woman sought in vain,
So I stirr'd up my musty brain
To see if I your faults could ken;
But I found none——: pray was this then
Condemning all the softer kind,
Nor virtue cou'd in women find?
  No, surely—: it was the reverse;
Your faults I sought in terms express;
It was not meet helps, that I thought on;
Your errors were the things I spoke on.
  But if the faults in my inditing
For want oth' usual points in writing
That I am now misunderstood,
Forgive me and consider th' mood
That I was in, when them I scribbled;
Which might be th' cause that you was misled.
  This was my meaning, or may I
A rhymer be, until I die
Or may my scull, and brain poetic
Linger away in rhyming hectic
Nay—let love's-darts my poor heart thrill
If spotless be not,
Spotless still.

ON Miss S————DS.

CONCEALING DR. SH——TT——'S PESTLE.

NOW from her chamber Chloe smiling comes
Like summer's empress deck'd with airy plumes
The Cyprian goddess whose transporting charms
Calms furious Mars, when in her snowy arms,
Shew'd no such beauty when for golden fruit
Juno, and Pallas did with her dispute
Nature and art here join'd their utmost care
To form this lovely, soul-enticing fair
Who wou'd have serv'd the Grecian painter's view,
When he blind cupid's beauteous mother drew
Her ev'ry charm wou'd make adultery
A venial crime and th' ravisher set free.
Dress'd a-la-mode, and clean as falling snow
She sallies forth———, scarce knowing where to go
With portly air she thro' the street did move
When her assailing eyes by chance did rove
Into the place where the adopted son
Of Galen sits to hear how life goes on
And whether Clotho holds her distaff fast
Or Lachesis doth whirl with too much haste
And where he with compound art declares
The hand of Atropos he stays, and crazy life repairs.
He being out, young Chloe ventur'd in
And stroak'd his pestle, thinking it no sin
She view'd his seat and counter where he leans
His elbow, when his patients tell their pains:
But durst not touch, or taste his powerful drugs
But out of mortar she the pestle lugs
This done, she scarce knew whether to conceal
It in the shop, or cunningly it steal,

But chose the first; by which she gave this hint
When she ith' basket covered it with mint
That pestles might, as well not be at all
As be concealed when indigence doth call.
Thrice happy Galen whose propitious stars
Preserved thee from soft Chloe's crafty snares
To fav'ring Gods present a sacrifice
Of thy best drugs and oriental spice,
Who guarded thee from being Chloe's prize,
Boast of their favours and officious care
And shun their smiles who study to ensnare,
For meeting Chloe then, unto your cost
You not a pestle—; but a heart had lost.

AN EPISTLE TO JARED LEIGH,

OF WARRINGTON.

December 14th, 1756.

Dear Brother,

YOURS writ by candlelight,
At the tenth hour, the tenth at night,
And the tenth month, old stile now lies
Oth' table spread before my eyes.
In answer, I've not yet forgot
Your order, when the punch was hot:
And when I do forget, may I,
Drink milk and water till I die.
Ah——what a woful wish is this——
But how the dickens can one miss?
Vex'd to the heart, that I should be
Charg'd with forgetting Brother Leigh?

And tho' I've plenty of excuses,
Nay more than ever hare had muses;
Yet them to muster up in line
Would gravel sounder brains than mine.
But lest you think these words are wind,
And much too weak your faith to bind,
Be pleas'd to take a specimen,
Or two, now from my scribbling pen.
Soon after I'd the pleasing view,
At Littleborough to see you two;
Whilst it was warm and pleasant weather,
My friend and I, rode out together,
So long, my rib thought me at Lima,
Or on a voyage gone to China.
When I got home the hoary frost
Pinch'd more than wife for time I'd lost;
And by experience made me know,
Painters hate work in frost and snow.
Few days were pass'd but 'gainst my will
I travell'd o'er the hills, to hill:
And thus have I, four several times
The mountains cross'd, as these are rhymes.
The next excuse that comes in view
Is very odd, but very true:
For after many days of play
Of drinking wine, and living gay,
I'm metamorphos'd quite, alas,
As sure as e'er Actæon was:
And am as far above all work,
As Mogul great, or the Grand Turk:
No more can bear the sight of pallet,
Than beggar rais'd, his greasy wallet.
Nor can I further live from fire,
Than parson fat, or tender squire:

And am as ill to tune again,
As organ, which long time has lain
In dusty corner, or the rain.

Hush——sure I hear you say——thou elf——
Hold sir——: I did not make myself:
No no, not I——and that's the best;
This prop is strong, and here I'll rest.
Tho' promises I hold as duties
Have I had time to paint your beauties?
I know your pay as bank is current,
Nor do I in the least demur on't:
And wish I could these holy days
Find ways and means, or means and ways,
To bring the Heads myself——but then,
To this I dare not say——*Amen.*
The last word makes my senses bristle,
And bids me close, my long epistle;
Without the usual trite excuses
Of tir'd pens, and jading muses:
When all this jading, and this tiring,
But only says——*my wit's expiring.*
For 'tis myself that now doth tire;
My candle's short, and low my fire:
My jug is out——But what is worse
The barrel too——ah——woful curse——!
Yet still no mortal liveth jollier,
Than doth

Your loving Bro.

JOHN COLLIER.

EPIGRAM.

SAM. CHEETHAM, of Castleton, Esq. being High Sheriff for the County of Lancaster, in 1738, Sam. Greenlees, a poor tonsor, in Rochdale, was by the help of friends raised to the office of Sheriff's Barber. Sam stretched every vein to raise new clothes, hat, linen, razors, &c. that he might be equipped like a gentleman barber. But alas, between the first and latter Assize, a bruit flew about that Sam had been a little too familiar with his sweetheart. Upon this (that nothing might attend the Sheriff that smelt of wickedness, or carnality) Sam must pass an examination before him: but it not being in the barber's power to clear himself to satisfaction; the Sheriff insisted the barber should deposit a certain number of guineas in his hand to be forfeited should the girl prove with child. Poor tonsor being unwilling or unable to comply with this odd proposal, was turned out of his office and deserted by his friends. On which the following epigram was sent him.

POOR honest Sam, thy eyes appear
Spectacles to thy mind,
For thro' them I can see it clear,
Thy thoughts with grief are twin'd:

Chear up thy heart, what if thy friends
And Sheriff too, are gone;
The first might do it for their ends,
The last but saves thy hone.

He was too wise to take thy word;
Thy gold he'd fain have had;
Because thou'd fenc'd with carnal sword,
But Sam was not so mad.

Repine not then, tho' Frank* doth take
The Sheriff by the nose;
His head's so high Frank's hand may shake,
And he his office lose.

* Frank Thompson—a proud Lilliputian Barber.

Thy razors which thou's bought perhaps
May serve thee and thy son
Thy linen will be noddle-caps
For Barn that's coming on.

Thy fine new cloaths, and lac'd-hat keep
Against a sudden press,
Then when thou'rt sailing on the deep
Bid Sheriffs kiss thy a———se.

TO Dr. M————T.

Jan. 21, 1765.

Friend Doctor,

Reflecting on what you told me yesterday, that many of your patients seem to think that you should frighten away their disease by putting your head up at their doors; and yet would pay little or nothing for so easy a nostrum. And as perhaps you have not seen the *Lon. Chron.* of the 8th to the 10th currt. wherein is mentioned the miraculous cure of an inveterate costive belly which was hugged about by his *most excellent Majesty* Jammy the first of ridiculous memory. And as this was effected by a quick, and cheap panacea, I here send you the story paraphrased, for the good of your patients, mankind in general. This I do for your kind communication of a specific for the flux; leaving it entirely to your own judgment on whom, and when to use it.

I am &c.
T. B.

THE road thro' James the first was barr'd
No victuals cou'd go thro' him;
For all within was bak'd so hard,
No good cou'd physic do him.

One Doctor wiser than the rest
Was sent for, to attend him;
Who by his constitution guess'd,
What physic soon'st wou'd mend him.

A pistol loaded deep, he brought
In secret, to his chamber—:
And bounce—it went—when Jammy thought
The least of gun-shot danger!

The pistol scarce was off, before,
The cork flew out from anus;
With such a noise; and stink—one swore,
His Majesty hath slaun us—!

The King with other Scotchmen star'd;
But, mum——were all their speeches:
'Mongst whom, for ease, and joy, he shar'd
The lining of—his Breeches.

ON THE R———E ATTORNEYS.

THERE'S Gentleman Joseph, and Joseph the Squire,
And S——n the sly Gander catcher:
They trip up folks' heels and then leave them ith' mire,
And turn yeomen to clogger or thatcher.
There's Jo—ny the elder can smile on the great;
But treads on the orphan, and widow,
His son is too noble the poor thus to treat
But the old fox will do as he did do.
There's R——d bold plundering clerk of the peace,
That's a man with the help of old Sq——m,
And Roger, all eloquence—honesty—grace!
Ye Gods—give them all Roger's income.
I wish every ideot to Bedlam must go
Who employ such vile pests of the nation;
And if they reform not, may they never know
A better than Roger's old station.*

---

* Lancaster Castle.

AN ANSWER TO
AN ANONYMOUS RHYMING LETTER.

Milnrow, Nov. 24, 1763.

I WONDER who to Timmy writes
Or whose head 'tis the maggot bites
So keen and so unruly;
Who carping doubts in doggrel lay,
The truth of what his hand-bills say
So very plain and truly.

Now friend or foe, be who you will,
Methinks you show more spite than skill,
Tim's cuckow strain to question;
As if with different views they sing,
When meat and drink is every thing
To Tim—and this he rests on.

Now can the cuckow sing for less;
She's meat and drink and gaudy dress
By nature kindly given;
Tim has not—nay, he wants not more,
Nor dreads the thought of being poor;
Whose chance is best in heaven.

That he applies unto his friends
Not for their own——but for his ends,
If truth has any beauty,
Deserves no ridicule or scorn,
Till virtue's self is quite forlorn,
And lying proves a duty.

Whene'er you hear he hoards his chink
For other use, than meat and drink,
Then may his friends forsake him;
May small-beer ever be his fate,
No whim e'er dart into his pate,
But let his coffin take him.

But friend unknown, your thoughts are odd
To think Tim such a stupid clod
To write for windy praise:
This would not bring him beef and ale,
But prove the high-road to a jail,
And there to end his days.

With candour view the premises
Where truth appears in simple dress,
Subscribe, and be my friend:
Persuade your friends, and theirs, to be,
All friends to Tim sans bribe or fee;
So here's his answer's end:

P.S. Since the above I've got a peep
At what before was hid so deep
From my enquiring eyes,
And send a hand-bill here enclos'd
Which tho' in masquerade oppos'd,
Proves friendship in disguise.

TO MR. BUDWORTH,

BULL'S HEAD, MANCHESTER.

Feb. 2, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE proverb says *care kills the cat;*
Well, be it so; ne'er mind for that,
It saved my bottled rum:
For round about the brittle ware
The straw was placed with so much care
Each drop did safely come.

One reason was, if you'll believe me,
I told the carrier (God forgive me)
'Twas bottl'd aquafortis;
So not one dram on't durst he touch
When offer'd him, for e'er so much;
Tho' I said—try, what 'tis.

But hark you, friend, I want to know
Why others rum so far will go,
And your's will go no further?
For when it's flavour we do taste
It has so strange——so quick a waste
Each bottle crys out——*Murder.*

This is the reason why I send
So soon again to my old friend
The hamper back, for more:
But let each bottle, or each flask
Be drawn from the identic cask
Of which I had before.

A bill of parcels, if you've time
Send back in prose, or jingling rhyme,
By th' carrier, or i'th hamper:
And tho' most poets are by lot
The sons of *Job,* and poor, God wot—!
I'll pay, or hard I'll scamper.

Hum—m—let me see—I can't tell when:
For wit creeps out but now, and then,
And painting goes by whim;
Yet tho' I am thus bound and thrall,
Have *patience*—and I'll pay you all—!
Your humble servant

TIM.

TO Mr. THOMAS TYLDESLEY,

AT THE BUCK, ROCHDALE.

Feb. 22, 1777.

Dear Sir,

WHEN yesterday I tried to write,
I could not frame a letter!
No more than I could fly like kite,
Or hunt grouse like a setter.

But now my hand is steady grown,
I sure can do no less
Than thank you for the favours shewn
To Tim in his distress.

On parting with you at church yard
I fac'd the blust'ring wind,
Which caus'd my peepers water hard,
And made me almost blind.

But I stalk'd on until I got
A little way past Belfield;
Where neither man nor horse could trot;
Snow had the lanes so well fill'd.

But with a heart that knows no fear
I steer'd 'gainst wind and tide;
And found large shoes, the best that are
O'er heaps of snow, to stride.

For I'd a pair—once Wh——rs,
That were both long, and broad,
The very best ith' universe,
In any drifted road.

Thus on snow-heaps that were as high
As Mr. Wordsworth's chaise,
I mounted, when the snow did fly
In whirling rounds, apace—!

But I got o'er with my broad shoes,
And thought the worst was past
When, lo—! the lane before me shews
Drifts higher than the last—!

Besides the winds did whisk the snow
From off the level fields:
And curling eddies plagu'd me so,
That now—poor Timmy yields.

I here took counsel—star'd about,
Which way my course to steer:
And thought the fields the better rout,
So left the lanes, ith' rear.

But woeful case—! still worse and worse;
Each step was insecure:
The wind with high continued course,
Old Tim could scarce endure.

North eastern gales so high did blow
I wished poor Tim safe from 'em:
When—blessed sight; I from the brow
Saw Milnrow in the bottom.

When I got in—nose, hands, and ears,
Had all their feeling lost:
My old blear'd eyes ran o'er with tears,
Ill vex'd with rain and frost.

I found my crook'd rib was gone out;
But left the key o'th cellar:
You know what I should do, no doubt,
Without a—fortune teller.

She coming in, was glad to find
Old Timmy safe and sound:
Hot ale and punch, with lemon rind
I plentifully found.

So now my almost founder'd sloop
Is safely moor'd and rides
Along my rib's broadside and poop,
Nor cares for wind or tides.

No cutting words—no blowzing looks,
My ears or eyes did grate:
So Tim's at rest—and with his books
Lives in a happy state.

If compliments acceptance find
With you all three—this whim
Will ever after please the mind
Of, sir, your servant

TIM.

TIM BOBBIN TO HIS FRIENDS

IN LIVERPOOL.

Aug. 21, 1780.

TIM BOBBIN now to ev'ry friend
In Liverpool doth write,
And grateful thanks to all doth send,
If thanks can all requite.

The first are due to his friend Clegg,
Who took such wond'rous pain;
And never spar'd tongue, arm, or leg
For poor Tim Bobbin's gain.

The next he thanks good Mr. Yates,
His new but gen'rous friend:
And hopes no frowning from the fates
Will e'er his works attend.

If he'll take heads, and make fair *swaps*
With idle, drunken Tim,
He'll ne'er dispute—but embrio maps
Shall balance all with him.

Then Mr. Parr, who Neptune rules,
As greater than a God!
He sent me one oth' prettiest tools
A snuff-box—quite ith' mode!

Next Mr. Wilson, of Low-hill
He thanks—for Tim hoth hear
He'll take some heads, and will fill
Them out, in Unsworth's beer.

One Mr. Humphrey's Tim doth find,
Most warmly took his part,
For which he's grateful in his mind,
And thanks with all his heart.

All other friends, the which to name
Wou'd murder too much time,
He wishes health, and wealth, and fame,
In this Sternholdian rhyme.

T. B.

P. S. Good Mr. Clegg
Of you I beg
You'll shew this rhyming Letter,
To those concern'd,
Who my thanks earn'd,
And act all for th' better.

TO DR. HOLDEN.

Oct. 25, 1775.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AT present I write from my bed,
And tho' not with ink, can do't with black-lead:
To tell you, the pitcher that oft goes to th' well
Comes broken at last; tho' as sound as a bell;
For yesternight I cou'd not go to my bed
Before Mr. Punch, drove the brains from my head;
And reeling, I fell on the arm of a chair;
And two, or three ribs, I have broken I fear—!
Advice, and assistance is wanted by him,
Who was, is, and will be,

Your servant,
OLD TIM.

EPIGRAM IN IMITATION OF MR. WALSH.

Minor Poets, Pa. 110.

* SQUEEZE racks his thoughts—; his meagre face he screws
To hoard up wealth he wants the soul to use!
Whilst gen'rous *Spree* is still contriving ways
To spend more cash, than making shoes will raise.
How happy wou'd these diff'rent mortals be,
Had *Spree* his wealth—; or *Squeeze* the soul of *Spree*.
O, that kind Providence wou'd end their span,
Knead well their mould, and form them o'er again
And of two wretched mortals, make one happy man!

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* Cheetham, of Castleton.

EPITAPHS.

ON JOE GREEN, LATE SEXTON AT ROCHDALE.

HEAR lies Joe Green, who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful death, till out of breath,
He threw away his spade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning knave,
Came, soft as wind, poor Joe behind,
And push'd him in his grave.
Reader, one tear, if thou hast one in store,
Since Joe Green's tongue and chin can wag no more.

ON MR. JOHN HAMER, MATHEMATICIAN,

LATE OF ROCHDALE.

HO, passenger! see who lies here;
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing;
'Tis Hamer the philosopher,
Whose bellows have done blowing.

An arch and jovial wight he was,
And skill'd in Newton's notions:
He could demonstrate by his glass,
The twirl o'th heavenly motions.

Copernicus's system, he
Prov'd true by quart and candle;
And harvest moons familiarly,
Like full punch bowls did handle.

Ah me! what pity 'tis he's gone!
  Say mortals how it could be,
That he was cramm'd beneath this stone,
  Where fools and misers should be.

ON DR. FORSTER,

LATE VICAR OF ROCHDALE.

FULL three feet deep beneath this stone
  Lies our late vicar Forster,
Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very bone,
  But said no Pater Noster.

By ev'ry squeezing way, 'tis said,
  Eight hundred he rais'd yearly
Yet not a sixpence of this paid
  To th' curate—this look's queerly!

His tenants all now praise the Lord
  With hands lift up and clapping!
And thank grim death with one accord,
  That he has ta'en him napping.

To Lambeth's lord, now let us pray
  No pluralist he'll send us,
But should he do't, what must we say,
  Why—Lord above defend us!

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

A YARD beneath this heavy stone,
Lies Jack-of-all-trades, good at none,
A weaver first, and then school-master;
A scrivener next; next poetaster.

A painter, graver, and a fluter,
And fame doth whisper, a C——r;
An author, Carver, and hedge-clark:
E whoo-woo-whoò, whot whofoo wark!
He's left um aw, to lie ith dark!

ANOTHER.

HERE lies John, and with him Mary,
Cheek-by-jowl, and never vary
No wonder that they so agree
John wants no punch, and Moll no tea.

THE

DIALOGUE OF THOMAS & MARY,

RENDERED INTO

SIMPLE ENGLISH, FROM THE *VERNACULAR* OF

JOHN COLLIER.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

Enter, THOMAS AND MARY.

Thomas.—God of mine, Mary! what witch would have thought of meeting with thee, here, so soon this morning? Where hast thou been? Thou art all in a sweat, I think; for thou look'st primely.

Mary.—Believe me, Thomas, I have nearly lost my breath; for, I have had such a jaunt this morning, as I never had in my life; for I have been to John's of Henry's, of tall John's, to borrow their *thible*,[1] to stir th' *furmenty*[2] with; and his wife had lent it to Betty at my Grandame's: so, I scoured onward; and when I came there, she had lent it to Christopher o'Richard's, and, (the de'il astound him for a *brindled cur*[3]) he had made it into shoon-pegs! Now, would not such a moon-shine ramble vex any body?

Thomas.—Mark what I tell thee, Mary, for I think, that, the longer folk live, and the more mischances they have.

Mary.—Not always: God willing. But, what mak'st thou to sigh, and seem so down-cast: for, I can tell thee, I am fain to see thee, alive and hearty.

Thomas.—Alive, and hearty, too: God's wounds! But I can tell thee, that, it is more than the bargain, that, I am either alive, or hearty; for it was a seven-pound loaf to a two-penny jannock, that I had been as dead as a door-nail, by this hour; for, the last evening, my master had nearly killed me; and, just now, as sure as thou and I are standing here, I am actually running my country.

1. A round, smooth piece of wood, to stir any pottage of meal, or flour. N.C.
2. *Furmenty.* N.C. *Froumentee.* F. *Frumentum.* L. *Frumenty.* English.
3. A small dog, streaked, or spotted, with various colours. *Brindled*—Milton. "*Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.*"—Shakspeare.

Mary.—Why, what has been the matter? Have you quarrelled with your master?

Thomas.—What! There has been more to do than ever there was in a goose-pen, I will be bound: for, what dost thou think? It was but the day before yesterday, our lads might have a bit of a *holliday*,[1] because it was the Circumcision of our Lady,[2] I believe: yet, we must do some sundry, trifling jobs;[3] and I must either spread mole-hills, or go to Rochdale with a cow and a wye-calf.[4]—Now, look thee, Mary; I was idle, and had a mind of a jaunt: So I *donned* my Sunday coat on the top of my waistcoat, and would go with th' cow and calf: and the de'il take all bad luck for me; for our bitch, Nip, went with me, and that made ill worse.

Mary.—I cannot see how that could make ill luck, Thomas.

Thomas.—No: nor any one else till they have known: but here is a fine, dry bank, under this thorn; let us crouch down on the earth, awhile, and I will thee all, how it was.

Mary.—With all my heart; for my mistress is gone from home, and she will not come again till baggin-time.[5]

Thomas.—Well: as I was telling thee, I would go to Rochdale: so I got up by break of day, and set off, and went forward until I nearly came within a mile of the town; when, as the de'il would have it, a mare was standing at an ale-house door, and my calf,—the de'il might have bored out its eyes, for anything I cared,—mistook the mare for her mother, and would indeed suck her; and, I believe the foolish creature mistook th' calf for her colt, she neighed so, when she saw it; but when she felt it suck, she lifted her hoof, and killed my calf as dead as a *knit*.

Mary.—Eh, Lord! what a freak was that.

Thomas.—Freak! God's flesh! such a freak was never played in Endland's shires.

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1. Holy-day. 2. January 2. 3. Odds an' eends.—*Text.* 4. She-calf.
5. Baggin-time: a lunch in the afternoon. From carrying in a bag, bread and cheese, and ale in a bottle, to labourers in the fields.

Mary.—Why, hearken, Thomas. What could you do with it? You would be quite ruined.

Thomas.—Do! What could I do!—'Sflesh! if it had been killed gradely,[1] it would have made as good veal as ever died of a thwittle; for my master might have had seventeen shillings for it, the evening before.

Mary.—And did you leave it in the lane?

Thomas.—No; Mary: I was not such a *ninny* as that, either: for as luck would have it, a butcher was in the ale-house, and he came out, when he heard my calf *bah!* but, instead of being sorry when he saw it sprawling on the ground, the sneering beast set up a roar of laughter, and could shamelessly tell me, that, he would bury it for a pint of ale.

Mary.—Why, that was pretty cheap; for Dickey o' Will's, o' John's, o' Sam's, told me, that he buried a child *to'ther* day at Rochdale, and, that, he paid Joe Green,[2] a groat for a grave no bigger than a five-penny trunk.

Thomas.—Well: that might be, but I would not give it him; for, I borrowed a shovel, and would bury it myself; and I was busy shovelling it in, when a thought came into my *noddle*, that the hide could be no worse: so, I would *flee* it; but the de'il a *thwittle*[3] was there to be found, but the butcher's, and the spiteful *tyke* would not lend it to me. Now, Mary, what could any man do?

Mary.—Do! I should have gone stark-mad!

Thomas.—I believe thou wouldst, or any one else; but, that would do nothing in my case: so, I bargained with the rascal. He was to take the hide *growing* to the carcase, and give me thirteen-pence; so, I got the money, and went onward with the cow.

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1. *Gradely.* Gradually, properly.

2 This is the Joseph Green, sexton, of whom several anecdotes are still in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." Collier wrote his epitaph, from which it would appear, that he "drove a gainful trade," as sexton of the Parish Church of Rochdale.

3. The knife. i.e. a particular sharp knife, always used for cutting hard substances.—See Chaucer.

Mary.—Now, my mind *misgives*[1] *me,* that you were going half an errand; and that the man would not take the cow without the calf.

Thomas.—God's woe! Mary, thou guessest within two tumbles of a louse; for it was *long,* and *longer,*[2] before he would: but, when I told how it was knocked on the head, with a mare's hoof, as I came, and that he might settle with my master about it, he took her, at last. Then, I went and bought two pounds of salt, and an ounce of black pepper for our folks, and went towards home again.

Mary.—With a fearful, heavy heart, I will be bound.

Thomas.—Ay, ay; that is true; but what wilt thou say, when that I tell thee, that, he never buried th' calf, but sold it at Oldham, that evening, for twopence-halfpenny a-pound.

Mary.—Say! why, by my troth, it was rank cheating; but it is just like their rascally tricks; for there's not an honest bone in the hide of any greasy tyke of them all.

Thomas.—*Indeed,* Mary, I am of thy mind; for it was very wrong: but I think in my conscience, that rascals in the world are as numerous as stings in a wasp-nest.

Mary.—It is not to tell; but I shall wonder strangely if you meet with a worse knave than this.

Thomas.—Alack-a-day![3] Thou knowest but little of the matter; but thou shalt learn. I had not gone back again, above a mile, or so, before I saw a crowd of lads and youngsters, as busy as Thrap's-wife.[4] *When that I got to them,*[5] I could not see

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1. *Misgivings* are suspicions.

2. The peculiar idiomatic strength, and simplicity of this dialogue, as well as the many still existing forms of speech, amongst the rural population of Lancashire, often remind the genuine reader of some of those beautiful *traits,* for which the poetical writers of the Elizabethan age are remarkable.

3. Alas! the day.

4. *As throng as Thrap's wife,* is still an often-repeated simile. It is a taunt in reality upon those who give themselves too much trouble, or seem to be overpowered with their work. Hence the sarcasm, "as throng as Thrap's wife, when she hanged herself in the dish-clout."

5. This is merely a verbal rendering, as the syntax, or construction of this dialogue is generally, saving its vernacular form, most minutely grammatical.

what they were after: for two of them carried a ladder on their shoulders, another had a riddle in his hand, and Hal o' Nabs,[1] i' th' Midge-lane, had his knuckles wrapped in his leather apron, all the rest of them had *staves*, or long swinging sticks.

Mary.—In the name of St. Catherine, what were they for?

Thomas.—Nothing, that is any thing, thou mayst be sure; if that limping tyke Hal was with them. Now, thou must know: One night, last shearing-time, when John's of Henry's got their churn,[2] this same 'scape-gallows was taken in their plum-tree, and was in such a flutter in getting down again, that, he fell and broke the little bone of his leg.

Mary.—Oh! wrong joint! hang him! I know him well enough, for the last great snow, he was for hanging a poor hare in some horse-hair traps, and he throttled our poor *Towser* in a clewkin noose.

Thomas.—The very same: so, I asked him what they were about. Why, said he, we have just now seen an owl fly, through yon loop-hole, into the barn, and we are going to take her! Come, Tum, said he, Egad! if thou wilt go with us, thou shalt see such a frolic as thou never saw in thy life: beside, thou shall hold the riddle. Said I, I know not what thou meanst, by holding th' riddle, but I will go, with all my heart, if thou wilt teach me. I can shew thee in a crack, said he. So, away we went, and began a-cramming all the loop-holes, and lift-holes i' th' barn-walls, full of straw; and, then, we reared the ladder softly against the wall, and th' owl-hole. Now, lads, said Hal, *mind your eye.* I'll wrap my hands in my leather-apron, so, that she cannot scratch me, when that, I take her in the hole; Tum

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It is observable also in the rural districts, that there is a greater variety in the forms of speech, than there is in large towns: and as to the vowel sounds, you may hear them in all their open nature and fulness.

1. Hal o' Nabs. Collier is always happy in the choice of his names. They seem to express the character: and give a due note of preparation to the true reader. Hal o' Nabs! what a name, for a reckless young fellow. Mary might well exclaim, "Oh! wrong joint! hang him!"

2. *Got their Churn.* A churn-getting is a harvest home on a small scale.

O' William's must climb the ladder, thrust the straw out of the loop-hole, and hold the riddle close on it; all the rest must be *powlerers*,[1] and frighten her into it. So, away they went into the barn, and fastened the doors: and I——

Mary.—(Interrupting him.) Why, now, I'll be far[2] if I would not as lief have seen it than a puppet-show.

Thomas.—(Checking her.) Good Lord's—Mary! Thou art so hasty.—So, I climbed the ladder, in a *snuff*, shoved the straw out, and smacked my riddle close on th' hole. I had no sooner done so, but I heard one of them say: "See, she's there!" Shooh! said one: shooh! said another: then, they all began of *halloohing* and *whooping*,[3] like heigh-go-mad.[4] I thought it was as rare sport as ever mortal man saw: so, I grinned, and I thrusted, till my arms ached again. Still, they kept shoohing and *powlering* in the barn, and then, I thought I felt something stir the ladder. I looked down, and there was an old sow busy scratching herself on one of the *strines*.—S'flesh! thinks I to myself, she will have me down, even now. Just then, I thought I heard the owl come into the hole; and presently something came, with a great *flush* through the riddle.

Mary.—God of mine! And did you let her go, or you took her?

Thomas.—Took her! Nay, Mary, an owl is not so soon taken: but I can *hardly* tell thee, I'm——so——sickly——: for, I'm ready to *spew* with the thoughts of it. There was none to take, Mary.

Mary.—What, no owl?

Thomas.—No! no! not there! It was nothing in the world but arrant old lant[5] that they had made worse with loosing *something* into it; and that hodge-podge came into my face with

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1. Powlerers—i.e. Searchers, making a great noise.
2. I'll be *far*. An asseveration, which softens some ruder mode of speech.
3. Whooping, as if you were calling loud to horses.
4. Crying, or shouting mad.
5. Lee, urine.

such a force, that, someway, or other, it made me dizzy; and I fell off the ladder; but, more by chance than any good luck, I fell exactly on the sow, with such a swilk, that, I think in my conscience, she was both worse frightened and hurt than I was.

Mary.—Eh, Lord! What an awful fall you had.

Thomas.—Ay, fall, ay: for I thought I had broken my collar-bone; but, it was better than it had like to have been; for, I had no hurt but one thumb bruised, and the skin off the *whirl-bone* of my knee, that made me limp a little.

Mary.—Any evil befall them![1] What unmannerly vermin! I should have been stark-mad at them, and have broken their bones.

Thomas.—I was as mad as thou couldst be; or any one else; but, thou knowest every man 's not a witch. However, I limped around the barn to catch some of the bullying bastards: but none could I meet with; for they were all crept into the barn, and the doors were as fast as Beeston Castle. But, they made me hear them, i' faith! for they all whistled and laughed, *whooping* and shouting, like *madlings*, at their new-ta'en owl, as they called me:——Wounds! Mary, if I'd had *fire*, I should have set the whole barn in a holy blaze,[2] if I had died for it! But, then, the sow kept such a shrieking, squeaking din, as if her back were in twain, in two places, that I durst not stay any longer, for fear of somebody coming, and making me accessary to her death: so, I scampered away, as fast as I could, and ran a mile in that predicament, before I gave one glance behind me. Then, I leaped over a fence, and as a rindle of water was nigh, I washed all my clothes till I came to my hair. And all little enough, too, for I think in my heart, I shall stink like a pole-cat while my name's *Tum*.

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1. This is a literal rendering of the text.

2. Halliblash. Holy blaze. i.e. He would have made a sacrifice of it, and from the imperfection of his reasoning, he might consider himself justified. Many a *halliblash* has been created on much weaker grounds.

Mary.—Now, even, by my troth! I thought you savoured strongly of a herb; but, when all's done, Thomas, this killing o' th' calf, and th' owl-catching, were not the fault of Nip.

Thomas.—God's heart! Hold thy tongue, Mary; for, I either angered some he-witch, or the de'il threw his club o'er me, that morning, when I got up: for misfortunes came upon me as quick as light.

Mary.—God's blood! none through Nip—God willing!

Thomas.—Through Nip! Yea, through Nip! and I wish her neck had been broken in nine spots[1] when she was whelped, for any thing I care for her: (God forgive mé! th' down-creature does no hurt, either,) for I had not *gradely* washed and put myself to rights, and leaped into the lane, again; but I met a fattish, thriving fellow, in a blackish wig, and he stood and stared at Nip. Quoth he, honest man, wilt thou sell thy dog? Said I, my dog's a bitch, and so is never a dog i' th' town: for, by my troth, I was as cross as two sticks.

Mary.—Odds! but you were bothersome, and answered him oafishly, too.

Thomas.—Well; but, dog or bitch, said th' fellow, if I had known of her three days since, I would have given thee twenty shillings for her; as I see she is a right, staunch,[2] Bandyhewit![3] and there is a gentleman that lives about three miles off, who wants one just now.—Now, Mary, to tell thee true, I had a mind to cheat, (God forgive me!) and sell him my sheep-cur for a Bandyhewit; though I no more knew than the man in the moon what a Bandyhewit was.—Why, said I, she is primely bred; for her mother came from London, though she was whelpt at my master's; and though she is as good as any in England's shires, I will sell her if my price come.

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1. Spot—*place*—spots—*places*.
2. Staunch. Solid, good, and sound. *Standan.* Saxon. *Stanchness.* English i.e. Fierceness. Substantialness.
3. Bandyhewit. A name given to a dog, in order to send its master on a fool's errand.

Mary.—Well done, Thomas; what said he then?

Thomas.—Why, quoth he, what dost ask for her? She is worth a guinea-and-a-half, in gold, said I, but a guinea I'll have for her. Quoth he, I gave a guinea for mine, and I would rather have thine by a crown; but, if thou wilt go to Justice—(—hum—let me see—; but I have forgotten what he's named;—but no great matter of him! for I think he's a piece of a rascal, as well as the rest) he will be fain of the bargain.

Mary.—That was clever, too; was it not?

Thomas.—Ay, middling. Then, I asked him what way I might go? and he told me: and away I set, with my heart as light as a bit of a flea; and carried Nip under my arm: for now, thou must understand, I was afraid to lose her, never doubting I should be rich enough to pay my master for the calf, and have something in my pocket to spare for myself.

Mary.—God's flesh; but that was brave. You were in no ill turn, now, Thomas.

Thomas.—Why, but thou shall hear. It was a dreary way, too: however, I got there by three o'clock; and before I opened the door, I covered Nip with the clout that I wipe my nose with, to let him see how I stored her. Then, I opened the door, and what the de'il dost thou think? Three tiny *bandyhewits*, as I thought, then, came barking, as if the little rats would have worried me, and after that have swallowed me alive. Then, there came a fine fresh-coloured woman, that stood as stiff as if she had swallowed a poker; and I took her for a she-justice, she was so mighty fine: for I heard Richard o' Jack's, o' Samuel's, tell my master, that, th' *she-justices*[1] always did most of the work. However, I asked her, if Mr. Justice was at home. She could not open her mouth to say *aye* or *no*,

1. The lady of the magistrate in Collier's time, as a matter of course, would come more in contact with the people, which might obtain her this vernacular *soubriquet.*

but *simpered* and said *iss.* (The Dickons hiss her, and him too!) Said I, I would have you to tell him, I would fain speak to him.

Mary.—Odds! but you were bold. I should have been timid. But, let us know how you went on.

Thomas.—Why, well enough, for thou mayst *nip* and *cheat,* as ill as one of their clerks, and they will not meddle with thee: but thou must not *pump,* nor tease them, for they hate to be vexed.

Mary.—But, how went you on. Was the *Justice* at home?

Thomas.—Ay, and came quickly, and asked me what I wanted. Why, said I, I've a very fine bandyhewit to sell; and I hear you want one, Sir. Humph! said he—a bandyhewit—Pr'y thee, let's look at it. Ay, said I; and I pulled the clout off her, stroaked her down th' back, and said: She is as fine a bandyhewit as ever run before a tail.

Mary.—Well done, Thomas! you could not mend that, if you had it to do over again: but, you are fit to go out, i' faith!

Thomas.—She is a fine one, indeed, said th' justice; and it is a thousand pities, but I had known of her yesterday; for, a fellow came, and I bought one, not so good as this by half a guinea; and I'll be bound thou wilt take a guinea for this. And that I'll have, if I could meet a chapman, said I. She is richly worth it, said he; and I think, I can tell thee where thou mayst part with her, if he be not fitted already.

Mary.—God's like! but that was a good-natured Justice was he not?

Thomas.—Eh! Mary, thou talkst like a silly ninny-hammer: for, take my word for it, nothing that is any thing, can come of it, when a man deals with rascally folks. But, as I was telling thee, he named a fellow that lived about three miles off his house, (but the de'il forget him, as I have done,) and I must go back again through Rochdale. So, I got Nip under my arm again, made a stride with my foot, and bid th' Justice

good night, with a heavy heart, thou mayst be sure: and but, as I thought I could have sold her in this other place, it would certainly have broken.

Mary.—Lord bless us! It was like the trouble of all troubles.

Thomas.—But thou shall hear. I had not gone over above a field, or two, but I came to a great brook, with a foul, narrow sapling-bridge over it. As it had rained the night before, as if the welkin would have opened, the water was bank-full: although it was fairer a deal in the morning; and a somehow, when I was about half over, my shoe slipped, and down fell I, *arsey versey*,[1] with Nip in my arms, into the water. Nip I allowed to defend herself, and I *flaskered*[2] in it, got hold of a willow-twig, and so helped myself, or else, neither thee, nor any body else would ever have seen *Tum* again: for by my troth, I was nearly drown'd.

Mary.—Good Lord's days! The like was never! This had like to have beat all the other, and yet you came farrantly off,[3] for it was a great mercy you were not drowned.

Thomas.—I know not whether it was or not—either. But, thou mayst be sure I was primely *boyrnt*[4] and dripping wet. Beside, I had no comb to kem[5] my hair, so, that I looked more like a drowned mouse than a man.

Mary.—Beside, you would be as cold as icicles.

Thomas.—Ay, thou mayst be sure I was not as hot as a muffin: but thou shalt hear. I had not gone above a stone's throw, before I wondered what the plague was the matter with me, for I began to smart as if five hundred pismires were in my breeches. I loosed them, but could see nothing that was alive; and yet, I looked as raw as a skinned mouse. (We were seldom without scratching at my masters.)—'Sflesh! I was

1. A mock imitation of those who interlard their conversation with Latin phrases. 2. *Flasker*—To struggle in the water.
3. Farrantly off. Text. i.e. pretty well off, or clearly, or fairly off.
4. Boyrnt, rinsed.—A.S.
5. Kem. Text. To Comb. Kempt, combed, trimmed.—*Comptus. Latin.*

ready to go mad, and know not what I ailed; and then I bethought me of my salt.

Mary.—Eh! woe's me! I had forgotten that, too! I doubt it would quite mar-a.[1]

Thomas.—No: no: Mary: I was not quite marred. 'Tis true I went wigglety—wagglety, for an hour, or so, before I was right again; and when I got right, and came to grope in my waistcoat pocket for my salt, the de'il a bit of salt was there, for it had all run away. And now it jumped into my head, that I saw two magpies at the same bridge as I came.

Mary.—Did ever! That was a sign of bad fortune: for I heard my *granny* say, she would as lief have seen two old Harries, as two magpies.

Thomas.—Ay, ay, so says mine aunt Margaret, and a many a-folk, and I know magpies are as cunning owls as walk the earth. But, as I was telling thee, Mary, what with the smart, and one thing and another, I was so distracted, that I could have found in my heart to have punched th' bitch's guts out; and then, I thought again, Nip's in no fault: for by my troth I was nearly *off at side.*[2]

Mary.—Indeed, Thomas, I believe you: but alack-a-day! purring th' bitch would have been completely wrong.

Thomas.—That is true; but thou knowst, one can but do what one can do.

Mary.—Right: but how did you do with your wet clothes? were you not nearly starved to death?

Thomas.—Ay, by my troth! I trembled till my teeth shaked together in my head again; but that was not all. It began to be dark, and I was without lantern, in a strange country, five, or six miles from home: so, that I meandered in the fields above two hours, and could not tell where I was: for I might

1. Mar-a. The *a* at the end is agreeable to an old mode of terminating words, both in conversation, and in songs and ballads. Mar.—To spoil, an old word. "Do not touch it: I'm afraid you'll mar it."—SHAKSPERE.

2. Nearly lost his senses.

as well have been in an oven: and if I had held up my hand, I could no more have seen it, than I could see a flea upon thee, now. Here it was I got into a gate-way, and I thought I heard something coming, and if the truth must be spoken, I was so alarmed, that my hair stood on end, for thou knowst I neither knew who, nor what it might be.

Mary.—True, Thomas, no wonder that you were so frightened, it was so fearfully dark!

Thomas.—However, I resolved to make the best of it, and up spake I. "Who is that?" A lad's voice answered, in a crying din, "Eh, Law! dunna tak'—dunna tak' me." No, said I, I'll not take thee, by our Lady. "Whose lad art thou?" Why, said he, I am John's o' Loll's o' Simmy's o' Marian's, o' Dick's o' Nathan's o' Lall's o' Simmy's, i'th' Holmes; and I am going home.[1] Odds! thinks I to myself, thou hast a longer name than mine. And here, Mary, I could not but think what long names some of us have; but this lad's name was so much longer, that I thought it docked mine one half.

Mary.—Pr'y you, now, tell me how these long names happen.

Thomas.—Um——m——mn—let me see: I cannot tell thee correctly, but I think it is to tell folk by.

Mary.—Well, and how did you go on with him?

Thomas.—Then, as I thought he talked so awkardly, I would ask for once, what news he heard stirring. I hear none, said he, but that Jack o' Ned's told me, that Sam's o' Jack's, o' Yed Marler's, has wed Mal o' Nan's, o' Sal's o' Peg's, that goes about a-begging churn-milk, with a pitcher, with a lid on. Then, I asked him, where Jack o' Ned's lived: says he, he's 'prenticed with Isaac o' Tim's, o' Nick's o' th' Hough-lane; and he'd been at Jammy's o' George's, o' Peter's, i' th' Dingles, for half a pound of treacle, to sweeten a biest pudding with; and his

1. This rustic heraldry reminds me of names in higher circles. Who has not seen in certain books the name of William, Richard, Arthur, Tilney, Long, Pole, Wellesley?

father and mother lived at Rossendale, but his granny's alive, and lives with his aunt Margaret, in Greenfield, at the place, where his own mother came from. Good lad! said I, how far is this Littleborough off; for I aim to see it, to night, if I can. Says th' lad, It's about a mile, and you must keep straight forward on your left hand, and *you may happen do.*[1] So, in this manner we parted; but I rambled, and lost my way soon. So, I climbed over gates, hedges, and ditches, till I came to this Littleborough, and there I was frightened again, for, I thought I had seen a boggart; but it proved a man with a wool-piece, resting himself on a post, in the lane. As soon as I could speak for trembling, I asked him where there was an ale-house, and he shewed me. I went in, and found that two fat, bulky folk kept it; and they had some of the worst, quarrelsomest company, that, ever I saw, for they were worrying, banning, and calling one another lousy owls as quick as lightning. However, I pulled up a stool, and, set myself down in the nook, *o' th' side o' th' hob.* I had no sooner done so, but a foul sour-looking fellow, with a withen stick, which he had in his hand, slapped a sort of a withered, mezzilt face[2] man such a thwang o' th' scalp, that he completely smoked again, with it! and down he came on the hearth-stone, with his head in the ash-hole: his scrunt-wig fell off, and a handful of red-hot cinders fell into it, and burnt and frizzled it so, that when he offered to *don* it, an unlucky *carrion*[3] gave it a slap, and slipped it over his head; and, there it lay like a horse-collar[4] on his shoulders. I stared like a stuck tup, afraid of a *dust* myself, and crept further into th' chimney place. Each body thought that Mezzilt-face would

1. The brevity and simplicity here remind me of a passage in the life of Dr. Johnson. In his last moments, a female attendant was adjusting his pillow, making it easier for him, and said to the doctor, "Will it do?" Dr. J. answered characteristic of his brightest days. "It will *do* as much as a pillow can *do*."

2. Mezzilt-face.—A red pimpled face. 3. Carrion—A word of contempt.
4. Hawmbark—Text.

make a flitting of it, and have died in a crack: so, some of them cried out, "A doctor—a doctor!" while others made the landlord to saddle th' horse to fetch one. While this was doing, some of them had met with a kind of a doctor, who lived a bit off, and they shewed him the man on the hearth-stone. He laid hold of his arm, to feel his pulse, I guess, and pulled as if he had seen Death pulling at the other arm, and was resolved to over-pull him. After looking doubtingly-wise, awhile, he got from his whirl-bones, and said to them, "While his heart beats, and his blood *sar*cullates, there's hopes, but when that stops, it's *whoo-up* with him, i' faith!" Mezzilt-face hearing something about *whoo-up*, started on his feet, grumbled none, but grinned like a *foomurt-dog*,[1] and set at the black, swarthy tyke with both fists, and knocked him over into th' *Galker*, full of new drink working: he begun *a-possing* and *paling* him into it, that all was blended together—snap—. 'Sflesh! Mary, thou wouldst have been *beside thyself*, to have seen how th' *gobbin* was altered, when they had pulled him out; and what a *hobthrust*[2] he looked with all the barm[3] about him. He kept wiping his eyes, but he might as well have sought for them at his other end, until the landlady had made an hour's labour on him at the pump. When he came in again, he stared audaciously at Mezzilt-face, and Mezzilt-face stared as crookedly at him again, but neither of them worried nor *thrapped*.[4] So, they set themselves down; and then the landlady came in, and would make them pay for the *lumber*[5] they had done her: "My *drink's* worse by a crown," said she: "beside, there's two tumblers, three quaffing pots, and four pipes smashed, and a whole paper of tobacco scattered." This made them glance at each other; but the black tyke's passion had been cooled at the pump, and

1. A dog to hunt the pole-cat, and the otter. 2. Hobthrust—A wood-goblin.
3. Barm—Yeast. *Ber-heim*, over beer. German.
4. Thrapped—Threop. Two may discourse, but if a third interfere, the conversation may turn to a quarrel, when no longer retaining their seats, there will be a *three-up*, or *Threop*. 5. Mischief, damage.

th' withen stick had quietened the other, so, that, they murmured little or none, but agreed to pay all between them; then, they set down and were friends again in *a snuff*.

Mary.—This was mad, foolish work; and nearly as bad as taking th' owl.

Thomas.—Nay—not quite—neither, Mary; for *barm* has a wholesome smell. However, when all was settled, I crept nearer the fire again; for I wanted a warm *fearfully*, for I was cold and wet, as well as hungry and thirsty.

Mary.—Believe me, Thomas, you might well be; but you were in a good way, that you had money in your pocket.

Thomas.—Ay, I thought I had money enough; but thou shalt heár more of that, in a little while. So, I called for something to eat, and a pint of ale; and she brought some cold mutton and turnips, and as prime veal and pestile, as needed to be touched. I stole Nip, now and then, a luncheon, but *Tum* took care of all the other, *steawp an' reawp*,[1] for I ate like a Yorkshireman, and cleared th' stool.

Mary.—Well done, Thomas; you had not sure a ree-supper[2] for you out-did Wrynot, and beat the charges, for any thing I hear.

Thomas.—True: so, I sate, and rested myself, and drank my pint of ale; but as my thirst was not properly quenched, I called for another, and embezzled that, too, for, I was as dry as soot: and it was too late to go anywhere with my bitch, I asked the landlady if I could stay all night. She told me I might, if I would. Said I, "I'll go now, if you'll go with me." "I—go with thee," quoth she; "Why, what art thou afraid of boggarts, or, thou art not weaned, and cannot sleep without a

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1. *Steawp an' Reawp.*—"Get thee to Yaughan's, and fetch me a *stoop* of liquor."—Hamlet. "Ah! surely you'll be your pint *stoop*;"—Burns. Stump and Rump—Everything. Thomas means that he finished both meat and drink. *Covert* and *Overt*, is near in meaning to *steawp and reawp*; because a *reawp* is open and exposed: a *stoop* is confined.

2. A ree-supper—A second supper.

pap?"—'sflesh! said I, what are you talking about—I want to go to bed! "Ho! ho! if that be all," said she, "Margaret shall shew thee." So, Margaret lighted a candle, and took me to a large wisty room, and a bed, with curtains, for sooth. I thought Margaret lingered long in the chamber, before she left; and I suspected she was uneasy for want of something; but, somehow, I was so tired, and bashful, that I was in no spirit for courting: so, I said nothing to her: but I have thought since: for she was no daggle-tail[1] I will be bound, but as neat a lass as Sarah o' Richard's, every bit.

Mary.—Marry—come out—like enough—Why not? Is Sarah o' Richard's so handsome?

Thomas.—Ay, she's moderate. However, when she was gone I doffed my dank shoon and hose, and my wet clothes, and, in truth, Mary, I never lay in such a bed since I was christened.

Mary.—Eh, dear Thomas! I could have liked to have been with you. I warrant, you would sleep soundly!

Thomas.—Nay, I cannot say that I did; for I was mightily troubled about my calf. Beside, I was afraid of our folk searching for me; and my master beating me, when I got home. It is true, my body was pretty easy, but my mind might as well have lain on a pissmire-hole, or in a bush of holly, or gorse; for, it was one o'clock before I could close mine eyes.

Mary.—Well, and how went you on in the morning, when you awoke?

Thomas.—Why, as I was donning my damp clothes, I thought I'll know how my *shot*[2] stands before I'll order my breakfast: so, I called, and the landlady came, and cast up my shot to thirteen-pence: So; thought I; a wonderful deal! What destruction have I made here? I could have found

1. A word of contempt for a dirty woman, particularly of one, who cannot keep herself *tidy* about the feet, and the lower part of her apparel.
2. *Shot*—Score. What is set down with *chalk*, or *pen*, in a public house.

myself a whole week with us for that sum. I shall not have one bodle[1] to spare of my *hide-silver*. And now I was in as ill a turn as anybody—was I not?

Mary.—No, Marry, not you: if you had made destruction and embezzled away more money than you had, you might have talked.

Thomas.—I find thou canst tell true to a hair, if thou wilt, Mary: for by the Mass! when, that, I came to grope in my *slop* to pay her, I was astounded, for the de'il a halfpenny had I: and whether I lost it in the brook, or with scrambling over the ditch-banks, I no more know than the man in the moon: but gone it was. I stared like a wild-cat, and was nearly senseless. At the last I told her I had lost my money! Said she, "What do you mean, man? you shall not *put Yorkshire*[2] on me: that tale will not fit me: for you are like to pay in some way." Said I, "But it is true, and you may grope in my pockets if you will." "Thou art some mismannered Jack-an-apes, I will be bound," said she. "Fie! nay! I shall not grope in thy breeches pocket—not I." "Why," said I, "then you are like to have nothing, except you will take my woollen *mittens*, and my salt-cloth." "Those will not do," said she; "they are not worth above two groats." "I have nothing else, except you will have my sneeze-horn; and I am loth to part with it, because Sarah O' Richard's gave it to me, th' last Christmas." "Let's see them," said she, "for thou art some arrant rascal, I will be bound." So, I gave them to her; and still this broadling fussock[3] looked as foul as thunder, when I had done all I could.

Mary.—Good Lord! I think you had the worst luck that ever christened soul had.

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1 Bodle. A half-farthing.

2. This is a reflection upon the County of York, or rather upon Yorkshiremen, generally. It invariably means *to impose* on people, or to act with a low, cunning dishonesty.

3. I retain this very expressive epithet, which is generally applied with a degree of indignation to a gross, fat, selfish, and worthless woman.

Thomas.—Thou wilt say so, presently. Well: I was tired of that place, and crept away without *bite*, or sup, or cup of sneeze, for I blundered, and let that go, too. I soon enquired this gentleman's hall out; and when I got there, I gave a glance into the *shippon*,[1] and saw a man standing in the *groop*.[2] Said I, is your master at home, pray you? Ay, said he. I wish you would tell him I would fain speak to him, said I. Yea, said he, that I will do. So, he was no sooner gone, but a fine fattish, bulky gentleman came in a trice, and asked me what I wanted. Said I, I understand you want a bandyhewit, sir, and I have a pure one to sell, here. Let us see the shape of her, said he. So, I stroked her down th' back, and threw her on the ground. She is the finest that I ever saw, said he; but I doubt things will fall unluckily for thee; for, I got two this last week, and they made up my count.—Now, Mary, I was ready to *cruttle down*,[3] for thou mightst have knocked me over with a pea. But, "What's thy price?" said he. I cannot afford her to mine own brother, under a guinea, said I. She is cheap at that, said he; and no doubt but thou mayst sell her.

Mary.—God's like! you were long in finding a chapman: every body is always fitted, so.

Thomas.—Ay, fitted, ay; for they needed none; no more than I need water in my shoon—not they. But thou shalt hear.—Then, said he, there's an old cratchinly[4] gentleman that lives at yon house, among yon trees, just *anent*[5] us, who, I believe will give thee thy price; if not, Justice such-an-one is a likely man, if thou wilt go thither. Said I, I was there last evening, and he had met with one the morning before. That happened foully, for thee, said he. Ay, ay, said I, so it even did, for I

1. A cowhouse. 2. *Groop*—The *channel* of a shippon.
3. *Cruttle*—A shrinking of the whole body downwards, when it falls without being extended. Cruttled *ov* a rook. Of a heap. A most expressive vernacularism. Crinkle—*Danish.*
4. Cratchinly—Weak, feeble, infirm.
5. *Anent*—Opposite, over against.—Old English.

made a deal of labour about it, I am sure. Well, but this old gentleman is the likeliest of any I know, said he. So, I made him my manners and set out for this other place.

Mary.—I hope you will have better luck, in God's name.

Thomas.—Why, I thought I should too; for now, it popped in my mind, that Nip did not hold her tail high enough; and that folk would not buy her because of that; and, if thou hast not forgotten, I bought two ounces of pepper, when I bought my salt, and though it was *thodden*[1] as tharcake,[2] I'd rub her with it; for I had seen Humphrey o' Matthew's play that *touch*, by his cropp'd-tail mare, that day that Yem, o' th' Red Bank, came to buy her. So, just before I got there, I took Nip and rubbed her well, i' faith! even till she howled again. I was at the house in a crack; and met with the old gentleman, in the fold, about to get on horse-back. Said I to him, Is your name Mr. Scar? Said he, thou art either there, or thereabouts, and I guess I am he that thou meanest. What wantest thou with me? I am informed, said I, that you want a bandyhewit, and I have as first-rate a one in my arms, as there is any in England's shires. That's a great breadth, said he; but pr'y thee, let's handle her, a bit, for if I touch her, I can tell whether she is right-bred, or not.

Mary.—Odd! but that was a mighty-wise old fellow—too-to.[3]

Thomas.—'Sflesh! Mary, I think, in my conscience, that he was the greatest rascal of them all. But, I let him handle her; and he was so silly; and his hands shook so *desperately*, that he could not stick to her; and she leaped down. Now, for it! thought I, Nip, cock thy tail, and shew thyself! But, instead of that, she clapped her tail between her legs, and crept into a hole i' th' horse-stone.

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1. *Thodden*—Applied to bread, as if it were unleavened, when there has been a failure, in consequence of the barm not working. Close and compact.—N. C.

2. Thar-cake—Hearth-cake, anciently, was baked on the hearth, near the fire, which, without a grate, would be sufficiently hot. It is made of oat-meal, unleavened and mixed with butter and treacle.

3. Too-to.—This word often occurs in the original, and is used to denote excellence.

Mary.—Fie on her! I should have been as mad at her as a vexed wasp.

Thomas.—Why, I was as mad as thou couldest be, that she had shamed herself so wofully. However, I said to the old man,—"Must I take her again, for you will find that she is no lap-dog of a bitch." No: no: said he; I feel she is fat as a snig, and as smooth as a mole; and I find, as plain as a pike-staff, by her *lennock*[1] ears that she is right-bred; and I would have had her if she had cost me a moidore, but, that a friend has sent me one, out of Yorkshire, and I need no more; but I will *swap*[2] with thee, if thou wilt. No, said I, I'll swap none; for I'll either have a guinea for her, or she shall never go, while my head stands on my shoulders. Then, I can *chaffer* none with thee, said he: but hast thou been at yon fine building opposite? Ay, said I, but he has enow of them. Well, but they are as scant now as ever they were in this world, said he: and there's one Muslin, in Rochdale, that is a mighty fine lover of them. Why, said I, I shall go and see.—Now, Mary, I began to mistrust, that, they were making a fool of me.

Mary.—The *firrups* take them! but they never would be all alike.

Thomas.—Why, but hold thy tongue a little, and thou shalt hear; for I thought I would try this other fellow, and if he had gotten fitted, too, I would try no more, for, then, it would be as plain as Blackstone-edge, that they were making an arrant *gawby*[3] of me. So, I went to Rochdale, and *sperred*[4] this man out. I found him at the back of his shop-board, with a little dog beside him. Thought I to myself, I wish thou wert choked: this fellow will be *fitted*, too, I doubt. Well, said he,

1. Lennock. Smooth, lithe, and extended. The comprehensive meaning of several words, still in use, in the rural districts, baffles the skill of the etymologist, and for the explanation of which, a mere antiquarian is at a loss and often stumbles on obsolete and too remote verbalisms.
2. *Swap.*—Exchange. 3. An arrant *gawby.*—An half-idiot.
4. *Sper.* To enquire of places and persons.

"Honest man, what do you please to have?" I want nothing that you have, said I; for, I am come to sell you a bandyhewit. Now, Mary, this rascal, as well as all the rest, praised my bitch to the very *welkin;* but at the time, he did not want one.

Mary.—Eh! woe is me! Thomas, I doubt, but they were making a perfect *natural* of you.

Thomas.—A natural! ay, the biggest that ever was made since Cain killed Abel. And now, I was so stark-mad; I was arrantly bewildered; and could have found in my heart to have beaten all their heads together. I was no sooner out of doors, but a throng of rabblement were watching for me at the door: one of them said, "This is he"—another, "He's here!" and one bartard's bastard asked me, if I had sold my bandy-hewit. By the mass! Mary, I was so angry at *that,* that I up with my grippen fist, and hit him a good box on the ear, and then, with my shoe, punched him into th' channel; and ill-grimed, and dirtied th' lad was, for sure. Then, they all set against me; and before I had gone above a rood, th' lad's mother came, and crept softly behind me, and got me by the hair, and down came Nip and I into th' gutter, and the woman on the top of me. While this tussle lasted, her lad, (and the bastards all took his part!) kept grinning and dirtying me with sink-dirt, that I thought mine eyes would never have done good again: for I might as well have been in a midden-sluice, or at the taking of forty owls!

Mary.—Ah! well-a-day! what abundance of misfortunes you had!

Thomas.—Ay, for, if old Nick owed me a spite, he paid me home with use: for while the skirmish lasted all the town were clustered about us. I shamed as if I had stolen something, and scampered away with a flea in my ear, up the brow, into the church-yard: there I had a mind to see if any body followed me. I turned me, and what the de'il dost think, but I had lost Nip!

Mary.—What, say you that?

Thomas.—It is true, Mary; so I called, and whistled, but no Nip was to be found, high nor low: and for all I knew my master set such store of her, because of her fetching th' cows and sheep up, I durst as soon have taken a bear by th' tooth, as to offer to search for her, in the town. So, I took home-ward, for it was nearly night; and I had neither *bite* nor *sup*, nor cup of sneeze of all that day.

Mary.—Why, you would be as *gaunt as a grewnd*,[1] and nearly famished.

Thomas.—I tell thee, Mary, I was nearly bewildered. Then, I thought my heart would have sunk into my *shoon;* for it felt as heavy as a ball: and I stank so, it made me as sick as anything; and I had two or three water tombs;[2] beside all this, my belly ached; and in this plight I must creep home and face my master!

Mary.—Eh, dear! what kind of a bout had you with him?

Thomas.—Why, I shall tell thee more of that by and by. But, first thou must know, that, as I was going towards home, as downhearted, and as melancholy as a methodist, who fancies himself pregnant with the devil,[3] a man overtook me, riding on horse-back, and leading another. Thought I to myself, this is some Yorkshire horse-jockey; I wish he would let me ride: for thou must know, I was woful weak and faint. This thought had hardly glanced through my head, before that the fellow said, "Come up, Honesty, thou lookst as if thou wert ill tired: thou shalt ride a bit if thou wilt." "That's what I want," I said, "if you please, for I am nearly done." So, look thee, Mary, I got *on*, and I thought I never rode easier since I could get ham-stridden on horse-back.

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1. Greyhound.

2. Water-tombs. Water qualms, or water *brash*, coming into the mouth; generally in cases of debility or indigestion.

3. In-pig wi' owd Harry. Text. A powerful sarcasm of Collier's, aimed at the early Methodists.

Mary.—A good deed, Thomas! That was no ill fellow; you would have no ill luck at this bout, in God's name.

Thomas.—Eh! Mary, thou hast even guessed wrong many and many a time; and now thou passes by the bowl again; for I wish I had ridden our Billy's hobby-horse a whole day together, instead of getting on this horse: for, hearken thee to me. We had not ridden above five rood, but the fellow asked me how far I was going that way. Says I, about a mile and a half. "That's right," said he. "There is an ale-house just thereabout; I will ride before, and thou must come softly after, and I will stay for thee, there." So he set off like heigh-go-mad, but I kept up a post's pace; for my horse sweat so, and seemed as tired as I was: now, look thee, Mary, after this, I had not ridden much above a half-a-mile, but I heard some folk coming after me, a-gallop, a-gallop, as if the de'il had *had* a holliday. They had hardly overtaken me, when one of them said, "This is my horse, and I will have it, too, if old Nick stand not in the *gap*."[1] With that, a lusty, rude tyke pulled out a thing like a piece of a *bassoon*, and slapping me on the shoulders with it said, "Friend, I am a constable; and you are my prisoner." The de'il take your friendship, and constableship, too, said I; what do you mean, man? What must I be a prisoner for? "You have stolen this horse," said he, "and you must go back with me before a Justice." I have stolen none of it, said I, for I have this moment got upon it, and a man, who has galloped before, and who I took for the owner, gave me leave: so, what business have either you, or the Justice with me. "Stuff! stuff; mere balderdash!" said the constable. With that I leaped off the horse, in a great heat, and said, If it be your's take it, and take it to the de'il, for I know nothing of it, nor of you either, not I.

Mary.—Well acted, Thomas! that was manfully said, and done, too, I think.

1. *Gap.* A passage through a thorn-hedge, made by straying cattle, or by reckless trespassers.

Thomas.—But, hush! Mary, and thou shalt hear farther. "Come, come," said constable, "that *whiff-whaff* stuff will not do for me: for go, you both *must*, and shall, either by *hook or crook.*"[1] And with that he pulled out some iron trinkets, that ricked like a parcel of chains. Wounds! thought I to myself, what are these? If they be shackles, I am in a rare scrape, indeed. I am worse off now than ever I was. I shall be hanged, or some devilment, at this very time. For by my troth, Mary, I hated the jingling of his *thing-um-bobs*, as ill, as if thou, or any one else had been ringing my passing-bell.

Mary.—Good Lord's days! It is not to tell how cross things can happen.

Thomas.—However, I mustered up my courage, and said, "Hark you, constable; put up those things that jingle so; and if I must go, I will go: and quietly too:" for, thou knows that force is medicine for a mad dog.

Mary.—Whoo-who—whoo-who—whoo! Why, Thomas! It has now buzzed into my head, that this same horse-jockey had stolen this horse, and for fear of being overtaken, got you to ride, to save his own bacon, and so put *Yorkshire* on you.

Thomas.—Why, I think thou guesseth to a hair; for he slipped th' rope from around his own neck, and wound it on mine; that is certain. However, it made pitiful work indeed, to be guarded by two men, and a constable, back again, through Rochdale, where I had so lately lost my bitch, and been so very dirtily rolled in the gutter! However, these constable-folk were mighty modest, and as mute as moles; for we got through the town, with very little staring at us, and less questioning, and were at th' Justice's in a crack.

Mary.—Eh, dear! Thomas, did not a halter run strongly in

1. By hook, or by crook, right or wrong, rough or smooth, taking the opposites. More timidly, but hypocritically said, "Get it honestly, if you can—but get it."

your head? For, something runs in mine, as if it were full of ropes and pulley-bowls.

Thomas.—Why, look thee, Mary: I thought so plaguy hard, that I could think of nothing at all; for thou seest, I was alarmed in all sorts of ways. Still, I had one comfort always in my head; for, thought I to myself, *I have stolen no horse, not I:* and thou know'st, that Truth and Honesty, going hand in hand, together, hold each other's backs primely, and stand as stiff as a gablock.[1]

Mary.—True, Thomas; they are prime props in a difficulty; that is certain. But, I yearn to hear how things turned out at the end of all.

Thomas.—Thou hast no patience, Mary. But, hold thy tongue, and thou shalt hear; for thou must know that this same constable was as proud that he had taken poor *Tum* prisoner, as thou wouldst be, if thou had taken a hare, and had her in thy apron just now; but the *gobbin* never considered, that hanging would not be called good sport by any body in their senses; and that it was enough to edge a finer man's teeth than mine. However, he knocked as boldly at the Justice's door, as if he would have banged it down. This brought a proud, gruff fellow out, who put us into a place, where there were as many books and papers, as a cart would hold. To this man, who I soon perceived was the clerk, the constable told my woful case, and in truth, Mary, I was as senseless as a goose; and began a-trembling, as if I had stolen a whole string of horses.[2] Then, this fellow went out, a while, and returned with th' Justice, whom I glanced at seriously and thought he resembled old John o'Dobbs, whom thou know'st always wears a

1. Gablock, or gavelock, is an iron instrument, something like a crow-bar, but straight, and may be used for various purposes. It has a point, and can be driven into the ground, or beneath any thing. The reader will admire Collier's power of expression here. It would be almost a profanation to presume to "fettle" this glorious passage.

2. *A draught of horses.* Draught, in military affairs, means a detachment of soldiers. *Dreight* is the text.

brownish-white wig, that hangs o'er his shoulders, like cow-tails. Well, Mr. Constable, said th' Justice, what have you brought me, now? Why, please your Worship, we have just now taken a horse-stealer, who was making off with the horse as fast as he could. God! thought I to myself! Now—or never; Tum, speak for thyself, or thou art *throttled* at this very time. So, I spake up, and said, "That is not true, Mr. Justice; for I was only going at a foot's pace." "Humph!" said the Justice; "there is not much difference, as to that point. However, hold thy tongue, young man, and speak when thou art spoken to. Well, thou, man in the brown coat; *thou*, said th' Justice; What hast *thou* to say against this fellow, here? Is this thy horse, sayest thou?" "It is, sir." "Here, clerk, bring us that book, and let us swear him." Here, the Justice said a *nomony*[1] and told him, he must take care of what he said, or he might easily be forsworn, or hang that youth there.—Well: and thou say'st that this horse is thy horse—is it? It is, please your Worship. And where hadst thou him, sayest thou? I bred him, sir. In what country? Colne-edge, sir. And when was he stolen, sayest thou? Last day, but yesterday, about *three* o'clock, in the afternoon, for our Yem saw him about *two*, and we missed him about four o'clock. And from Colne-edge, thou sayest? Yes, sir. Then the Justice turned himself to me, and said, "Is all this true, that this man says—hearest thou me?" It is, said I—part of it—and part of it is not—for I did not steal this horse: nor is it above two hours since the first time that I spread mine eyes upon it. How camest thou to be riding away with him then, if thou didst not steal him? Why, in good deed, sir, as I was going towards home, to-day, a fellow with a little round hat, and a *scrunt-wig*, th' colour of your's, but shorter, overtook me; he was riding one horse, and led another. Now, this man seeing I was tired, because I went

1. *Nomony.*—Formal words spoken with gravity, many of which are not understood by the common people.

wigglety-wagglety in the lane, offered me his led-horse to ride; but he rode off, *whip and spur*, though he could hardly make th' horse canter before: and would stay for me, at an ale-house, on the road. Now, Mr. Justice, I had not gone three quarters of a mile, when these folk overtook me; told me I had stolen this horse; and now, have brought me hither, as if I were a *Yorkshire horse-stealer*. And this is all true, Mr. Justice, or may I never go to a good place when I die.

Mary.—Primely spoken, i' faith! Thomas! you completely beat Wrynot[1] in telling this tale, think I: but what said th' Justice, then?

Thomas.—Why, he said: Hearest thou me again, thou youngster? Tell me where thou wast, the other day but yesterday, especially in the evening, wilt thou? Why, said I, I set out from home, soon in the morning, with a cow and calf, for Rochdale; my calf was killed, in the lane, with a mare's hoof, as I came; and in the afternoon, I was all up and down, in this neighbourhood, doing my best to sell my bitch, that folk called a bandyhewit, to see if I could make the calf-money up, for my master: but, woe is me! everybody was gotten fitted with them. So, I was cast in the dark, and forced to stay all night at Littleborough. And where wast thou yesterday? said th' Justice. Why, said I, I rambled up and down hereabouts again on this same endless errand, and was forced to harbour all th' last night, in a barn, where boggarts swarm.[2] Lord bless us! and breed, too, I believe, for every body says it is never without 'em, and to day, as I was going home, I met with the fellow, that I took for a horse-jockey; and so was taken up for a horse-stealer. But hearken thou to me; *thou* prisoner, said th' Justice. Was not thou here the other day but yesterday, with thy dog? I was, sir; but you would not buy her, for you were fitted, too.

1. He beats Wrynot, and Wrynot beat the Devil.—*An old saying.*
2. Swarm.—To cluster, to abound. Swarmian—Saxon. Schwarmen—Teutonic.

What time of the day might it be, thinkest thou? Between *three* and *four* o'clock, said I. Believe me, man, thou art either *there or there-abouts*, said he. Hear you, Master Constable, follow me. Now, Mary, what dost thou think? While these two were out, awhile, this *wastril*, this tyke of a clerk, called me aside, and offered to bring me clear off, for half-a-guinea. Says I, man, if I knew a halter must make my neck as long as a gander's to-morrow, I could not *raise* half-a-guinea: for, hanged, or not hanged, I have not one half-penny to save my neck with. But, says he, wilt thou give thy note for it? I'll give no notes, not I: for I might as well be hanged for this job, as steal, and be hanged for that; and I have no other way to *raise* it, but stealing, that I know of.

Mary.—Good Lord of Mercy! More rogues, and more! Now, fie upon all such *wastrils*, for ever, and a day longer, say I.

Thomas.—Hush! hush! Mary; for now th' Justice and th' Constable came in.

Mary.—Eh, Lord! I'll be hanged myself, if I do not tremble for fear: but go forward, Thomas.

Thomas.—Why, th' Justice, after rubbing his brows, and wiping his face, said: Hear you, Master Constable; *you*, fellow, that owns this horse. I must say, that you are both in the wrong box, and have gotten the wrong sow by the ear: for, this youngster, here, could not steal this horse the last afternoon, but one; for, between three and four o'clock on that day, I saw him, here, myself; and you say, this horse was stolen from Colne-edge about that time. Now, he could not be in two places at one time, you know. So, hearest thou me, young man, I must acquit thee, as to this job: so, go thy way home, and be honest. I will, said I, and thanks, Mr. Justice: for you have pulled truth out of a dirty place at last. So, I made him a low bow, and a great scrape with my shoe, and came my way.

Mary.—Bravely come off, Thomas! Ay, and merrily, too, I

will be bound; now, even God bless all honest Justices, say I.

Thomas.—Ay, Ay, and so say I, too; for I had good luck at the end of all, or Tum had not been here to have told thee this tale. But, yet, Mary, I think, in my conscience, that there are mice-nests,[1] among some of them, as well as among other folk, or why should this same clerk of his, when he perceived that I was innocent, propose to bring me off for half-a-guinea? Had not this a strong savour of downright-right cheating and *nipping* o' poor folk? And dost thou think that these *Justices* do not know, when these tykes play a hundred worse tricks than this in a year? Beside, Mary, I heard that cunning fellow, Dick o' Yem's, o' old Harry's, say that he knew some of them that went *snacks* with these caterpillars, their clerks; and if so, should they not be hugged on the same back, and beaten with the same rod, with their clerks—hearest thou me?

Mary.—No, no: not they, marry: for, if such things must be done *gradely*, and as they ought to be, the bigger rascal should have the bigger smacks, and more of them, you know, Thomas. But great folk often do what they will with little ones, right or wrong: What care they? So, let us leave such to mend when they can think of mending. And now tell me how went you on with your master.

Thomas.—Ay, by the mass! Mary, I had forgotten that. Why, then, thou must know, in such a case, as that, I had no excuse to make, for I told him how the calf was killed in the lane, and that I had sold the hide for thirteen pence. And then, I could tell him no more; for he caught hold of the *dation* that stood on the hearth-stone, and *whirled* it at me; but instead of hitting me, it hit the cream-mug, that stood on the hob, and spilled all the cream into the fire: then th' *battril*[2] came, and whether it lamed the child that was in the cradle, I know not,

1. Mice-nests are figuratively mean, dishonest actions.
2. An implement used by a laundress, to beat linen with.

for, I left it roaring[1] and belling:[2] so, as I was scampering away, our Sarah asked me where I would go? I told her that Nick o' th' Farmer's great barn was th' nearest, and I would go thither.

Mary.—Of all the places in the world there would I not have gone, for my two hands full of guineas.

Thomas.—I guess thou meanest because folk say that boggarts always haunted it; but thou knowest I was wearily knocked up; *force is medicine for a mad dog*, as I told thee before.

Mary.—It matters not. It would never have overcome me to have harboured there.

Thomas.—Well: but I went, and just as I was gotten to the barn-door, whom should I meet, but Yed o' Jeremy's, their new man.

Mary.—That happened well, for Yed's as gradely a lad as needs to nip o' th' hem of a cake.

Thomas.—True, so, I told him my case, in short, and sorry he looked. I wish I durst let thee sleep with me, said he; but as I but came to live here this day se'en-night, I dare not venture. But, I will shew thee a prime *mough* of hay, and thou mayst do moderately, for anything I know. That will do said I: shew it to me, for I am stiff and stark, and ill done. So, while he was shewing it me with th' lantern, he said, I have something to say to thee *Tum;* but I am loth. Thou meanest about boggarts, said I; but I am still like to venture. Thou hast hit it, said he; and I can tell thee, I could like my place primely, but for that: however as th' horses must out very yarly,[3] I must proven them about one o'clock, and I will call and see how thou goest on—'Sblood! said I, if thou must go so *yarly*, I'll fodder and proven th' horses for thee, and thou mayst sleep, if thou wilt lay

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1. Roaring.—To roar, is to cry, or weep aloud:
   Sit thee down and *roar:*
   For thou has kill'd the sweetest innocent,
   That e'er did lift up eye.—*Othello.*
2. Belling.—Making a great noise.
3. Yarly is not an unpleasant mode of pronouncing *early.*

the *proven* ready. Then, he shewed me how the *mough* was cut with a hay-knife, half-way down, like a great step, and that I might come off easily on that side. So, we bade one another *good night.* I was but just settled, when I heard something in the barn. Good Lord's—Mary! My flesh crept on my bones, and my ears cracked again, with hearkening. Presently I heard somebody call softly, "*Tummus, Tummus.*" I knew th' voice, and said, "Who is that? *Thee,* Sarah?" Ay, said she, and I have stolen some water-porridge and some *thrutchins*,[1] and a treacle-cake, if you can eat them. Fear me not, said I, for I am as hungry as a rat. Why, much good, indeed go with them! said she, and you may come and begin, for they need no cooling. Now, I was in such a hurry in getting to the food, that I had forgotten the place that Yed told me of: so, I fell down off the highest side of the *mough*, and such a *floose* of hay followed me, that it drove me *sheer down*, and Sarah, with the meat in her hand, on the top of me, and quite covered us both.

Mary.—God's flesh! This was a nice *trick*,[2] of the size of it, was it not?

Thomas.—Ay, so it was; but it happened well that th' porridge were not scalding hot: for when we had made a shift to heave, and creep from under the hay, some of the porridge I found had daubed up one of mine eyes, the *thrutchins* were spilled on the waist-band of my breeches, and th' treacle-cake stuck to Sarah's apron. However, with scrambling, and groping about in the dark, we got up what we could, and I ate it quickly, for, believe me, Mary, I was so keen-bitten, I made no *balks*[3] at a hay-seed. So, while I was busy *filling my belly*,[4] she told me she thought her father was turned distracted, and if I went home again, I should be in danger of being injured. My mistress

1. The last pressed *whey* in making cheese.
2. *Trick.*—Used for feat, slight accident, mean action, &c.
3. Balk.—To frustrate—to disappoint—to be stopped: properly from balk, or beam of timber, which impedes the way. Why *Valicare*, an Italian word, should be given as the *etymon*, I must confess my ignorance.
4. Cadgin my wem. Text. i. e. filling my bag.

would have me to *run away*, for I should be *loose* at Shrovetide, and it mattered not much. I thought this was good counsel, so, I got Sarah to fetch my other shirt. She did so, and I thanked her, bade farewell, and so we parted. I soon settled myself down again in the *mough*, under a *floose* of hay, and slept so well, that when I awoke, I was afraid that I had overslept myself, and could not proven th' horses in time.

Mary.—It was well for you, that you could sleep at all, for I must never have lain mine eyes together, I am sure.

Thomas.—Well: but I started up to go to th' horses, and slided down to the lower part of the hay-mough: and by the Lord of the Mass! what dost t' think? I alighted ham-stridden upon something that felt mighty hairy; and it started up, with me on its back; down the lower part of the hay-mough it jumped; crossed the barn; out of the door with me it took; and into the watering-pool, as if the de'il o' hell had driven it; and there it threw me *in*, or I fell, I cannot tell whether, for the life of mine.

Mary.—Whoo-who—whoo-who—whoo! What i' th' name of God! will you say?

Thomas.—Say! why, I say true gospel; and I was so frightened, that I was worse *set* to get out, if possible, than I was, when Nip and I fell off th' bridge.

Mary.—I never heard such tales, since my name was Mal. Nor any one else—think I.

Thomas.—Tales! God's blood! take them all together, and they would nearly make a man stand on the wrong end.

Mary.—Well: but was it old Nick, think you, or it was not?

Thomas.—I hate to think of it. Wilt thou hold thy tongue—but if it was not old Nick, he was the *orderer* of it, to be sure.

Mary.—Why, Thomas, pr'y you, what was it?

Thomas.—Bless me, Mary! Thou'rt so yearnful[1] that thou

1. Extremely anxious.

wilt not let me tell my tale. Why, I did not know myself, for an hour—if I know yet.

Mary.—Well: but how went you on, then?

Thomas.—Why, with much *powlering*, I got out of the pool; and by my troth, believe me, as thou wilt, I could not tell whether I was in a *sleawm*[1] or awake, till I groped mine eyes: and as I was resolved to go no more into the barn, I crept under a wall, and stood like a *gawmbling*,[2] or a perfect *natural*, till nearly day: and just then, Yed came.

Mary.—That was passing well; considering the case, that, you was in.

Thomas.—True, lass, for I think I was never fainer to see any body, since I was christened.

Mary.—What said Yed?

Thomas.—Why, he lifted up his hands! and he blessed; and he prayed; and he made such marlocks.[3] But, if I had not been in that woful plight, I should have burst with laughing. Then he asked me how I came to be so wet, and why I stood there: and such like questions. I told him I could give no account of myself; but that I was carried out of the barn by old Nick, as I thought.

Mary.—I had always a notion what it would prove at the end of all.

Thomas.—Pr'y thee, hold thy tongue, awhile; thou puts me out. I told him I thought it was old Nick: for it was vast strong; very hairy; and mighty swift.

Mary.—Eh! what a great mercy it is you are where you are, Thomas.

Thomas.—Ay, Mary, so it is; for it is more than I expected. But thou shalt hear. Yed was so frighten'd with the little that I had told him, that he got me by the hand, and said, Come, Thomas, let us flit from this place, for my part, I'll not stay a

1. Slumber. 2 Stood like a fool. 3. Marlocks—antics—ridiculous gestures.

moment longer. Said I, if thou wilt fetch my sark out of the barn, I will go with thee. Nay, said he, that I will never do, while my name's Yed. Why, said I, then I'm like to go without. Do not trouble thy head about that: I have two at home, and I will give thee one. Come let's get off, said he. So, we were marching away, and before we had gone five rood, I saw something, and set up a great *shriek*, for I thought I had seen old Nick again. Lord bless us! says Yed, what art thou afraid of now, Thomas? I pointed th' finger, and said, Is not that the De'il? Which? said he. That under th' hedge, said I. No, no: Not it. That's our young colt, that lies out, said Yed. The Dickens it is, said I. But I think in my heart that *that* carried me out o' th' barn. Then, Yed asked me, if the door was open. I told him I thought it was. But, I am sure I fastened it, said Yed. That might be, for after thou left me, our Sarah brought me my supper; and she might have left it open. By the mass! said Yed, if so, *Tum*, this very colt will prove to be th' boggart. Let's go into th' barn, and see, for it is not so dark as it was. With all my heart, said I, but let us stick to one another's hand, then. In this manner we went into the barn, and by my troth, Mary, I know not what to think! There was a heap of colt-dung upon the lower part of the hay-mough; and the place where it had lain was as plain as a pike-staff. But still, if it was it, that carried me, I marvel how I could stick on so long, it was in such a hurry to get away.

Mary.—What the firrups! It signifies nothing; for, whether, you stuck on, or fell off, I find, that old Nick was th' colt that lies *areawt*.[1]

Thomas.—Why, I cannot say a deal about it. It looks likely as thou sayst; but, if this was not a boggart I think there never was any, if they had been fairly sifted into.[2]

1. Areawt—Out of doors.
2. A most judicious hint of Collier's that, he was perfectly sane on this

Mary.—Marry, I am much of your mind: but hark you—did you find your *sark*?[1]

Thomas.—Ay, ay; I have it in my pocket, see thou: for it is but just now that I took my leave of Yed, and now thou seest I am running my country.

Mary.—And what do you think to do?

Thomas.—I think to be an ostler; for, I can *mexen*,[2] kem, and *fettle* horses, as well as any one of them, although thou may think I am boasting.

Mary.—Nay, I can believe you. Eh, Lord; what a cank[3] we have had! I must not find time to stay any longer. God be with you! for I must away.

Thomas.—Hold!—Nay—Mary: let me have one kiss at parting, for thou art not such a foul *whean*,[4] neither.

Mary.—Nay!—now!—so! Thomas! Go, thou and slobber Sarah o'Richard's, if you be so loving.

Thomas.—Whoo!—now!—How spiteful thou art! What if a body do like Sarah? There is nobody, but likes sombody.

Mary.—Ay, true, Thomas: but then, sometimes, somebody likes somebody else.

Thomas.—I guess what thou meanest, for thou art glancing at that flopper-mouth'd gob-slotch,[5] Bill o' old Katty's, because that folk say Sarah hankers[6] after him. I marvel what the de'il she can see in him. I am mad at her.

Mary.—Like enough: for it's a foul life to love those that

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subject, and was not likely to be a superstitious man, at all events, notwithstanding any uncharitable insinuation, that he was in any manner tainted with insanity. His descendants, some of them at least, were unfortunate in this respect, but it should be recollected that the brother of Martin, the magnificent and sublime artist, set fire to York Minster, in a paroxysm of *mania*. There is, however, the reflection of our great satirist on record:

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.—*Dryden.*

1. Sark.—Shirt. 2. *Mexen.*—To clean a stable. 3. Cank.—Conversation.
4. *Whean.*—A slut.
5. A most powerful phrase, for a noisy, slovenly fellow.
6. Hankers.—Extremely desirous.

love other folk: but you are a ninny-hammer to heed her: for there is none such *farrantly* talk about her.

Thomas.—Why, what do they say?

Mary.—I may not tell: beside, you may happen to take it none so well, if a body should.

Thomas.—Why, I cannot be angry at thee; whatever thou sayst; as long as thou but repeats after other folk.

Mary.—Why, then, they say, that she's a dirty, daggle-tailed, good-for-nothing—and—and—and—and—

Thomas.—And what, Mary? Speak out.

Mary.—Why, to be plain with you, they say that her mother caught Bill o' old Katty's, and her in bed, together, last Sunday morning!

Thomas.—Eh! The Dev—. Good Lord bless us! Is that true?

Mary.—How should it be otherwise, for her mother was crying, and sighing, to my Mistress, about it.

Thomas.—'Sflesh! Mary; I am fit to *cruttle down*, into th' earth: I would as lief have ta'en forty owls!

Mary.—Why, look you, now; I am even sorry for it. God help it! Will it topple o'er? May I hold it's head, while it's heart beats awhile.

Thomas.—Eh! Mary, thou little knows how it thrusts against my *plucks*;[1] for, if thou didst, thou wouldst not make such a fool of me.

Mary.—Now, in my good troth, I can hardly hold myself from laughing, to see how fast you are in Love's clutches! But I thought I would try you.

Thomas.—Mary! what dost thou mean?

Mary.—Why, I told a parcel of *thumping* lies, on purpose.

Thomas.—The Dickesn[2] take thee, Mary. What an awkward

1. This is a strong expression for the inward confusion of body, which grief and other extreme passions of the mind invariably cause.
2. Diccon.—A wizard.

lass art thou? What the plague didst frighten me in this way, for? Thou art a silly *whean.* I would as leave have gone the errand forty-miles.

Mary.—Ay—a hundred—rather than have had it to have been true: but I thought I would try you.

Thomas.—Well: and if I do not try thee, sooner, or later, it will be a marvel!

Mary.—It is a great mercy you cannot do it now, for *cruttling down.*—But, I must away; for, if my mistress be come home, there will be a *ricking.*—Well: think on't, that you would rather have ta'en forty owls!

Thomas.—I shall think that thou lookst a bit frisky, whatever Sarah o' Richard's is.

Mary.—I've heard them say, that guessing is a-kin to lying, and that the proof o' th' pudding is in the eating: so farewell, Thomas.

Thomas.—Mary, fare thee well, heartily; and give my love to Sarah, let it happen how it will.

Mary.—Will you forgive me, then?

Thomas.—By th' Mass! will I, Mary, from the bottom of my heart.[1]

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1. The genius of Collier is admirably manifested in the conclusion of this serio-comic master-piece.—R.

FINIS.

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